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BILLY GRAHAM'S PRODIGAL SON • FROM THIEF TO COP • A DAD AT COLUMBINE

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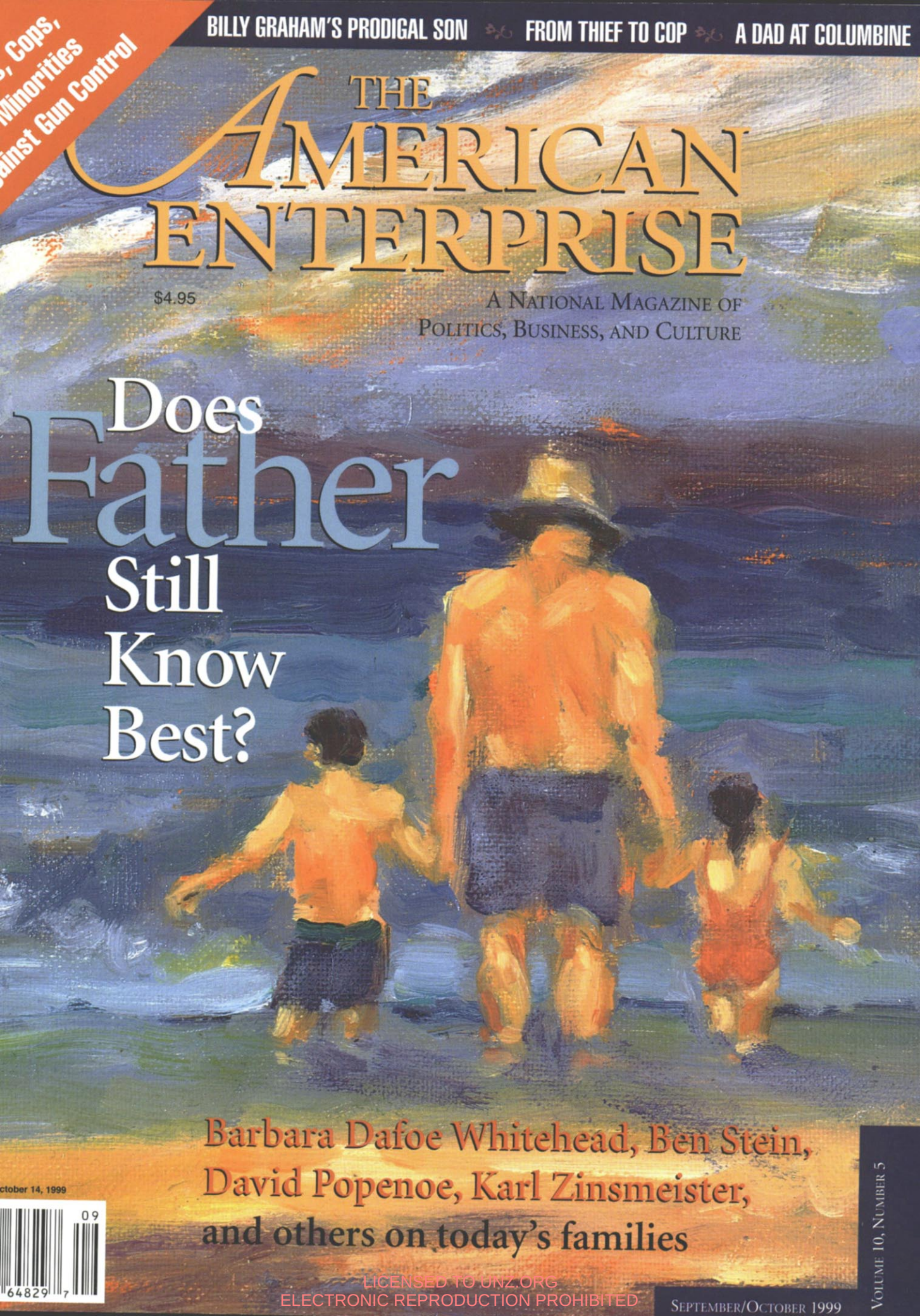
Does Father Still Know Best?



Barbara Dafoe Whitehead, Ben Stein,
David Popenoe, Karl Zinsmeister,
and others on today's families

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THE AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF POLITICS, BUSINESS, AND CULTURE

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Bird's Eye

Leon J. Podles

Scouting for Fathers

Where are the fathers? Largely absent, as a look around America will show. Many impregnate women and then disappear, to be replaced by a welfare check. Others divorce or are divorced, and see their child a few days a year or never. Others don't want children because they want to be children themselves forever, playing at work and sex and sports; having a child who depends on you keeps you from being a child yourself. Others are there in the home, but let their wives be both mothers and fathers. One place to find fathers, what there are left of them, is in Scouting. Men who have their own sons to raise take on the task of helping other boys become men.

I have been a leader in Troop 1000 at Baltimore's Cathedral of Mary Our Queen for seven years, gallons of freeze-dried food, miles of muddy trails, and dozens of packs of mole skin. It has helped me grow up. I have confronted fears I never knew I had. In Laurel Caverns our troop went exploring in the undeveloped part of the cave. I realized that the way led through a black hole in the floor and a chimney maybe 24 inches high going down at 45 degrees. I got on my stomach and started down. The tunnel quickly filled with scouts. About 20 yards down I began, for the first time in my life, to have an attack of claustrophobia, the irrational panic that the ceiling was going to press down on me. I nearly screamed to get out, but realized if I panicked the boys would panic, and someone would get hurt. I pushed the panic down, almost physically. It may have been the hardest thing that I ever did. But as Ben Stein realized in his adventure on the lake in a disabled boat ("An L.A. Dad Discovers Idaho Fatherhood," page 28), an adult male has to remain calm even in difficult situations or the children around him will suffer. Having children dependent on you is one the strongest motives for acting responsibly.

We took our scouts to Bavaria this July, staying in Eichstaett, a small town in the Jura Mountains, for ten days and then going to the Alps. We had fathers along, as well as some mothers and assorted siblings, and also a Father, a Dominican priest.

We decided not to see Dachau and the other sites associated with Nazism, a form of masculinity gone gravely wrong. The German boys who had lost their fathers in World War I were the most eager followers of the Führer. I once asked my elderly German tutor, who had grown up in Cologne during World War II, how Hitler could have fooled the Germans—in the films he looks like a con man. She agreed he was *nicht echt*, not genuine, but said that the adults generally weren't taken in; the young were mostly deceived, and thought of him as sort of a rock star, a poor boy made good, like Elvis Presley.

Instead of Nazi memorabilia we saw churches and monasteries, and hiked and biked and canoed and rock climbed and canyoned (which is like white-water rafting without the raft). We started with Mass at the cathedral in Eichstaett on the feast of St. Willibald, an Anglo-Saxon who evangelized his Germanic cousins in the seventh century. After Mass the boys gathered for a photo op with the statue of St. Willibald as a bishop, wearing the *rationale*, a garment descended from the breastplate of the Jewish High Priest. Willibald was depicted as a father of infinite gravity and gentleness and wisdom.

We met with Willibald's eighty-first successor, Bishop Walter Mixa, who had been a refugee from the German lands lost after the war. He was a good father to his flock. He knew the family history well (and there was a lot of it since the seventh century), and he had just the right touch with the boys, gentle and playful and serious as occasion demanded.

We fathers-according-to-the-flesh had to deal with the usual testing of limits by the boys. *What happens if we sneak out at night*, they wondered. Some tried to, and were faced

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with deportation back to America. Having sat on them firmly at the start, we had few other problems. Male aggression took the form of the usual thousands of friendly punches and pokes that boys engage in.

We try to get the boys to seek their excitement from physical challenges rather than from drugs and getting into trouble. We also try to judge the physical challenges so that we come back with the same numbers of boys we leave with. The biking and hiking were tiring but safe; the canoeing saw a few people plunge into the water (our German guides didn't understand canoes), but the Altmuhl has the distinction of being the slowest river in Germany. We didn't do outside rock climbing because the rocks were too slippery, but the boys had the chance to climb at an alpine club set up in the rafters of a brewery (we were in Bavaria after all). Their instructor was Peter Gabel, youth champion of Bavarian rock climbers. He could do two-finger pull-ups and cross the ceiling with his toes. The boys (and the adults) were impressed.

We also hiked through the aptly named Hollentalklamm—"Hell's valley cavern." The path led under waterfalls and through glaciers. One boy had ignored the adults' orders to bring rain gear. He got hypothermia, and the adults had to give up some of their clothing to him. I thoroughly bashed my head and missed the canyoning the next day.

Canyoning is going down an Alpine stream with only a wet suit between you and the 33-degree water. You drop over cliffs into pools such as the Wash Tub, which dunk you a few times before the Austrian guides pull you out. Our guides told us it was safe, but the standards of safety in Germany are different: If it's not raining tons of high explosives and tanks are not blasting through your home, the situation to a German feels safe. The boys loved it. Some of the fathers came back limping. My wife took my place and realized that she did not enjoy staring in the face of death, but that she couldn't show fear or the smaller boys would panic.

Our Dominican priest, who had taken the name of the evangelizer of Germany, Boniface, befriended one of the youngest boys. The boy's father had died when he was only six weeks old. The boy cried at the end of the trip when he had to leave Boniface.

Why do fathers, who have quite enough to do with their own jobs and families, take on scouting work? A man is never happier than when he is giving to others, especially to his children, as father Donald Thornton in James Payne's article realized ("The Riches of a Poor Father," page 53). If the welfare state takes care of children, at least financially, a man doesn't feel especially needed. Why hang around? It is easier to remain a perpetual adolescent, and not be a father except in the animal sense.

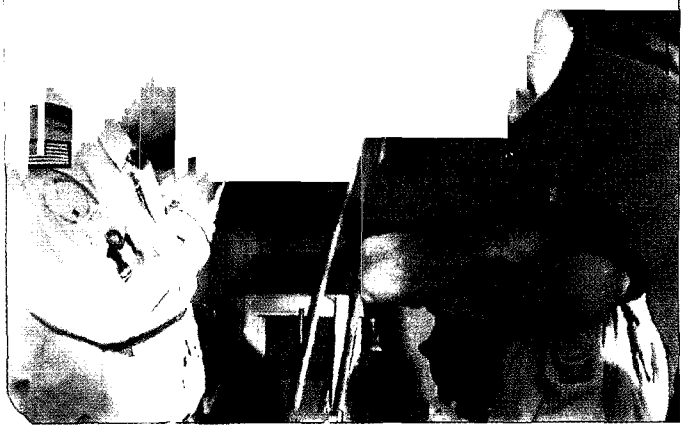
BIRD'S EYE guest author Leon J. Podles, author of *The Church Impotent: The Feminization of Christianity*, has six children.

Karl Zinsmeister will return in our next issue.

This issue of *The American Enterprise* was commissioned by Karl Zinsmeister and Scott Walter, and edited by Scott Walter.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Some very quirky interpretations of the 1990s.



What does a father do for children that a mother doesn't? A child doesn't need two mothers (although a father may help with the mothering), but a mother and a father, as Karl Zinsmeister notes ("Fatherhood Is Not for Wimps," page 41). A father's task is distinct. The mother is closely connected to the child both before and after birth. She protects and nourishes the child. The father is always more separate: He helps the child separate from the mother, and sends the child out into the world to become an adult. A boy especially must learn to be a protector and provider for others.

When our scouts were hiking through a Bavarian forest we came to a crossroads and rested. A wayside cross stood at the corner. It showed Jesus in an unusual position, with his mouth open and his tongue hanging out. Below was the inscription of one of the words from the cross, *Mich Durstet*, "I thirst." We puzzled about this unusual crucifix, and I guessed it was put up at a resting spot for tired and thirsty hikers to remind them that He too thirsted.

Bonafice thought about this, and at the Mass for the scouts that evening preached about Jesus' hiking through the rough landscapes of Judea. What we were doing for pleasure and exercise, He did because He was sent on an urgent mission by his Father, to go by foot to all the towns of Israel to preach the Gospel. Jesus got very tired, bone-tired, and He got thirsty in the desert. Instead of a shower and a bed at night He wrapped himself in his cloak and slept on the rocks in the desert chill. He did this because his Father had sent him on a mission to keep God's promise that Israel should be the first to hear the words of salvation. One of his most important tasks, in the final words of the last Jewish prophet, Malachi, was to "turn the hearts of fathers to their children, and the hearts of children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the land with a curse" (Malachi 4:5).

Fathers have to separate their children from the protective circle of the family and get them ready to go out on their mission in life. Life can be both wonderful and very, very hard. Fathers are rougher with children than mothers are because the children will one day have to face struggle and sacrifice. A father is demanding, not because he doesn't love the child, but because his creative love wants to generate a new person who in turn lives for others. A father sacrifices himself for his children, so that the children in turn may see this sacrifice and sacrifice themselves for others. Without the turning of children's and fathers' hearts to each other, the land is cursed.

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Sidelights

Columnist **Jonah Goldberg** jokes, "The Census Bureau announced... that for the first time the number of aging, SUV-driving, liberal suburban orthodontists and accountants claiming they attended [the original] Woodstock surpassed the number of Frenchmen who claim to have fought in the Resistance." ❧ **David Berkowitz**, the "Son of Sam" serial killer, objects to **Spike Lee**'s new movie based on his murders: "This madness, the ugliness of the past is resurfacing again—all because some people want to make some money," he told the *New York Times*. ❧ "Compassionate Conservative" read the *New York Times*' headline when Pope **Paul VI** died in 1978. ❧ Two Catholic nuns in Colombia shot and killed a would-be robber with their Smith & Wesson revolver when he broke into the Sanctuary of the Virgin of Miracles. ··· One cop tells *TAE* he's baffled by lawsuits against gun manufacturers: "Why don't they sue the criminals who commit the crimes, or the government for not enforcing the laws, or the courts for allowing prisoners to go free?" ··· The *National Journal*'s **Jonathan Rauch** reports that the Justice Department has reviewed numerous studies on juvenile delinquency and gun-ownership. Boys who illegally possessed firearms were three times likelier to commit street crimes than boys with no guns. But boys without guns were significantly more likely to commit street crimes than boys who owned guns legally—0 percent of whom "committed any sort of gun crime." ··· In the aftermath of Columbine, President **Clinton** told **Katie Couric**: "I think in the end, you've got to take this back to the fact that we—we all have responsibilities, and it starts with parents." ··· But the *Wall Street Journal* objected that at the same time Clinton was stressing parental responsibility, his U.N. representatives were pushing to "gut any reference to parental control" in a statement on the health, education, and sexuality of adolescents, and the administration was also "fighting a congressional bill that would require parental consent for minors seeking abortions."

Working Solo Inc. surveyed female entrepreneurs and found they were about two and a half times as likely to start a business for greater freedom and flexibility than for the money. ··· The National Foundation for Women Business Owners reports a 42 percent increase in women-owned companies from 1992-99. ··· A Boston Bar Association survey found 35 to 50 percent of law-firm associates leave within three years because their employers fail to accommodate family needs. ··· Over 80 percent of executives surveyed by Management Recruiters International said they work on vacations. ··· "U.S. Hispanic advertising is like walking back into the '50s or '60s" in its stress on "family values," says **Carlos Garcia**, a consultant on Spanish-language commercials. ❧ One U.S. intelligence officer told reporters that each European airstrike in Kosovo needed an average of three American support planes for direction, refueling, and suppression of enemy radar. ··· U.S. servicemen in the Reserves worked 13.3 million "man days" in fiscal '98, up from 5.3 million in '92. ··· A recent op-ed by the Army Chief of Staff noted that there are "38,000 U.S. soldiers 'on point' for the nation in 78 countries around the world." ❧ Oakland, California Mayor **Jerry Brown** (D) opposes unionizing his city's charter schools: "As we all learned from the sorry experience of state-sanctioned bureaucracies in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, decentralization is crucial to both freedom and excellence." ❧ *Slate* columnist **Scott Shuger** notes that the NAACP now complains that blacks—12 percent of the population—currently make up only 10 percent of characters on TV entertainment programs, compared to 18 percent in the '93-'94 season. But "if that 10 percent is unjust, wasn't the 18 percent as well? In fact, even more so, no?" ❧ Homosexual activists are pushing to relax San Francisco's health rules in bathhouses. "We want to increase the number of venues where adult gay men can practice safe, consensual sodomy," says **Michael Petrelis** of Queer Nation. ❧ The latest IRS report (for the 1996 tax year) says the richest 1 percent of Americans earned about 16 percent of total adjusted gross income and paid 32 percent of all income taxes. The richest 5 percent of earners (adjusted gross incomes of $101,141 or higher) paid 51 percent of all income taxes. ··· Citizens for a Sound Economy lament that "more than 80 percent of the funding in this year's Commerce, State, and Justice appropriations bill, roughly $22.8 billion, is for programs that are not authorized by law or whose authorizations have expired." ❧ Matsushita plans to produce a "smart toilet" whose sensors and microchips will take a morning checkup on the user, "measuring the user's weight, fat content, and urine sugar levels, plot the data recorded, and...immediately notify the user's insurance company or doctor," the *New York Times* reports.—*SW*

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SCAN

Jeff Gordon wins the Cracker Barrel 500.

AP Photo/John Bazemore

AN AMERICAN SPORT REVS UP

Almost 35 years ago, *Esquire* magazine sent writer Tom Wolfe to Hamptonville, North Carolina, to look up a moonshine-runner-turned-stock-car-driver named Junior Johnson. Wolfe went back to New York with a story about men who drove so fast that (with no seat belts) they had to hang onto the steering wheel just to keep from flying out of the car. It was a tale of how the rural Southern code of honor and bravery produced the most daring men in sports, men who exhibited a physical courage extinct in most other parts of American society.

Today, the National Association of Stock Car Racing (NASCAR) is a $2 billion-a-year industry and the nation's most popular spectator sport. Junior Johnson still represents the "good old boy" tradition that gives NASCAR much of its flair, but a new champion named Jeff Gordon symbolizes what racing has become.

A clean-cut, photogenic, Christian conservative, Gordon is often compared to Michael Jordan in his appeal. *Forbes* labeled him the "hottest jock in the hottest sport in America" and "the next Michael Jordan of marketing" in 1998, after Gordon's product endorsements totaled $8.3 million. That didn't count the $9 million he won for driving.

"I'm seeing more and more children saying, 'When I grow up I want to be a race car driver,'" Gordon told *TAE's* John Meroney. "That used to never happen. It was always, 'I want to be a baseball, basketball, or football player.' So I think we're definitely becoming more mainstream." Gordon notes that the strikes and salary disputes plaguing other sports are definitely not NASCAR's style.

Auto racing is winning new fans despite finding itself on the firing lines of political correctness. There's nothing environmentally chic about this gas-gulping sport. The elite media (most recently, *Time*) like to strain to see racism in this heavily Southern pastime. And the circuit's championship—the Winston Cup—is, horrors, named after a cigarette. R. J. Reynolds pays more than $30 million a year to have its brand cited.

Junior Johnson is responsible for that. In 1971, he went to executives in Winston-Salem and asked whether they wanted to underwrite racing. Now he sees Washington's war on tobacco as an issue of personal freedom. "I think Clinton's wrong with what he's doing on it," says Johnson. "I've never smoked, but I feel that if anybody's willing to give up his health for what he enjoys, that's his business and ain't a damn bit of anybody else's. It's the mentality of, 'We're going to fix the whole country.'"

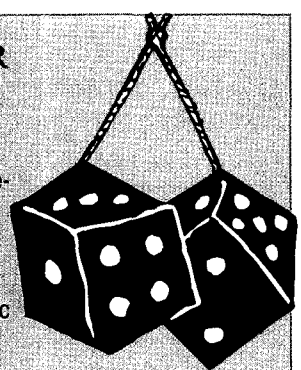
Gordon, another non-smoker, is also unconcerned about the association with tobacco. He proudly recognized Reynolds when he won Daytona in February and calls Washington's attack on tobacco "a shame" that "the lawyers just won't let end."

Certainly Bill Clinton is no favorite in NASCAR territory. When he campaigned at the Southern 500 in 1992 he was met with intense chanting of "Draft dodger!" and "Go home, cheater!" Dale Earnhardt refused to give him a tour. "They should find someone else," said The Intimidator.

Contrast that reception to the one received by Ronald Reagan when he appeared at Daytona in 1984. Not only was Reagan welcomed into the winner's circle to help Richard Petty celebrate his 200th NASCAR Winston Cup victory, but the Gipper also went back to his sportscaster roots, calling part of the race with announcer Ned Jarrett. Afterward, he invoked the Founders: "From what I've read about Patrick Henry, he'd have been out on the track with one of the cars. The Founding Fathers were kind of gutsy, and we'd better not forget that."

Most stock car drivers instinctively share a traditional American view: Freedom and responsibility and risk are all interlinked. "They're straight-shooting guys," says GOP freshman Representative Robin Hayes, the only member of Con-

RULES FOR URBAN DRIVING



1) When on a one-way street, stay to the right to allow oncoming traffic to pass.

2) Always look both ways when running a red light.

3) Never use directional signals when changing lanes. They only warn other drivers to speed up and not let you in.

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gress who is part owner of a NASCAR team. Gordon represents the North Carolina district that includes Charlotte's famous Lowes Motor Speedway.

"A big part of racing is honesty," he explains. "There's a bad crash, a lot of damage is done…what's the explanation? 'That's racing.' No excuses. Nothing disingenuous. Never mind what the meaning of 'is' is. That doesn't fit. It's just a truthful, straightforward philosophy."

Gentlemen, start your engines.

WORRIED TO DEATH

Franklin Roosevelt famously proclaimed, "All we have to fear, is fear itself." How appropriate in the phobia-filled 1990s, when new data show the world is a much safer place than ever before. Consider:

- Airline crashes. Last year there were 14 million commercial airline flights carrying 615 million passengers. How many deaths? A big fat zero.
- Auto fatalities. 1997 was the safest year ever recorded on the highways. The death rate on the roads is about three times lower today than 30 years ago.
- Crime. In 1997 the murder rate was 6.8 per 100,000 residents compared to 10.7 percent in 1990—a 40 percent reduction.
- Fires. The rate of death from home fires was lower last year than at any time in at least 25 years.
- Workplace safety. The 1990s was the safest decade in recorded history in terms of both workplace accidents and deaths. The death rate from work-related accidents was five times higher in the 1930s and twice as high in the 1970s than today.
- Accidents at home. About 10 out of every 100,000 Americans die each year from accidents at home these days, compared to twice that number in the good old days of the 1950s.

What else do we worry about? War? Floods and tornadoes? AIDS? Nuclear accidents? Drunk drivers? Acts of terrorism? Your newborn infant dying in the middle of the night from sudden infant death syndrome? Contaminated air and water? Cancer? Believe it or not, the death rate from every single one of these menaces is down—in most cases way down.

It is a sign of how safe these times are that people have shifted their phobias to obscure and distant threats—things like global climate change, alien invasions, and secondhand smoking. A recent public opinion poll featured in *USA Today* found that more than half of Americans cited "technology" as one of the things they worry about. Now how's that for unfounded paranoia.

Technology, of course, is what saves lives.

For example, 30 years ago to contract cancer was to receive a death certificate. Now the survival rate from cancer is nearly 50 percent, and we have technology to thank for that!

So what should we be worried about? Studies show that one of the leading causes of death in America today is poverty. And so the best way to continue to reduce the risk of early death and injury is to promote economic growth and rising living standards through free market capitalism.

Paradoxically, many of the safety, health, and environmental regulations we enact in Washington in order to reduce risk are so cost-ineffective that they not only make us poorer, but thereby put society at greater risk of death than if we had never passed the regulation at all.

Smart regulations save lives. Dumb regulations cost lives. Too often we turn to government to reduce risks in our lives, when expensive and inefficient government makes us less safe and less prosperous. Nobel economist Milton Friedman calculates that government taxes and regulation cost us half of our incomes today.

Now there is something genuinely worth worrying about.

*—**Stephen Moore** is director of fiscal policy studies at the Cato Institute.*

BLOODLESS HORRORS

Hollywood is turning to horror as of late, but the results haven't been as nasty as you might expect. Sure, we're about to be pummeled by Arnold Schwarzenegger's big-budget and inevitably gruesome bout with Satan in November's *End of Days.* And then there's the horrific visions of a past murder that haunt Kevin Bacon in the currently playing *Stir of Echoes.* But *The Blair Witch Project,* the one fright movie that everyone's been talking about since summer (and still will be talking about well through Halloween), has scared au-

Heather Donahue turns the camera on herself during her confession scene from *The Blair Witch Project.*

AP Photo/Artisan Entertainment

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diences silly in the most surprising of ways: By hardly spilling a drop of blood.

In mock documentary form, *The Blair Witch Project* follows three student filmmakers who get lost in the Maryland woods while investigating local lore about a murderous witch. Everything we see on the screen purports to be snippets of the footage that the students collect during their ordeal. All of it has a gripping immediacy, one that seems homey at the start of the trip but grows claustrophobically creepy with each passing night.

The chills begin quietly enough, with the far-off sound of clacking rocks outside the tent and piles of sticks left at the camp site by someone or something in the woods. Yet with each new twist, the movie taps into a deeper level of fear. Eventually the students flee from their tent into the darkness, the lights of their cameras desperately illuminating random branches and leaves but not the terrors that might lie beyond. I've seen *The Blair Witch Project* twice, and both times, after the movie's final devastating image flickers on the screen and the students' last reel of film unspools to leave only darkness behind, the audience sat stunned and silent in their seats, unable to speak, much less move.

All of this without a severed limb in sight. Yes, one of the stories that's told about the Blair Witch includes some grotesque details, and one of the packages that's left outside of the students' tent contains a bloody surprise, but at a time when audiences laugh off decapitations as routine, *The Blair Witch Project*'s tricks—offscreen sounds, encroaching darkness, unseen threats—seem almost innocent in comparison.

Why have such simple tactics had so profound an effect on audiences? Because, as everyone but the average trigger-happy Hollywood producer knows, what we *imagine* is almost always scarier than what we see. That's certainly the philosophy that drove Eduardo Sanchez and Daniel Myrick, the filmmakers behind *The Blair Witch Project*. Creating hysteria out of nothing was essential if their independent cheapie, made for about $30,000, was to pull off what so many multimillion-dollar special-effects extravaganzas have been unable to do.

"People are so used to being blitzed with everything and seeing everything that you kind of turn yourself off," said Sanchez when I interviewed him in Chicago recently. "In our film, there's so little to see except these weird shots of the woods at night; so you become hypersensitive to what's going on."

"I think a lot of filmmakers have a tendency to try to outdo themselves," added Myrick. "They say, 'This guy did this [giant] monster in this movie so I have to do a bigger, better, cooler monster in my film.' And the point of what you're trying to do is lost. You've got all these resources and all of these [special effects], and you kind of lose your point."

This less-is-more attitude isn't one that excess Hollywood usually adopts. Most horror movies believe that you have to dump buckets of guts on the screen to get a reaction out of the audience in this desensitized age. But wouldn't it be great if the next time a Hollywood producer made such a claim you could sit him down in front of this nerve-rattling film? If you really wanted to get the message across, you could even make him watch the movie in a dark theater all alone.

*—**Josh Larsen** is a* TAE *contributing writer.*

OLD-FASHIONED POPULARITY

The *Wall Street Journal* recently outlined more evidence of Hollywood's biggest commercial blind spot: The industry's inability to comprehend the widespread American longing for traditional family life and religion.

The case in point is "Providence," NBC's new sentimental, spiritual family drama. Produced by one of the creators of "Touched by an Angel," the show has become a runaway hit: NBC's best-rated show since the debut of "ER" four years ago. This despite nearly fatal foot-dragging among network executives—who wanted the show to be "hipper," "more urban," less about family roots, less "sappy"—and harsh contempt from critics (*Entertainment Weekly* called it "a wrist-slitter disguised as an upbeat series").

Despite this disdain dripping from the entertainment suites, the show is

A recent *Mademoiselle* cover story promised

AMAZING LEGS YOGA WORKOUT—more inner peace, less inner thigh

now drawing 15 million viewers a week and single-handedly making NBC the dominant network on Friday nights.

"Like 'Touched by an Angel' and 'Promised Land' on CBS, and '7th Heaven'" on the WB network, *Journal* writer Kyle Pope notes, "'Providence' is the latest in a string of TV shows with strong family values or spiritual themes whose out-of-the-blue success illustrates just how out of touch network programmers have become."

This is a point *TAE* has long argued. Though Hollywood types like to pretend they're public-pleasing businessmen, with their ears constantly to the ground and their commercial instincts sharply honed to give the people whatever they want, the reality is rather different.

Hollywood hasn't a clue about many central aspects of our national life—simply because it is a clique where only certain views are represented. For instance, a recent University of Texas survey shows that only 2 to 3 percent of Hollywood's writers, actors, producers, and executives attend religious services weekly. Among the American public at large, more than a third attend church every single week. Michael Medved reports that "I always ask Hollywood people, 'What percentage of Americans go to church each week?' In years of asking,

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Ms. Gonci teaches Reading, Writing, and Smoke Signaling.

Barbara Gonci's class for exceptional students is always doing something exceptional. Through food, art, music, crafts, and stories, she brings an exciting world to life for students whose horizons might otherwise seem limited.

As part of last year's Native American theme, Ms. Gonci dressed as an American Indian storyteller, with her necklace serving as a clue to where her tribe lived. During the year her class also grew corn, prepared Indian foods, learned sign language, drew pictographs, strung beads, and made pottery. Ingeniously woven throughout this theme were math, science, social studies, reading and language arts.

Ms. Gonci has taken this same in-depth approach to subjects as wide-ranging as the oceans and rain forests. And she's done it with a sense of fun, adventure, and infectious enthusiasm that inspires her students to academic achievements they may never have thought possible.

For teaching her students that every day holds an exciting discovery, State Farm is proud to present Ms. Barbara Gonci of Hialeah Gardens, Florida with our Good Neighbor Award® and to donate $5,000 to the educational institution of her choice.

She makes a world of difference to her students.

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I've never found one who guessed as much as 10 percent."

Even where Hollywood producers are better informed, there is often active resistance to mainstream American viewpoints. "These shows are considered old-fashioned," says Robert DeLaurentis, the co-executive producer of "Providence." And TV people, he says, "want to be far away from anything that's considered old-fashioned."

The grassroots popularity of "Providence" is now forcing those who sneered violently at its debut, like TV critic Eric Mink of the *New York Daily News*, to reassess. "There was this weariness with seamy and cynically downbeat stuff," he concedes. "Here you have babies and puppies and loving parents."

Unfortunately, he still says this with a disgusted shake of his head.

REQUIEM FOR THE DINOSAURS

Miraculously, W. J. T. Mitchell's *The Last Dinosaur Book* uses the subject of dinosaurs to attack capitalism. Mitchell brings up Barney, fossil fuels, *Jurassic Park,* off-road vehicles, McDonald's commercials, Andrew Carnegie—somehow it all adds up to an indictment of multinational corporations and what they have done to and with the great beasts of the Mesozoic Era. I couldn't help wondering: Does the Left now have a lock on paleontology too?

Take the case of the mysterious extinction of the dinosaurs some 65 million years ago. To explain this event, some have pointed to climatic changes, some to dinosaur overpopulation. Perhaps the most popular theory blames a killer asteroid, whose impact on the earth kicked up enough dust to block the sun and snuff out dinosaurs everywhere. These theories conveniently conjure up various subjects of left-wing paranoia—the antithetical fears of global warming and nuclear winter—and they insidiously suggest new roles for the federal government, like protecting us from wayward comets.

Are even the dinosaurs now lining up against the free market? I for one, as a student of Austrian economics, have always suspected that the dinosaur extinction must have been the result of government intervention in the market. As I have painstakingly reconstructed the story from the fossil record, it all began in the late Triassic Period, when the government decided to subsidize cold-blooded creatures. Federal authorities were troubled by the appearance of the first warm-blooded animals, who had an unfair advantage over their cold-blooded competitors—they moved faster, were more alert, and generally got a lot more done, particularly during the winter.

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Concerned by the rise of warm-blooded animals, the government decided to abandon the traditional Cold Standard and passed the Body Temperature Stabilization Act. This bill eliminated all federal taxes on cold-blooded animals and doubled them on warm-blooded. The bill also outlawed winter, but this move was declared unconstitutional by the courts.

The trouble with this seemingly enlightened piece of legislation began when the National Body Temperature Stabilization Control Board ruled that dinosaurs were cold-blooded and thus granted them gigantic tax breaks. The latest scientific evidence today suggests that the dinosuars were in fact warm-blooded. Thus the dinosaurs, as the only animal group combining warm-bloodedness with tax breaks, prospered and soon were overrunning the earth.

Alarmed by this new development, the government decided to impose a head tax on the dinosaurs. Well into the late Triassic Period, all animal taxes had been assessed by the pound. Government officials figured they could reduce the proliferation of dinosaurs by taxing them by number instead of by weight. Still disturbed by the uncompetitiveness of cold-blooded animals, the government also instituted a new tax penalizing the increase in brain size that was occurring as a result of evolution.

The impact of this new tax legislation was dramatic: Taxed by number not weight, the dinosaurs found it expedient to grow fewer but larger. At the same time, with the new tax penalty on intelligence, their brains grew smaller. In the end the federal government succeeded in producing a remarkable mirror image of itself in the Jurassic dinosaur: a large, sluggish, bloated, overgrown body animated by a brain the size of a pea.

As soon as federal policy resulted in colossal land animals bestriding the earth, the cry went up everywhere: "Break up the dinosaurs." Oddly enough, the campaign was led by one particularly horrifying species of dinosaur, the dreaded Algorosaurus. This stiff and awkward creature, whose fossilized remains can still be

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found in the Washington, D.C. area, managed to convince its fellow dinosaurs that they had become too large for their own good and were consuming an unjustifiably large portion of the earth's resources. With their morale broken, and faced with the prospect of hundreds of millions of years of litigation, the dinosaurs signed consent letters with the Justice Department, agreeing to break themselves up into several pieces.

Many have dated the demise of the dinosaurs from this moment. The fossil record seems to bear them out. To this date a whole intact dinosaur specimen has never been found anywhere. Indeed, judging by the fossil evidence, by the time the federal government was through with the dinosaurs, it had picked them to the bone.

Such is the sad story of the extinction of the dinosaurs, though I have to admit that my account has met with some skepticism on the part of the paleontological establishment. But, then again, who funds their research? You guessed it: the federal government.

—Paul A. Cantor is professor of English at the University of Virginia. A different version of this article appeared on www.mises.org.

FORMER HOMEMAKERS OF AMERICA

Feminists and their bosom buddies among the cultural elite sneer at stay-at-home moms. Who would proudly call herself a "homemaker" these days? Not many people. Even the most prominent holdouts recently bowed to pressure. This July, the Future Homemakers of America, a 220,000-member student organization, changed its name. Goodbye, homemakers. Hello, Family, Career, and Community Leaders of America.

Alan Rains, executive director of the Virginia-based organization, told *TAE* that students were tired of "explaining what a homemaker is not."

The name change was a logical step for an organization that has drifted far from its roots. With federal help, it was founded in 1945 to help girls prepare to be housewives. No longer. Although they once studied mostly cooking and sewing, today's "future homemakers" learn about sexually transmitted diseases, hear from teenaged mothers, and discuss how to balance work and family. They even watch movies designed to boost self-esteem.

Yet, just as liberal religious denominations who water down their theology in hopes of broadening their appeal end up seeing their numbers decline, so have the Homemakers, as they drift further from their original mission, watched their membership plummet, by 20,000 members since 1997.

Thirteen state chapters had already changed their name. An earlier move to update the name was narrowly defeated at the national level some four years ago. But this July, the reformers hit pay dirt. Delegates to the national convention approved the name change by a 139-38 vote.

Alice Lammly, an adviser to the group's New York state chapter, tells *TAE* the change was "overdue." She contends the organization "outgrew" its former name "back in the 1970s," when changing attitudes towards the family took root. (In other words, Mom and Dad were replaced by Dad and Dad, or Dad and his live-in girlfriend, etc.)

Although the name change was welcomed enthusiastically in many quarters, there was some vocal dissent. Valene Latham advises the future homemaker society at Throckmorton High School in Texas, where she teaches home economics (known since the early 1990s as consumer science). She was quite perturbed.

"It makes my heart sad," she said. "I don't think *homemaker* is a bad word. It's a beautiful word. We don't need to look down on ourselves."

—Evan Gahr is a TAE *contributing writer.*

SAVING LIEUTENANT RYAN

Quick: What's the difference between a witch, a drug-smoking Indian, a *Playboy* reader, and a faithful Catholic? Today, all but the Catholic have accommodations on U.S. military bases.

In 1996, American Indians were granted permission to use the illegal hallucinogenic drug peyote on U.S. military bases. That same year, the military recognized Wicca (aka, "witchcraft") as an official religion. Two years later, after an act of Congress and much litigation, the military ordered "sexually explicit" material off Department of Defense property. Yet *Playboy* fans were thrilled to find the magazine did not qualify as sexually explicit according to the Assistant Secretary of Defense's initial list. (Today, each base decides what material is explicit.)

But last December, the military found one request for accommodation too radical by today's military standards. Air Force officer Lieutenant Ryan C. Berry, a 25-year-old Roman Catholic, married with a newborn baby, asked that he not be locked in a small nuclear missile silo for up to 48 hours alone with a female missileer. His reason? The Roman Catholic Church calls upon the faithful to avoid the "occasion of sin" and the appearance of "scandal."

One would think the Air Force might appreciate the officer's efforts to avoid "scandal" at his Minot, North Dakota base, given the installation's infamous poster girl for military scandals, pilot Kelly Flinn. Flinn engaged in an extended adulterous affair with a married enlisted man, disobeyed direct orders to stop the affair, lied to investigators, and then hired a P.R. firm to intimidate (successfully) the Air Force into letting her

RODNEY DANGERFIELD ONE-LINERS

I worked in a pet shop and people kept asking how big I'd get.

My father carries around the picture of the kid who came with his wallet.

I remember the time I was kidnapped and they sent a piece of my finger to my mother. She said she wanted more proof.

When I played in the sandbox the cat kept covering me up.

I could tell that my parents hated me. My bath toys were a toaster and a radio.

My mother had morning sickness—after I was born.

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resign rather than face jail. Now that's accommodation. But the service can't manage a small accommodation for a faithful Catholic father.

Berry's missile silo is smaller than the inside of a school bus. It has one bed and toilet, separated from the work area by only a flimsy shower curtain. Regardless of religious heritage, the bathroom setup alone would offend standards of decency for most men and women.

From May 1997-December 1998, three consecutive squadron commanders accommodated Lieutenant Berry and let him "pull alerts" in the silos with an airman—not a particularly difficult thing to manage, since around 85 percent of the crew force is male.

Then in late 1998, some missile squadron officers, including at least one woman, complained. Higher-ups advised Lieutenant Berry that "previous accommodation of your religious practice has had an adverse impact on good order, discipline, and morale of the group."

In Berry's last Officer Performance Report, two graders wrote: "flawlessly handles programs"; "talented officer, [with] boundless potential"; "one of my best—ready for even greater challenges." Yet his wing commander Colonel Ronald Haeckel added a career-ending comment: "I find your unwillingness to perform prescribed ICBM alert duties with fully qualified female officers as unprofessional."

So Berry, who willingly works alongside female officers on a daily basis as an operations training instructor and has never disobeyed an order (he was never ordered to go down into the silo with a woman), is deemed "unprofessional" for his Roman Catholic beliefs. This despite the agreement of Archbishop Edwin O'Brien, whose diocese is the U.S. military, that spending up to 2 days locked down, sharing a toilet and a bed with a woman, can present a serious occasion of sin. The Archbishop reminded the Air Force that Berry's stand is "a worthy response to the noble goal" of the Air Force's motto: "Integrity First."

Seventy-seven members of the House of Representatives have rallied around Berry, including four female members and five Democrats. In a letter they warn that failing to accommodate legitimate religious beliefs "could discourage men and women of faith from pursuing careers in the military."

As the public pressure on the Air Force mounts, Colonel Haeckel, the wing commander who labeled Berry "unprofessional," is reported to have told his fellow missileers something to the effect of, "There is absolutely no difference between Berry's resistance to serving with females in the capsule and someone's resistance to serving with blacks." (The Air Force now is denying these statements were made.)

Such a comment, from an officer who may be trying too hard to make general, betrays a pathetic confusion in a simple matter of morals and common sense. But it comes as no surprise, given the confused leadership of America's Commander in Chief, whose administration puts the military's feminization above all other missions.

—Sheila A. Moloney is the executive director of Eagle Forum in Washington, D.C.

SCHOOL VOUCHERS AREN'T RISKY

New York City Mayor Rudy Giuliani wants to test vouchers for two to three years in just *one* of his city's 32 school districts. Of the 1.1 million public school students in New York, about 3,000 poor kids would get vouchers averaging $6,500, redeemable at private or parochial campuses. "Let's see if it works," Giuliani suggested in his State of the City address.

The public school establishment replied, Not on your life. At an anti-school-choice symposium last May, United Federation of Teachers president Randi Weingarten howled that "vouchers would be absolutely destructive to us as a community and a society." U.S. Senator Charles Schumer (D-N.Y.) described vouchers as "daggers that plunge into the heart of what is the American way."

Why are liberals so allergic to school vouchers? After all, they support many other kinds of vouchers, which simply give the needy both the finances and the freedom to shop for the goods and services they want.

Food stamps, for instance, are food vouchers. Uncle Sam could build government-run supermarkets to sell state-approved groceries at politically established prices. But that would be a much worse approach than giving the poor vouchers to buy food they find appetizing from private grocers. Federal vouchers also help low-income parents pay for day care. And liberals love rental vouchers that allow the poor to find private apartments instead of living in squalid government housing projects.

Actually, educational vouchers already abound. The G.I. Bill is a voucher program that helps veterans study at public, private, or parochial colleges. Ditto Pell Grants and National Direct Student Loans—essentially, vouchers that must be repaid.

These college vouchers prove that arguments against grade school vouchers are all wet. Consider: To attract students, competing public and private colleges must provide quality instruction. Dozens of publications rank academic excellence, extracurricular activities, and even beer-consumption rates to help teens and parents choose from an array of universities. But educational vouchers at the college level haven't ended public education; they've vastly improved it.

Applying the same treatment to America's grade schools and high schools would benefit all schools. Harvard researcher Caroline Hoxby discovered from U.S. Department of Education data that in urban districts where public and private schools compete, students who

LET'S BE HONEST

For years, opponents of gun control have derided the other side as "gun-grabbers" and charged that supporters of gun control seek outright confiscation. The charge usually receives an indignant reply that only "moderate" restrictions are sought.

Since the Columbine High shootings, however, this dispute has been settled by the *Washington Post* editorial page, which has repeatedly made absolutist demands like the following, from July 19: "The most effective proposal to check the terror of gunfire [is] a ban on the general sale, manufacture, and ownership of handguns as well as assault-style weapons."

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move to private campuses are likelier to graduate from college. Here's her far more interesting discovery: School competition also improved test scores among students who remained in *public* schools.

If liberal politicians cared as much about American children as they do about their allies and financial supporters in the teachers' unions, they would embrace experiments like Mayor Giuliani's. Vouchers have offered the disadvantaged better choices in food, housing, day care, and college diplomas for years. Why on Earth couldn't they do the same for K-12 education?

—Deroy Murdock is a TAE *contributing writer.*

MURDERER'S PAYDAY

Wendell Williamson's pathway to courtroom riches opened up when he went on a shooting spree in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, with an M-1 rifle, killing two people—Ralph Walker, 42, a restaurant worker, and Kevin Reichardt, 20, a student and lacrosse player at the University of North Carolina. Williamson, 30, a former law student, blamed medical malpractice by Dr. Myron Liptzin, his psychiatrist, for the bloody rampage. A jury agreed and ordered Dr. Liptzin to pay Williamson $500,000.

The consequences? For the relatives of the murder victims, another dose of disbelief and anger. Walker's sister, sobbing after the half-million-dollar verdict, said, "He's doing it. He got by with it, and now he's getting paid for it." Seeing the jury's award as incomprehensible, Dr. Karl Reichardt, Kevin's father, called Williamson a "murderer who is now literally rewarded for what he did."

It was the second straight courtroom win for Williamson. The jury in his capital murder trial found him not guilty by reason of insanity. Williamson, now residing at the Broughton State Hospital in Morgantown, is free to go as soon as it's decided he's no longer a danger to himself or the rest of us. In a few years, given the right mix of pills and stockbrokers, he just might be leaving the hospital as a full-blown millionaire.

The second consequence? For America's top psychiatrists with the deepest pockets, the $500,000 verdict sends a clear warning: To cover your assets, it's best to stay away from those who need the most help. For society, that's likely to mean more rampages, not fewer.

No one, testified Liptzin, could have foreseen Williamson's actions. In 1992, three years before the shootings, Williamson was diagnosed at UNC Hospitals with paranoid schizophrenia. In 1994, after being sent to Student Health Services for disturbing a class, Williamson saw Liptzin six times from March through May. Along with counseling, Liptzin prescribed low doses of an antipsychotic drug, a standard treatment.

For his first half-million, Williamson plundered Liptzin's assets and reputation by invoking the "should have known" standard, the legal notion that Liptzin should have been able to see the future. It's an irrational standard, an easily abused legal abstraction, but one that provides America's legal eagles with a direct flight path into countless pockets.

Piggybacking on his two prior victories, Williamson is now going for a courtroom hat trick. In a case now pending, he's suing school officials for negligent treatment.

The upside of such lawsuits, we're told, is the establishment of a less treacherous social order. The looting of $500,000 from a psychiatrist, like the jackpot award to the woman who spilled coffee on herself, will allegedly spawn a world of more perfect shrinks and safer drinks.

*—*TAE *contributing writer* ***Ralph Reiland*** *is associate professor of economics at Robert Morris College.*

MTV VS. THE '60S

MTV's "Loveline" is one of television's sleaziest shows, featuring sad and twisted kids who call in to prate about their messy sex lives. So it was shocking to see the show's resident therapist, Dr. Drew Pinsky, sound like a Baptist preacher in a recent edition of *USA Weekend*:

"The generation that came of age in the '60s had a notion of sexual equality that was poorly thought out. It seems to have been conceived by and for 17-year-old boys. Men think, 'This is great!' And all women find from it is disillusionment. We've been forced to operate under the false assumption that men and women are the same and should behave the same. In fact, men and women are very different....

"It's all in the Bible. They figured out the basics thousands of years ago—how people should behave, what makes people happy."

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

Remember a couple years ago when a rash of church burnings were portrayed, by the President among others, as attacks on blacks?

It eventually became clear there was no racist conspiracy, that more predominantly white than predominantly black churches were destroyed, more often by accident than by arson, and that there was no huge epidemic of fires in any case.

Now an arrest in Muncie, Indiana, clears up about 50 church burnings that took place in the Midwest and South over a period of five years. Jay Ballinger, who acted with his girlfriend (a stripper) and another suspect, isn't a white supremacist after all, but rather a satanist. A few years ago he persuaded 50 teenagers to sign contracts in blood "pledging their souls to the devil," local police report.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRATTLE

"When I got this assignment I thought, 'Whoa, slow news day!' But the importance of the sports bra to American women can't be overemphasized," gushed Katie Couric.

Ah yes, great moments in women's history: the vote, the pill, the binding constraints of elasticized cotton. As odd as this observation by the peppy co-host of the "Today" show might seem, it is typical morning fare.

I know that from spending three consecutive July days watching the "Today" show on the theory that a randomly selected sample would provide a more accurate accounting of the most

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popular morning news program's purported liberal bias.

The show's producers have a habit of hiring vocal liberals to be their talking heads. The Media Research Center's Web site (www.mrc.org) brims with examples of outrageous propagandizing on the program. Who can forget Bryant Gumbel's 15 years of potshots at conservatives, especially Ronald Reagan: "The missteps, poor efforts, and setbacks brought on by the Reagan years have made this a more sober Earth Day." Or, in an interview with Democratic Minority Leader Dick Gephardt, "You called Gingrich and his ilk, your words, 'trickle-down terrorists who base their agenda on division, exclusion, and fear.' Do you think middle-class Americans are in need of protection from that group?" And everybody's favorite, "This test is not going to tell you whether you're a racist or a liberal."

Gumbel departed NBC for greener pastures at CBS but left behind a tradition of smarmy liberalism. Instead of his overt editorializing, however, Couric and Matt Lauer display their bias by tossing softball questions at the Left. "Do you think the American people are not ready for someone who is as accomplished and career oriented as Hillary Clinton?" Couric once demurely asked the First Lady. Lauer is a bit less egregious, but he has the gift too: "You don't see Elizabeth Dole as catering to the people on the far right of the party *enough*?"

Yet on the three days I watched (admittedly the dead of summer), I heard few zingers to make conservative blood boil. Instead, what was most striking is how purely the program is driven by its demographics.

Simply put, "Today" is a lifestyle guide for old folks and liberal soccer moms. The leading news story for two days running concerned a woman scientist in Antarctica who had a lump in her breast and needed special equipment airlifted to her—a feminist version of the whales-stuck-in-the-ice drama of a few years ago. Would the story have aired if not for the trendiness of the malady? If a man were stuck under the permafrost with prostate troubles, would we have seen live shots of the relief effort?

The old folks coverage was also heavy-handed. For the show's "Forever Young" segment, Matt Lauer direly noted that recent studies show "an alarming increase in the number of seniors who fall in the home." It sounded like there is an outbreak of roller skates mysteriously appearing at the top of stairs. No one mentioned that an "alarming" number of people are *becoming* seniors—which would explain why "Today" has a segment called "Forever Young" to begin with.

Nothing wrong with giving the customers what they want, of course, though journalists aren't known for respecting other businesses' efforts to serve a market. One can object, however, when the press sneaks liberal perspectives into popular subjects.

Which is precisely what "Today" does all the time. The best example was its massive coverage of the women's soccer championship. Katie Couric's only remotely tough questions came from the left. She was gravely concerned the women were too sexy—mere "booters with hooters"—distracting from the seriousness of their athleticism.

Consensus reigned that credit for the women's victory belonged to, you guessed it, an intrusive federal program. That's right, Title IX—the law signed by Richard Nixon which boosters claim let women put down their knitting needles and put on their cleats—was the hero. Critics of this idea, none of whom are likely ever to grace the "Today" set, note that the law has shut down hundreds of men's collegiate sports programs in order to create "equity" between the sexes.

But then, the significance of sports bras can't be overemphasized. Which brings us back to Couric's suggestion that the Statue of Liberty wear one. Such nonsense has a simple explanation: At its core, "Today" is not a news program. It is, pardon the expression, a chick show that is occasionally interrupted by someone reading the news off a Teleprompter.

—Jonah Goldberg is a daily Internet columnist for National Review.

AL QUIXOTE GORE

As his minions flounder, Al Gore in his campaign for the presidency begins to resemble Don Quixote in full tilt against the windmills. Adviser Elaine Kamarck, for instance, has blurted out, "The Democratic Party is going to take back God this time," while another aide—perhaps a former lemonade salesman—painted a happy face on the embarrassing fact that Republican rival George W. Bush has raised far more money than the Vice President: It's "just another validation of the strength of the Clinton-Gore economy."

LIFE AMONG THE BROAD-MINDED

Ithaca, New York, is a typical college town. A hotbed, in other words, of left-wing Big Brotherism. At Ithaca's Boynton public middle school, all students were recently indoctrinated in a day-long "celebration" of homosexuality.

For four school periods there were videos, lectures, and panels featuring gay teachers, parents, and students. "I did not know that I was a lesbian in the seventh grade, but I have since learned to like 'doing it' with a girl," explained one student panelist. "Now that I have 'done it' with both boys and girls I find I like both."

At one point, all students were asked to stand in solidarity with homosexuals. When roughly one-third of the 11- and 12-year-olds did so, parents in attendance observed adults and student peers putting pressure on the rest to conform. After lunch, all students returned to their rooms for the remainder of the day for small group discussions led by teachers who organized the presentations.

When a number of parents registered concerns about the all-day seminar with Ithaca School Board President Steve Shiffrin (who is a Cornell law school professor in his day job), he told them that if they didn't like the district's "multicultural" policy they should put their children in private schools.

The same school district has just proposed banning the Boy Scouts (and other single-sex groups) from distributing any literature on school property, on the grounds that they are intolerant organizations.

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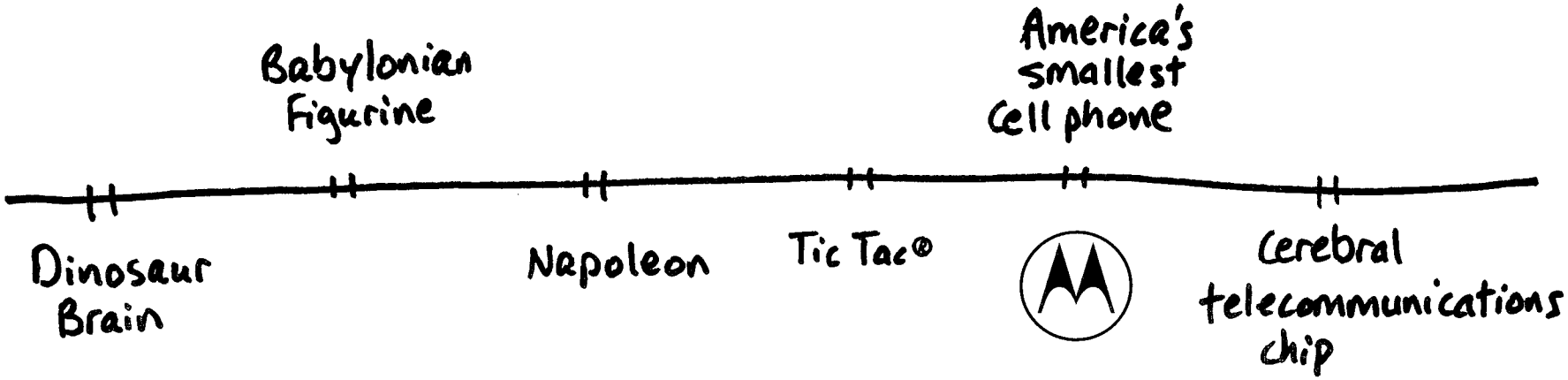

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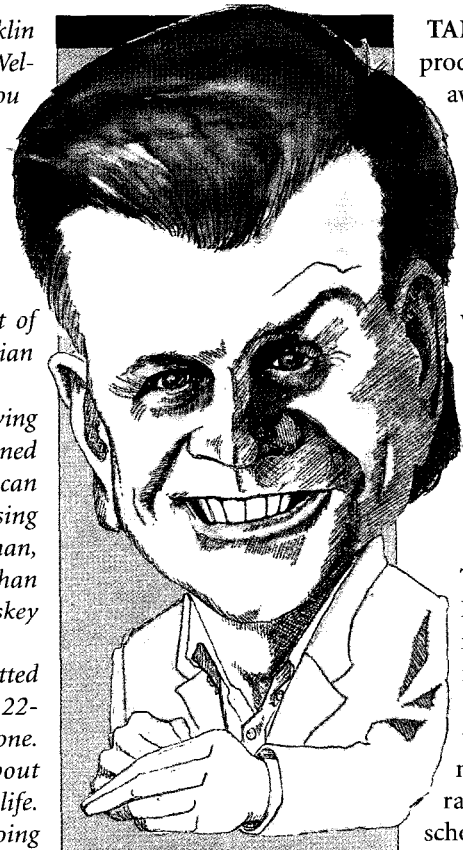
BILLY GRAHAM'S PRODIGAL SON TALKS ABOUT HIS FATHER, MONICA LEWINSKY, POLITICAL ENTANGLEMENT, CHILDRAISING, AND GUNS.

Franklin Graham



Just after evangelist Billy Graham's son Franklin was born, the boy began receiving fan mail. "Welcome to this sin-sick world and the challenge you have to walk in your Daddy's footsteps," someone wrote.

Now, at 47, William Franklin Graham III is first in line to succeed his 81-year-old father, whom many regard as the Protestant Pope, as head of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association. In addition, he is president of Samaritan's Purse, an international Christian humanitarian and evangelism organization.

But his path has been tumultuous. Growing up in Montreat, North Carolina, Franklin earned a reputation. "He was into everything you can think of, even having the police chief chasing him," Billy Graham once said. As a young man, Franklin spent more time riding Harleys than reading Hebrews. Then there were the whiskey and women.

Even though Franklin Graham committed his life to Christ as a boy, when he was a 22-year-old man he wasn't sure what he had done. In summer 1974, father and son talked about how Franklin was going to live the rest of his life. "Your mother and I sense there's a struggle going on in your life," Billy told him. "You're going to have to make a choice either to accept Christ or reject Him. You can't continue to play the middle ground."

Days later, in a Jerusalem hotel room, his father's words still haunted him. The middle ground finally gave way. "Suddenly, I had an overpowering conviction that I needed to get my life right with God." In short, "The rebel had found the cause."

Though his purpose in life is the same as his father's, his style is certainly different. Posters promoting an early crusade have Graham the Younger pictured on his Harley-Davidson. "Not His Father's Oldsmobile," it says.

Franklin Graham, himself a father of four, lives in Boone, North Carolina, where TAE *associate editor John Meroney caught up with him.*

TAE: Do you think you would have been a prodigal son if Billy Graham hadn't always been away traveling?

GRAHAM: Well, some children whose parents stayed at home rebelled and ended up throwing their lives away. So I don't know whether having your parents home always makes a difference. In my case, I had good, strong family support. I had grandparents who lived in the community, and the people who worked with our family had character. Even though I went through a period when I rebelled, didn't want God in my life, wanted to make my own way, and had a "don't tell me, I know better" attitude, there were still those around me who were role models.

TAE: You went to boarding school at Stony Brook on Long Island rather than to schools in Asheville or Montreat. Did that move make you distant from your family?

GRAHAM: No, it didn't make me more distant. It made me miss home a whole lot more. It made me appreciate the South. I was raised where when we came home from school we would go hunting. Every afternoon I took my little .22 rifle in the woods. Then all of sudden, I go to New York where people didn't hunt. They played sports.

TAE: In *Rebel with a Cause,* you write, "My ancestors had shed their blood fighting the North. New York, in my young mind, was enemy territory."

GRAHAM: That's right. I missed my dog and the country. And even though we were on Long Island, it was still pretty much a city. My parents were afraid the local schools didn't have what I needed, but I hated New York. Looking back on it, I'm grateful for that experience. It helped mold me.

TAE: Do you think you would have been caught up in the wild lifestyle if you hadn't been raised in the Woodstock era?

GRAHAM: Oh, I don't know. I never got into the drug scene or into the Woodstock people.

Illustration by Lucinda S. Levine

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There were certainly many of them in New York; some of my classmates at Stony Brook went Woodstock. But I was just never into that. Rock music didn't appeal to me. I'm just a country boy.

TAE: Describing that part of your life, you once said, "I prayed and attended church. But I found the things in the world pleasurable and fun, and I didn't like being around Christian people." Did God hear your prayers then?

GRAHAM: I'm sure He was watching me. But when you're just giving lip service to God, I don't think He takes those prayers very seriously. We're not serious; so why should He be serious?

TAE: Looking back on your youth, why did you go down the wrong path?

GRAHAM: Just like anyone else, I was searching for happiness, purpose, and meaning. And the world says, "Hey, partying is fun. Drinking is fun." And I just thought, "I can do this and I can control it and have fun." But eventually it will control you. Someone under the influence of alcohol makes stupid mistakes. He creates problems for himself. I look back and think of friends who've gotten in trouble. People got drunk and said and did things that ruined their marriages.

A person can have fun and party, but he'll wake up in the morning with a headache. You realize there's something missing in your life. You couldn't quite find it at that big party you had the night before. You had fun for a moment, but yet there was this emptiness. All of us have it.

It's a void, it's a vacuum, and we're searching. People try sex, drugs, and alcohol. They want money. So they make money and buy things, but then they want more things. I recently read an interview with Ted Turner where he talked about how he wanted more. I thought, "My goodness, how does somebody like him want more?" But there's an emptiness. The rock musician Kurt Cobain had fame and more groupies running after him than anyone could imagine. But in a story *Rolling Stone* did on him, Cobain talked about a big black empty hole that had opened up in his life, and he couldn't fill it. Drugs, alcohol, sex—nothing would do it. Without a right relationship with God, man will always be searching to fill that vacuum.

TAE: Some Protestant denominations, such as the Southern Baptists, have a prohibition on alcohol. Why?

GRAHAM: Well, it's obvious. Alcohol is dangerous. It's a poison. Just look at the problems it creates in society. I don't have any spiritual reasons to stay off alcohol; it just makes common sense. You can get in trouble. I don't drink, but I used to. Now I want to be a good example to my children; so I don't touch a drop of wine, beer, or anything. If someone chooses to drink, that's his business. Does it mean he isn't a Christian? No, of course not. I have many Christian friends who drink, and that's their choice. I'm just not going to do it. It's too dangerous.

> Evangelists ought to avoid getting involved in the politics of a particular party. I don't want politics to separate me from anyone.

GRAHAM: You're the president of an international Christian relief organization and you're also becoming more involved in your father's evangelistic operation. Both jobs require a great deal of time and travel. Is it possible to do the work of those ministries and be a good present father to your children?

GRAHAM: It's not easy. A travelling salesman has the same problem: He leaves on Monday and comes back on Friday. But that's part of the generation in which we're living. One has to work at family issues. Of my four children, one's already been graduated from college and is now in seminary; one will be a senior at Liberty University; one is a freshman at West Point; and we've got a little girl at home. But we always try to take vacations together. My wife has stayed home with the kids, and when I'm through with work, I come home. It doesn't matter where I am in the world. When I'm through with the work that took me there, I don't go sightseeing. I just get on a plane and come home, and I've done that all my life. Two weeks is the maximum I'll go anywhere in the world.

TAE: Your father, though, was always travelling the world, and in those early years of his ministry he would be gone for extended periods.

GRAHAM: He wouldn't be home for months. But he also started his ministry on the heels of World War II, when men had been gone for five years fighting for freedom and making great sacrifices. In those years, evangelists felt that if they didn't go out and make a sincere effort for a committed period of time, they weren't making the sacrifice. One time my father went to Australia for six months. I believe as he looks back at it, he wishes he hadn't done that, and perhaps things should have been different.

TAE: Does the South produce better preachers than the rest of the country?

GRAHAM: I don't know if growing up here gives you an advantage when it comes to the ministry. No question it's different from any other part of the country. I was impressed Louisiana's governor Mike Foster was pushing the idea of teaching kids a little respect—"yes,

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ma'am" and "no, ma'am." If you go to other parts of the country, that respect just doesn't seem to be there.

TAE: When you're putting a sermon together, do you talk with your own children to discover what young people are thinking about?

GRAHAM: Sure. And I read magazines and newspapers and try to find out what's popular and what's not. But at the same time the Gospel doesn't change. I believe if you're honest with people, they'll listen. Preachers often make the mistake of trying to sugar-coat the Gospel or even avoid it because they don't want to scare the young generation away.

What those preachers don't understand is that young people want to know the truth. Just give them the basics of the Gospel: "There is a God, and He does love and care for you." Kids want to know whether anyone hears them, if anyone loves them. God really does. And He wants to have a relationship with you: He wants to talk to you, and He wants you to talk to Him. But sin blocks us from having that relationship. And young people want to know what to do about it.

TAE: What do they hear at a Franklin Graham crusade?

GRAHAM: I tell them, Confess your sin to God. Say, "I'm sorry," and be willing to leave the sinful life you're living. If a person is willing to accept Him and make Him the Lord of his life, God will forgive him. Sure, some kids will say, "Hey, that's not for me." But there will be thousands of others who'll say, "That's just what I've been looking for. How come someone hasn't told me that?"

It's a choice all of us have to make. God loves us so much that He's provided a way for us to be with Him in heaven, but we have to come to God on His terms. We don't make the rules. Many people think God will accept them because of their goodness. They say, "I've helped people" or "I've got a good heart." But good works won't do it. A person isn't saved by his works. We're saved by faith in the son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ. That's the way it is for every race, sex, and age.

TAE: On Christian radio and television listeners frequently will hear a distinction made between Christians and Catholics. Are Catholics Christian?

GRAHAM: Sure, but there are some great divisions between Roman Catholics and Protestants. Catholics believe people are saved by faith, but not faith alone. Works must be involved, along with the traditions of the Church. That's where Martin Luther and others broke with the Catholics.

TAE: So do Catholics go to heaven?

GRAHAM: Sure. I believe there are many Catholics who are true believers. Do all Protestants who go to heaven? No. The Southern Baptist churches are full of people who claim to be followers of Jesus Christ. They go to church on Sunday, sit in their pews, and sing the hymns. But the rest of the week they live completely different lives. We have to truly believe; we can't pretend. There are many Catholics who truly believe the word of God, just as there are many Protestants who believe. But there is a big gulf in the two theologies. I take the word of God and that alone—we're not supposed to add or subtract from it.

TAE: If someone accepts Jesus Christ as his savior at one of your crusades, but later commits a sin, does he have to go through the whole conversion process again?

GRAHAM: No. When you sincerely come before God with a broken heart, confessing your sin, asking Him for his forgiveness and telling Him you're willing to turn from your sin, God forgives you. He forgives sins past, present, and future. Sure, we'll all continue to sin, but whenever we do, we need to confess it. We ought to say, "God, I lied today, I shouldn't have done that. Forgive me. God, today I had lust in my heart and was tempted. Lord, I'm sorry, forgive me." He forgives us. It's like that with my own children. If they're not truthful, but then admit it and say, "Daddy, will you forgive me?" of course I will. I love them, and I'll put my arms around them and hug them. That's the way it is with God.

TAE: Much of the news last year focused on President Clinton's affair with Monica Lewinsky. What is the proper role of someone like you during such a time?

GRAHAM: It's unfortunate the nation spent so much time focusing on whether the President had sex with her. Should we speak out on moral issues as ministers? Absolutely. And I did speak out when the President said he made a mistake: "No, Mr. President, it's not a mistake. It's a sin against God."

TAE: When Clinton was still lying about the true nature of his relationship with Lewinsky, your father went on NBC's "Today" and said that he had forgiven Clinton. "I know the frailty of human nature," said Billy Graham. "Clinton has such a tremendous personality that I think the ladies just go wild over him."

GRAHAM: Well, God is willing to forgive, but a person can't try to hide it. Bill Clinton has to take the responsibility for that year of scandal. He would have been much better off if he had gone before the American people and said, "Yes, I had an affair with this girl. I shouldn't have done it, and let's go on with business." That would have been the end of it. But he kept lying to everybody, and pretty soon it was uncovered. My job as a minister isn't to attack the President. I said it was a sin; what more should I say? I don't think we as the church should be involved in throwing stones at every sin a President or politician makes, because they sin every day. But we need to hold up the standard of God.

TAE: Former Education Secretary William Bennett criticized your father and, quoting Dietrich Bonhöffer, called his remarks about Clinton "cheap grace."

GRAHAM: I hope Mr. Bennett understands my father is 80, and at this point in his life he just wants to get along with everyone. He doesn't feel he's been led to attack the President, and he likes Bill Clinton as a person. But he doesn't like what Bill Clinton did and the sins he committed with Monica Lewinsky.

TAE: Have you met President Clinton?

GRAHAM: Oh, yes. He's very engaging and is probably one of the best politicians of this century. No question about it. He's taken some stands that Republican Presidents were afraid of, such as on Bosnia. George Bush refused to stop the bloodletting, but Clinton stood up to the Serbs. Democrats, though, want to give Clinton credit for this economy, but I have to go back to Ronald Reagan for starting the process, and to a Repub-

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lican Congress for holding the line on spending.

TAE: "Evangelical" is virtually a curse word in the major media. Why is that?

GRAHAM: Perhaps it's because some evangelicals get involved in politics and take a conservative stand, and since many who are in the media are liberal, that's ticked them off. Hollywood has never been kind to preachers of any sort. Preachers in movies are always depicted as weirdoes, criminals, and perverts.

TAE: Is the answer to have committed Christians go into professions such as screenwriting and journalism?

GRAHAM: Christians ought to be in every area of work. We need Christians in the military, politics, medicine, and every level of society. Having that kind of influence is good. It doesn't mean we're going to change the world, but I think that we need to be *in* the world. We shouldn't be separate. We shouldn't pull out and have a little commune where we try to avoid contact with the world. We're supposed to be in the world but not of it. I don't have to accept the world's standards. I can hold to God's standards, but still can be an influence to others. I just sent my son off to West Point and told him, "Son, you're going to have to live a life, and I'm not there. You're going to have to hold a standard that's different from many other people. Be a witness. Let them see that your life is different."

TAE: Do you consider yourself a culture warrior?

GRAHAM: Well, we are in a cultural war. No question about that. But I don't see myself as a cultural warrior trying to change our culture. I'm a soldier for the cross of Jesus Christ. I want to lift up his standards, and that goes against the grain of our culture. So much of the movie industry and the recording industry is based on sex and violence. Look at the massacre at Columbine High School.

TAE: What's your view on what caused it?

GRAHAM: Some in the media say guns are the issue and created this madness. That's not it at all. You can take all the guns in the world, make a mountain of them in Central Park, and take your blankets and have a picnic right beside them. Not one gun is going to jump up and hurt you. It takes the human heart and human will to pick up the gun, load it, point it, and pull the trigger. The O. J. Simpson trial was the most expensive murder trial in history, but Nicole and Ron weren't killed with a gun. Once the human heart has been changed, sex and violence aren't even an issue anymore.

TAE: Speaking of Columbine High School, you led part of the memorial service for the victims. Some attacked you for what you said there. Why do you believe you were singled out?

GRAHAM: Because I mentioned the name of Jesus Christ. That makes some people furious. They want to have a neat, clean memorial service where God is only referenced in vague terms. They felt I wasn't culturally sensitive. But I got a pretty loud ovation when I finished speaking, and Governor Bill Owens received thousands of letters at the Capitol thanking me for coming. He only received a few negative phone calls from just one group in Colorado. So it really wasn't me. If anyone had mentioned the name of Christ, those people would have been angry.

TAE: Did you expect that?

GRAHAM: Anytime you mention Jesus Christ, some people will be angry, and that's fine. Look, I'm a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and if someone invites me to speak, I'm going to mention his name. If they invited an atomic scientist, one would expect him to speak about atomic science and physics.

TAE: Do you believe the *New York Times* is a bigoted anti-Christian newspaper?

GRAHAM: I think it's one of the great newspapers in the world. There may be some articles that would be bigoted, but I've also read some that are tremendous.

TAE: The CBS TV program "Touched by an Angel" is one of the few prime-time programs that portrays Christians positively. What do you think of it?

GRAHAM: "Touched by an Angel" is an excellent program. But I don't watch much television except for news. I find the other stuff somewhat boring.

TAE: Some have criticized the Billy Graham crusades in recent years for music that's geared toward young people, similar in sound to secular rock. Why do you try to imitate that?

GRAHAM: I don't think you have to compromise and lower your standard. There are some Christian groups I won't use. I just don't like the message of their music. I think they're trying to be too much like the world. Yes, there's a debate within our organization over this issue, and there are some who aren't very happy with it. Others feel we need to do everything we can to try to reach the young generation.

TAE: Some Protestant denominations permit homosexual ministers. Is it possible to be a practicing homosexual and a worthy Christian minister?

GRAHAM: No, because homosexuality is a sin. It's just like asking whether an adulterer can have a worthwhile ministry while living as an adulterer. No. Absolutely not. Any type of sexual relationship outside of the marriage between a man and a woman is sin. And someone can't be a worthy minister of the Gospel while breaking God's laws.

TAE: In *Just As I Am,* Billy Graham says that if he had it to do over again he would avoid any kind of semblance of involvement in partisan politics. He was friends with Presidents and many other politicians. Did he get too close to the politically powerful?

GRAHAM: No. I think that was probably a very good thing. Many think he was closer to Richard Nixon than any of the other Presidents, but that's not true. My father was at the LBJ White House more than any other. Look, those were good relationships, and my father has done the funerals of a number of those men. Reagan has asked that my father preach at his funeral.

TAE: How do you avoid letting friendships appear as endorsements?

GRAHAM: One ought to avoid getting involved in the politics of a particular party. As an evangelist, I don't want politics to separate me from anyone. Political issues come and go, but the Gospel is the same for every generation.

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A Father to the End

By Edward E. Ericson, Jr.

WHEN he was 16, he threw his father down the eight steps from the front porch to the sidewalk. The same year, when his father awakened him on a Sunday morning to get ready for church, he stood up and said, "Dad, I'm not going today, and I'm not going ever again. I'm bigger than you now, and you can't make me." And he kept his word for the next 16 years, not going to church even to get married.

Fast-forward a quarter-century and see the now middle-aged white man standing in the midst of a bunch of black kids at a Sunday School he superintends on the worst Skid Row in Chicago. I, the firstborn of five, know his story firsthand from this point. Only gradually did I learn the earlier parts. The bad stories came late—and they came hard, the ones that came at all, confessions of an aging man laying on his children the burdens along with the blessings of their inheritance.

Dad's good stories were often sports stories. He whipped through high school in five years flat, failing English twice but extending his eligibility to play quarterback on the football team and bat third on the baseball team. His academic delinquency drew only a mild rebuke from his stern father, who always dropped his insurance-selling to see his boy play. We kids pestered Dad to tell and retell the story of the high-school baseball game between the city champs of New York and Chicago, routinely won by New York but not this time. It is the bottom of the ninth in Wrigley Field, score tied, and Swede (as they called my Norwegian father) gets a single. He and the next batter, best buddy Luke Johnsos, flash their own hit-and-run signal brought from the neighborhood prairie. Now there are men on first and third. Next the boys' prairie sign for

The Ericson family.

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the double-steal. Game over. Chicago's Carl Schurz High School wins, 4-3. Coach Kohler somehow fails to give the boys a hollering proportionate to their athletic crime.

The University of Kentucky recruited the star athlete for its baseball team, and in his sophomore year he won the Southeastern Conference batting title. Major league scouts drooled over a catcher who hit for power and for average, who threw to second on a rope, and who ran like an outfielder. Then, in the spring of his junior year, the second most important event of his college years happened: He threw out his arm. The scouts looked elsewhere. Later, he would muse about what might have been—and thank God for sparing him temptations he'd never have been able to handle.

He arrived too late and, sobbing with grief, grabbed and shook his father's corpse in the coffin. The 19-year-old who hadn't been in church for three years turned to his godly mother and asked, "Was he saved?" Yes.

The most important event of his college days was a telegram from home that said, "Father dying. Come home." He arrived too late and, sobbing with grief, grabbed and shook his father's corpse in the coffin. Then the 19-year-old who hadn't been in church for three years turned to his godly mother and asked, "Was he saved?" Yes.

University left hardly a mark on the man. He majored in commerce because its classes didn't conflict with baseball practice. Leaving school without a book-reading habit, he brought back three things: a letter sweater that hung in the closet unworn, a diploma that his children never saw, and a fraternity paddle they saw plenty of.

Stories of the young man's misspent twenties are sparse. From the shards he retrieved for me, I'd guess those stories weren't terribly bad, if comparing evils serves any purpose. But they were very bad for one standing before a holy God with shame for his sinful past. The best story comes toward the end, when the meat worker frequently sees an attractive young woman from a nearby meat-working plant waiting for the bus after work and, with a spiffy new 1934 Ford bolstering natural hormonal drives, finally gets up the courage to offer her a ride home. The belle from the sticks of Southern Indiana whose family has come to the big city to find work accepts. They will marry.

It is not likely that the most important event in the life of an independent man who faithfully visited his mother would be one of those visits. But real life is full of improbable turns that fiction could not bear. His mother was listening to her favorite radio preacher, and her grown son heard a Bible verse: "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (I Corinthians 3:11). If one may say so, other verses seem likelier grabbers, but the man will tell you that the Holy Spirit used this verse to stop him in his tracks and turn him around for the rest of his life. That's what happened at age 32 to the man who two years later became my father.

Dad spent too many evenings away from home. His kids thought so, and so did his wife. But he never missed his teenaged sons' basketball games. In Chicago, as a crime-fighting move, these games had been switched from evenings to schoolday afternoons, and Dad would abandon the office two winter afternoons a week and often be the only parent in the stands, to his sons' delight and their teammates' envy. He coached the church softball team, and his boys got to play for and with him. Which also meant winning a lot. And the old man with a bad back who could scarcely chug to first base always led the team in batting average.

Every adult child of a good dad has his favorite dad-story. Mine comes from the third grade when we were learning cursive writing. I was left-handed, ball-point pens were new, and the combination resulted in an outer palm stained blue and a sheet of paper comprehensively smudged. I should become a right-hander, the teacher decreed. I refused. Dad was called. There we were, in the principal's office, I with my great big teacher and my great big principal and my great, great big father. The principal explained that, unlike most in our blue-collar neighborhood, I might rise to an office job, and phones in a right-handed world were on the left side of the desk. The long, persuasive speech finally wound down. Dad was always quick to quip, but this time he sat uncharacteristically mute.

"Well, don't you agree, Mr. Ericson?" pressed the principal. The father, stern: "Son, do you want to write with your left hand or your right hand?" Boy's soprano, quavering: "My left hand, Daddy." Then the broad man drew himself up to his full height. "The boy wants to write with his left hand. Let him write with his left hand." The principal, shrunken: "Yes, sir, Mr. Ericson." The teacher, squeaking: "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Then there were all those evenings Dad spent away at a church board meeting or a gospel service at one rescue mission or another. Christ came to save sinners, he explained, and there were plenty of those on West Madison and North Clark and South State streets, just outside the Chicago Loop.

And it came to pass that, shortly after the Chicago Gospel Mission started a Sunday School for the neighborhood children, the superintendent resigned, and the other board members prevailed upon my father to fill in until a replacement could be found. There were 18 white children, including six Ericsons, on that first Sunday morning. Soon the Ericsons added one more to the group, the neighborhood turned from white to black, and attendance started to climb. It topped out above 400.

This did not just happen by itself. The railroad clerk at Chicago's Union Station put to work his untapped entrepreneurial skills. But now he was counting souls, not money. Where to find staff for the growing number of pupils? Moody Bible In-

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stitute, nearby, required Christian service of its students. Bring in the teachers. With so many unreached children in the neighborhood, maybe the Moody students could come an hour early and go to the tenements and walk the kids back? Agreed—bring in the learners. Just beyond walking range, by the old Chicago Stadium, were the teeming Henry Horner housing projects. What to do? Sell the family car and buy a Volkswagen microbus—in which a cop who pulled it over for its sardined overload once counted 22 toothy grins. If a family microbus, why not a mission bus? Why not a small fleet of buses?

One rainy Sunday, Dad drove two brothers and a sister home, stopping for a moment to discuss their spotty attendance with their mother. When he returned to the car, parked on the wrong side of the street, a policeman was there, his book of tickets in hand. Out shot J.W., age 11, and his brother Punkin, age ten. "You can't give that man a ticket! He's the Sunday School man! He tells us about Jesus! You go away and leave him alone! You're just an old copper!" The copper allowed as how Dad had too many friends around there for him, so no ticket, but don't disobey the law again.

Of all Dad's firm convictions, the firmest was that Scripture had been written for us to memorize. So he started keeping the mission kids after Sunday School for a few minutes of drill. They took to it. After *x* number of Bible verses perfectly memorized, with reference said before and after each, he reinforced positive behavior with the gift of a softball. After *y* number, roller skates. After *z* number, a basketball. The numbers of kids hiding verses in their hearts grew, as did the prizes, until eventually (you need suburban donors for this one) the big winners went to a week of summer camp in Michigan.

Dad's own children were now mostly grown, but he had a large stock of father-love still to give and hundreds of new kids to give it to. Once this man started being a father, he stayed being a father to the end.

On the principle that lights should not be hidden under a bushel, Dad formed a traveling group. He named them the "Scripture Kids." Sunday night remaining open on his schedule, he called around to churches to see if they'd like a program of kids' reciting Bible verses. He got some takers. Word spread, and he soon had more invitations than he could accept.

The minimum age to be in Scripture Kids was seven. The minimum entrance requirement was 300 verses stone-cold perfect. The first 66 verses were one apiece from the 66 books of the Bible, so that the young would know the books in order and where to find the verses to come. Many kids who hit 300 didn't stop there, and more than a few reached 700, 800. We're talking about kids from the worst schools in the inner city, often kids with no discipline at school and sometimes little at home, kids some might predict would be hard-core unteachables and later unemployables.

See now a line of black kids with approximately matching clothes standing on a church platform, eyes glued to an aging white man with his back to the congregation, marching through the Bible a verse per book. Sit and hear Deuteronomy 32:4, Joshua 1:9, I Samuel 3:9 in King James English. Luxuriate in several psalms in a row. After Proverbs 22:6, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it," the leader might turn to the congregation and express his hope for these kids' future. The program (never call it a show) grows a bit stylized.

"What about Amos 3:3?"

"Can two walk together, except they be agreed?"

"Well, can they?"

"NO!"

Soon it's off to a heavy dollop of the New Testament. Reciting is completed by understanding; if you have to pronounce *propitiation*, you might as well know what it means. Soon the stylizing includes theological mini-lessons attached to verses and chanted back and forth between leader and group. Twenty or more youngsters, ages seven to 17, letter-perfect for an hour.

Food is another leitmotif in the story of the Scripture Kids. The best was what they ate at the home of Mr. Ericson. Of course, they received a good feeding after night church, too, in the church basement. Dad did once admit to feeling sheepish when some kids said they preferred white churches because of the food. You can't stop kids from thinking, but you can sternly instruct them not to say everything they think.

Friends who knew that Dad spent many evenings in the projects were afraid for him. He did have experiences that for others would have been hair-raising, but he was never harmed. Though sure that God protected him, he did carry his Bible prominently as "armor," in case some bruiser asked why he was where he wasn't supposed to be.

One night, when the elevators were not functioning, he started trudging up 14 flights of steps to his destination. Opening the metal doors to one landing, he came upon young toughs playing craps. A surly voice asked where he thought he was going. Before he could answer, a voice from the corner said, "Hi,

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Mr. Ericson." Focusing hard, he replied, "Is that you, Jo-Jo?"

"Yeah, it's me, Joe."

Asked surly-voice, "You know this man?"

"Yeah, he's the Sunday School man. He's all right." Who wouldn't leave it at that, glad to escape? Dad wouldn't. "Joe, you haven't been to Sunday School for a long time. You're never too big for Sunday School." And then he witnessed about Jesus' love even for craps players.

DAD SAW

THE GATHERED MOB

AND WALKED RIGHT

INTO THE MIDDLE OF THEM.

In the late '60s, the cities were burning. Headlines screamed "Race Riots!" Once, Mrs. Turner called and told Dad he shouldn't come that night; men who had just been rioting were gathered in front of the project. Dad replied, "I'll be there at the regular time. The Lord'll protect me." Dad saw the gathered mob and heard the banging bongos. He walked right into the middle, picked out a possible leader, greeted him, showed off his Bible, explained he was there to teach kids Bible verses. Then he said, "You guys need Jesus, too, you know. You're never too old for Jesus to love you. Say, will you give me five minutes to tell you about Jesus? Here, hold my watch and tell me when my five minutes are up. O.K.?" The scowling men kept scowling but no one said no. Drumbeats resumed after Dad walked into the building a little while later, as did the riots on the following evenings. But no one menaced him when he came back out later. This is the only time I know of that Dad admitted he was a little scared.

Young people who learn Bible verses still have other things going on in their lives. Dad entered into these other concerns, willy-nilly. The kids would open up to him about trouble at school and trouble at home, about dreams of going to college, about boys (if they were girls) or girls (if they were boys). For sex education in his own household, someone silently placed on a son's bed a copy of *A Christian Boy's Problems*. With this next generation of children, though, Dad turned more frank, and he gave them the only ennobling counsel about sex many of them ever heard.

Sometimes it was the parents who needed an old-fashioned lesson in self-esteem. One unemployed father needed reminding, Dad thought, of his responsibility to provide for his family. Shortly after, the man landed a job at the glue factory, where (one might say) he stuck. This man's son became a minister.

It was hard to hold teenagers with just Sunday School. What to do? Dad's prayer was for a youth center, and a warehouse for sale two blocks from the mission was the answer to that prayer. The building was remodeled, a full-time director was hired, and the Sunday School moved into spacious quarters.

Well into his seventies Dad kept his dates with the Scripture Kids. But the stairs inside and the snow outside finally came to be too much. So, catching him at a moment of weakness, we kids moved the Chicago-loving man and his wife down to Texas to be near their elder daughter.

Except that the end was not quite yet. The Scripture Kids, against all expectation, carried on. Without the old guy around as father figure, they changed "Kids" to "Crusaders." One of the group's alumni, Ben Curtis, who had gone on to Moody Bible Institute, became the leader. And as Dad's eighty-second birthday approached, his Chicago kids decided they should pay him one last visit. They washed cars and sold cookies to raise money; they rented vans; they booked hotel rooms. For the big dinner these young-adult kids took us, at Dad's request, to a cheap steakhouse. The suburban restaurant had only white customers that evening except for the 15 or so black ones arrayed along two tables. One of the kids stood up and prayed before our food came, and all the restaurant hushed. The air conditioning was too much for Dad; so one skinny fellow took off his two-tone royal blue, tuxedo-cut jacket, tied the sleeves around Dad's neck, and arranged the jacket to cover as much of the burly back and shoulders as it pitifully could. Dad expressed himself warm enough now. He looked so ludicrous we couldn't stop laughing. Someone said we should sing "Happy Birthday." After the first few notes, the whole restaurant joined in and capped off the singing with sturdy applause and some strangers dabbing their eyes. ("Who is that man, anyway?") That evening is my favorite restaurant memory. That visit is the last time his Chicago kids saw their "father."

Alive, that is. Some saw him dead. Dad died at 83 in his own bed, with a daughter on either side, each holding a hand of his and singing. He had long told us to put him in the ground in a plain pine box wherever he died. The Lord would know where to find him. Vans set out from Chicago for Texas again. On the early March day of the funeral, a mean snowstorm hit. Not your usual Texas weather, but we figured God wanted this Chicago man to have a Chicago funeral. The director of the funeral home had other ideas and called to cancel. No one could get there, he said. We said Texans might not make it, but we had gathered from around the country and we'd be there.

A caravan of vehicles struggled from my sister's house through unplowed streets to the funeral home. Ben Curtis and a childhood friend of mine co-officiated. At Mom's request, her marimba-playing daughter shook off her rust and played "Amazing Grace." I read a eulogy. Ben quoted lots of verses in his sermon. Then we trundled the casket across the street and lowered it into the Chicago-cold ground.

What ever happened to all of Dad's "other kids"? Stories still reach us. Recently, a friend who was seeking board members for his non-profit foundation came upon one Gary Jones, a Christian African-American entrepreneur in his thirties who owns a company that refurbishes buildings. In the interview for the board position Gary was asked how he became a Christian. "Through the Chicago Gospel Youth Center. Through a man named Mr. Ericson."

Dad has been dead ten years now, but 60 or 70 members of his "second family" still get together every year to reminisce and support one another spiritually. Among them are pastors, teachers, businessmen, other professionals. And Ben Curtis and the Scripture Crusaders are still performing.

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An L.A. Dad Discovers Idaho Fatherhood

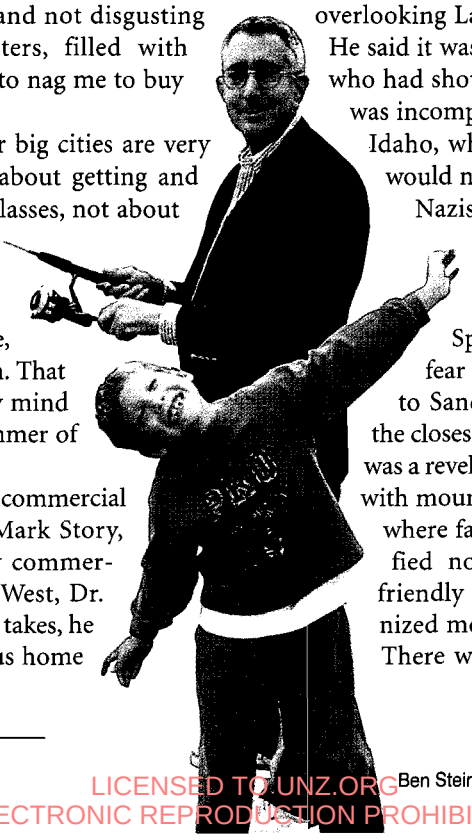
By Ben Stein

IT is not easy to be a father in Los Angeles, and especially in Hollywood. There are no places to ride a bike, partly because it's so hilly, partly because the traffic is so dense, partly because even on the boardwalk by the beach—which is cement—there are panhandlers, gangs, and skate-by shootings. The few public places that are safe and not disgusting are usually shopping centers, filled with things that compel Tommy to nag me to buy him those things.

But then, none of our big cities are very kid-friendly. Big cities are about getting and spending and after-school classes, not about hanging around with your son on a dock with fishing lines in clear water. That is, it's great to be a dad anywhere, but it's better in a small town. That had been going through my mind for a while when, in the summer of 1992, something happened.

The story starts with a commercial director-producer named Mark Story, who has used me in many commercials: Western Union, U.S. West, Dr. Pepper, and others. Between takes, he told me he owned a fabulous home overlooking Lake Pend Oreille in North Idaho. He said it was paradise—except for a neighbor who had shot one of his dogs. He said my life was incomplete unless I spent time in North Idaho, which had a kind of rural peace I would not find elsewhere. The racists and Nazis you hear about were a hoax, he said, but I could only find out if I went there myself.

So one summer day I flew to Spokane, Washington, filled with fear of storm troopers, and headed off to Sandpoint, Idaho, population 5,000, the closest town to Mark's house. Sandpoint was a revelation. It was on a huge lake, ringed with mountains. It had a lovely sandy beach where families played without any amplified noise. The locals were extremely friendly and respectful. Many kids recognized me from TV and clustered around. There was an adorable Main Street with



Ben Stein and his son, Tommy.

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sidewalks and friendly stores. The streets of the town were flat to gently hilly, with modest homes and many small churches.

Most of all, Mark Story's caretaker and home-builder, a weatherbeaten, rugged fellow named Peter Feierabend, beckoned. He showed me around, laughed affectionately at the pomp and glory of Mark's home, and took me on a tour of the lake. He told me how it had been created by a mighty flood caused by the breakup of giant glaciers covering what became Montana and parts of Wyoming.

Tommy and his friend Alex, Peter's son.

A few months later, I came back with Tommy. We went to a high school football game where I was mobbed by autograph seekers. One of them offered to babysit Tommy. Peter brought over his children—Rachel, six years older than Tommy, and Alex, a mere three years older. Tommy loves the company of older boys, and Alex seemed like a god to him. They hit it off magically, wrestling in the autumn leaves on the wide grassy lawn next to Lake Pend Oreille.

The real pull of the place was not only its spectacular scenery and easygoing, safe topography, but Peter himself. He was a hippie woodworker-artisan. He was also a caretaker of Mark Story's palazzo. But mostly he hung out with his kids. He took them to school, picked them up, played with them, read to them, taught them how to ski and sail and fish and mountain bike.

More than anyone I had seen since the days of Ozzie Nelson, he was Mr. All-American Dad. If his son wanted a toy gun, Peter would take a piece of cedar and make one on his band saw.

He shared this genius and talent with Tommy and me.

Peter took Tommy to the beaver pond next to his house on our first visit. "Have you ever caught a fish?" Peter asked.

"No." Tommy said. "I want to catch a fish."

"Well, we'll go out on this raft on my pond and catch a fish," Peter announced. "Surely you mean you'll try to catch a fish," I interjected. "You can't be sure you'll catch a fish on any given day, can you?" This was my city-boy know-it-all ignorance and timidity at work. "No. I mean we'll catch a fish." Peter said.

With that, he and Tommy went out on the pond. They hung two lines over the edge, and in about 30 seconds Tommy had his first fish, a little rainbow trout.

While I always warned Tommy not to jump on me without warning so that he wouldn't hurt my old back or neck, Peter, the strong woodworker, would absorb Alex's and Tommy's sneak attacks, twirl them around, and then throw them up in the air and catch them. "I've got you, you sack of potatoes," he would say. "I've got you now." Then he would take Tommy to the dock of Keith Sheckler's Windbag Marina and show him how to attach a lure to a line, tie it securely, and cast it onto the waters. He taught Tommy how to thread the line through the guides on the pole, and even how to untangle the line when it got caught in the spinner.

Part of the beauty of this was that when Peter showed these things to Tommy, he also showed them to me, and then he would say, "Next time, your dad will help you do that." Peter would show me how and watch me do it: "Your fingers aren't used to doing anything very complicated, but they'll get used to it, and then Tommy will learn and we'll teach someone else to fish."

Sure enough–and amazingly–the next time I did help Tommy untangle the line or reset the spinner. Sure enough, the next time I had at least a vague suggestion about what kind of bait to use for what kind of fish.

Tommy, Alex, Peter, and I would dine frequently at a place called Connie's, where loggers gathered drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes. Peter would tell Tommy in detail how to make a wooden glider. Then Peter would ask me about Hollywood or political life. When Tommy interrupted, Peter would say "Listen to your father, Tommy. He's talking about things that are a lot more important than building a glider."

Probably Peter was Tommy's first idol. Certainly he was the first idol to tell him his old dad was worth listening to and respecting. Tommy listened and paid distinctly more attention after spending time with Peter.

Peter was also extremely generous in his beliefs that I could handle the boys when he was busy. If he could not take the boys skiing, he just told me I should do it and assumed I could. Even though I fell down constantly, fairly soon I could indeed take them skiing. He assumed I could take them fishing—I who hated to even touch a live fish—and soon I did that, too.

Best of all, he assumed I could discipline Tommy and Alex. He assured me that just the mantle of "Dad," confidently borne, carried all the authority I needed to control the boys. Amazingly, he was right. I could just speak sharply to them in about the same tone as Peter, and they would pay attention to me.

Peter was like a loveable but unchallengeable drill instructor who lined up the recruits and told them that Sergeant Ben was now running the show, and they had better listen up—and they did.

This fellow whom I met by the merest chance, a caretaker, had a view that boys would be boys–would always be recalcitrant, lazy, self-obsessed, and super-wasteful, and that they were just evolving into young men, which would be even worse. It was the father's natural job to be their boss. But he

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loved his boy and my boy and was most truly alive when he was around them.

He also believed that boys should not only be respectful but affectionate towards their fathers. Peter was extremely physical with Alex. He often picked him up, hugged him spontaneously and often with no clear reason, and the son responded enthusiastically. Alex was by far the most affectionate little boy with his dad I had ever seen. His example encouraged Tommy to actually hug me without being bribed to do so—usually as a means to get a toy, but sometimes on his own. Tommy is now far more physical and affectionate to me than most other boys I see, and this comes from my following Peter's example and Tommy's following Alex's example.

PETER BELIEVED BOYS SHOULD NOT ONLY BE RESPECTFUL BUT AFFECTIONATE TOWARDS THEIR FATHERS.

Above all, the boys had to know who was calling the shots. And with Peter's attitude even a little bit in evidence, they did get used to it. By watching the interaction between Peter and his son, Tommy got used to the idea that I, Daddy, naturally called the tune.

Following in Peter's footsteps instilled in me much self-confidence. When in doubt, I would think "How would Peter do it?" and usually whatever came to mind was the right answer. Peter was the wilderness, hippie-philosopher Dad whom boys naturally respected. I picked up more of it than I ever thought I would. Peter as hippie Ozzie Nelson worked well for all of us.

For example, after watching other people having a great time on the lake with their powerboats, I decided Tommy and I should have a boat. So one cool fall day Peter, Alex, Tommy, and I went and looked at boats. A goofy salesman showed us an old Sea Ray that looked nice. The lake was deserted and smooth. The salesman started it up and off we went away from the shore.

In 60 seconds, smoke started to billow from the engine. Then a rubbery burning smell. Then sparks. The salesman turned off the engine as little flames licked around it. It would not restart, and we did not really want it to restart. The radio did not work. We had no cell phone. Despite the salesman's earlier assurances, there were no life jackets or fire extinguisher. It was getting dark. I knew somewhere to the west was a terrifying dam. We could go over it like Humphrey Bogart and Katherine Hepburn in *The African Queen*. I was scared. In fact, I was frantic.

Meanwhile, Peter sat calmly smoking a cigarette. "What are we going to do?" I wailed, "I don't want to fall over that dam." Peter blew out a long trail of smoke and laughed. "The dam is about 30 miles away. We ought be drifting two miles an hour. We're not in any danger."

"But it'll be dark soon," I said. "Then what?"

"Somebody will come by. Sheriff or somebody."

In a half-hour, we drifted by a private island. We could see two workmen on a hillside. "I know them," Peter said. "That guy is David Braun, a beekeeper and a contractor. I'll call him." Then, in a staggeringly loud voice, Peter shouted out, "David! It's Peter Feierabend. Our boat's broken. Come get us."

After a few more hallos like that, a man got onto a boat and headed our way.

"See," Peter said. "That wasn't so bad. Nobody drowned. Nobody went hungry." We were towed back to port and, after many effusive thanks from me to David Braun and many scowls at the boat salesman, we headed back to Sandpoint.

"There's a lesson here," Peter said. "Make good decisions and plan. From now on, always have a cell phone if you feel afraid on the water. Always have lots of life jackets. Always have a fire extinguisher. You just learned some good things today for almost nothing."

I had learned some good lessons about fathers and sons, too. Tommy stayed calm through the entire ordeal, treating it as an adventure. So did Peter's son. I was the only one who was terrified. I learned if the main male leader in a group of fathers and sons stays calm, the kids stay calm.

The next summer Tommy and I bought two boats—a small one, basically a rowboat with a small outboard engine, for him, and a 20-foot motorboat for me. In no time Peter, the boys, and I were hurtling up and down the lake, from Bottle Bay to Whiskey Rock, from Hope to the Green Monarchs, without a serious mishap. Soon, I was taking the boat out with just me as skipper and Alex mooring us, and Tommy occasionally helping to steer.

The boat became a magnet for Tommy's pals. Four or five boys and girls would clamber aboard and off we'd go, usually to a point near Garfield Bay. There, the kids would jump off the stern into the freezing water and swim around, laughing and screaming.

Just as Peter predicted, the kids followed my orders if I gave them with sufficient assurance and directness. I tried—again following Peter's example–never to show fear on the lake, and indeed, there rarely was cause for concern. (I also had dozens of life jackets, a fire extinguisher, a phone, a whistle, an air horn, and food on hand at all times.)

I like to think Tommy also derived some status from the fact that the boat the kids were on belonged to his Dad. Tommy was always the most junior member of his team of friends. They always let him know it, in the manner of small children, or maybe in the human manner. For him to say, "You can't drop me head first off the boat because it's my Dad's boat," gave him some feeling of command out on the lake. For a little boy to feel jointly in command of a boat is not a bad feeling for him to have. Anything that teaches him responsibility is worth its weight in gold.

We came to Sandpoint in the winter, too. Snow is a basic building block of the sense of wonder. In Sandpoint, we got plenty. The first time it snowed at night, Tommy, Alex, Peter, and I headed across town from the Edgewater Hotel to the Hydra Restaurant. We passed by subtly molded lawn lamps that Peter had made with his hands in his

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Defining Daddy Down

By Barbara Dafoe Whitehead and David Popenoe

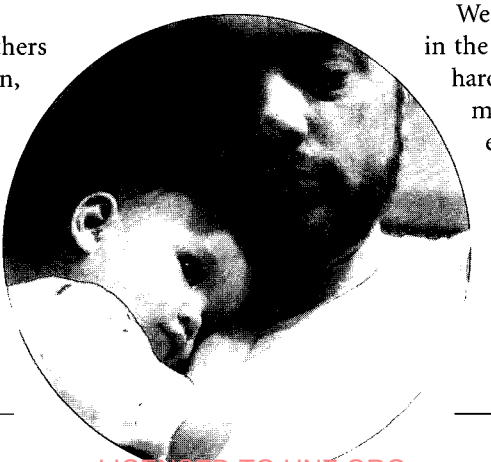
FOR the first time since the baby boom, America is making room for daddy. The President and Vice President sing the praises of fathers. Governors set up special task forces on fatherhood. "Responsible fatherhood" initiatives and programs are spreading across the nation. Scholars have discovered fatherhood as an important new (and fundable) field for research. Fatherhood is now a professional social work discipline.

Resource guides and how-to books on fatherhood are more popular than ever before. Nearly 500 books on fatherhood, most published in the past year or two, are listed on Amazon.com. Not so long ago, how-to reading for fathers ran the gamut from greasy copies of Chilton's car-repair manuals to back issues of *Field and Stream*. Now fathers can buy how-to books on everything from cooking a tasty meatloaf to negotiating a joint custody arrangement.

All this attention to fathers must be good news for children, right? Not exactly.

The fatherhood movement set out to improve the lives of children. But powerful political forces are tugging it away from considerations of what is best for children. What began as an effort to improve child well-being by strengthening married fatherhood is becoming a movement focused almost entirely on divorced and unwed fathers who live apart from their children.

The fatherhood movement grew out of a discussion on how to improve child well-being. Its founders included a handful of scholars and policymakers who were concerned about the way rising proportions of fatherless families—created by divorce and unwed childbearing—seemed to be leading to rising levels of child poverty, juvenile crime, and unwed teen parenthood.



We were part of this discussion in the early 1990s. Our group was hardly politically or ideologically monolithic. We had differences—indeed, profound differences—about the best model of contemporary fatherhood and what men and women's family roles should be. But we agreed on one key point: An impressive body of

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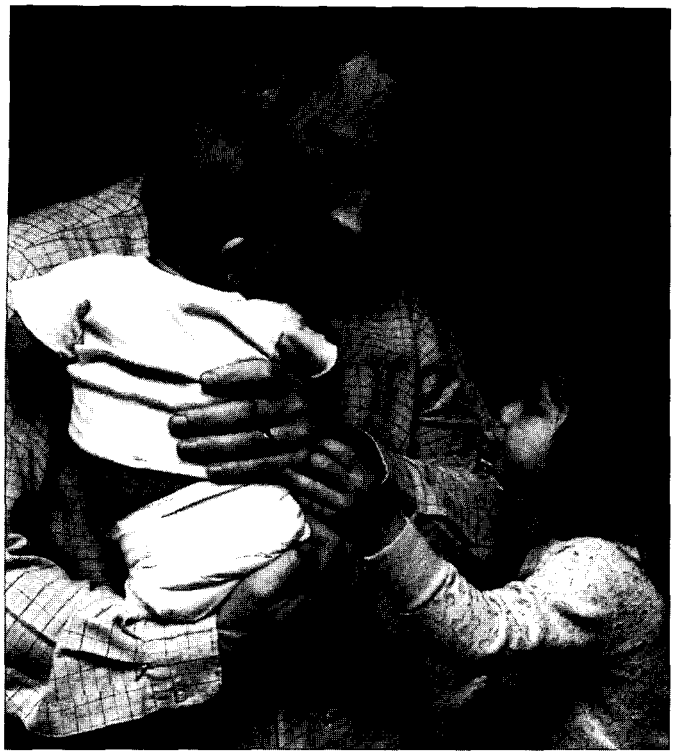

research showed that, in general, children did better when they grew up in households with two married parents. Therefore, we concluded, one way to improve children's lives would be to revitalize fatherhood. Practically speaking, this meant working toward the goal of strengthening marriage and thus attaching fathers to their children.

One outcome of this effort was a crop of books and articles devoted to the problem of father absence. In 1993, Barbara Dafoe Whitehead wrote "Dan Quayle Was Right" for *Atlantic Monthly*, later expanded into a book, *The Divorce Culture.* David Blankenhorn published *Fatherless America* in 1994, a passionate polemic on the problem. In 1996, David Popenoe offered a comprehensive summary of the social scientific evidence on fatherhood, marriage, and child well-being in *Life Without Father.* This body of literature was controversial at the time, attacked and even ridiculed by liberal pundits and academics, but also influential. It put fatherhood on the political map. Governors and other elected officials came calling.

Another outcome of this early focus on child well-being and fatherhood was the formation of the National Fatherhood Initiative (NFI) in 1994. Led by foundation head and civic activist Don E. Eberly together with Wade Horn, a psychologist and former Commissioner for Children, Youth, and Families in the Bush administration, NFI set out to initiate a larger public discussion of father absence and to build a broad coalition to support fathers and revitalize fatherhood. From the start, it paid attention to the plight of single fathers and helped develop strategies to reconnect them with their children. But the organization also steadfastly stuck to the goal of increasing the critical mass of married, two-parent families who raise their own children and serve as a model for children growing up in other family arrangements.

In the last few years, however, new players have begun to march under the fatherhood banner. Though these players are not united around a common set of goals, they share one common feature: They are single-mindedly focused on unwed and divorced fathers who live apart their children.

For one thing, fathers' rights activists have jumped on the fatherhood bandwagon. For the most part, these activists are divorced fathers who believe that the courts and child support system are biased against fathers. Although their numbers are

Responsible Non-parenthood

Ever since Sigmund Freud declared that all young boys secretly wanted to kill their fathers and marry their mothers, the psychiatric community has been waging war on parents. The latest salvo comes from two psychologists in an article entitled, "Deconstructing the Essential Father," in the June issue of *American Psychologist,* the official journal of the American Psychological Association.

But this time, rather than simply blaming individual mothers and fathers for their children's unhappiness, professors Louise B. Silverstein and Carl P. Auerbach argue that moms and dads as a group are largely irrelevant. And most insignificant of all to children's well-being, say the two researchers, is whether moms and dads are married to each other: "In contrast to the neoconservative perspective, our data on gay fathering couples have convinced us that neither mother nor father is essential."

They concede that kids do need some "responsible, care-taking" adult, but they say "one, none, or both of these adults could be a father (or mother)." What's more, they don't believe "that heterosexual marriage is the social context in which responsible fathering is most likely to occur."

Silverstein and Auerbach readily acknowledge that "our reading of the scientific literature supports our political agenda," but then so does the neoconservatives' approach. The difference, of course, is that the neoconservative agenda, which advocates the traditional role of mothers and fathers joined in lifelong commitment, is rooted in literally thousands of years of human experience across different cultures.

Researchers like Silverstein and Auerbach clearly want to hasten the demise of the married-couple, two-parent family, while claiming that children won't suffer. That's nonsense. The real casualties in this war on parents won't be mothers and fathers but children.

—excerpted from a syndicated column by Linda Chavez, president of the Center for Equal Opportunity

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not large, these activists are energized by a deep sense of grievance and a fierce commitment to getting justice from the courts. Their driving mission is to change the laws and the court system in the areas of child support, custody, and the use of restraining orders. Their rhetoric is pro-child (some even say their mission is to advance "children's rights"), but their agenda is pro-divorced dads.

In addition, state governments are powerful new players in the fatherhood movement. Welfare reform brought special block grants for fatherhood initiatives into the states, and the states responded. According to a study by the National Center for Children in Poverty, 46 states link their fatherhood agenda to welfare reform. These state initiatives are wide-ranging, covering everything from in-hospital paternity-establishment programs, to supervised visitation for fathers accused of abuse or domestic violence, to license-revocation programs targeted at parents who are not paying child support.

Although some state fatherhood programs pay lip service to the goal of strengthening married fatherhood, their first order of business is reducing the welfare caseload. Thus, living-apart fathers—chiefly unwed fathers—are the core constituency for fatherhood initiatives in the states.

Advocates for low-income fathers have joined the cause. They argue that poor fathers, many young and undereducated, are simply unable to take on the economic and emotional responsibilities of fatherhood without some help. Some of these mostly unwed fathers have spent time in jail and are struggling with drug problems. Many are unemployed or intermittently employed. Their advocates claim that you can't get blood from a turnip and poor unwed fathers are society's turnips. Thus, they say, states should reduce child support obligations, forgive arrears, and get disadvantaged fathers into jobs and training programs.

To be sure, each of these new political players in the fatherhood movement has a good reason to be there. Some fathers *have* been pushed out of their children's lives as the consequence of divorces they didn't want. Other divorced fathers have suffered serious financial setbacks when they lost the economies of scale in marriage. And there is every reason in the world to work for the reduction of poverty, crime, school failure, drug addiction, and the shocking level of incarceration among young, inner-city men.

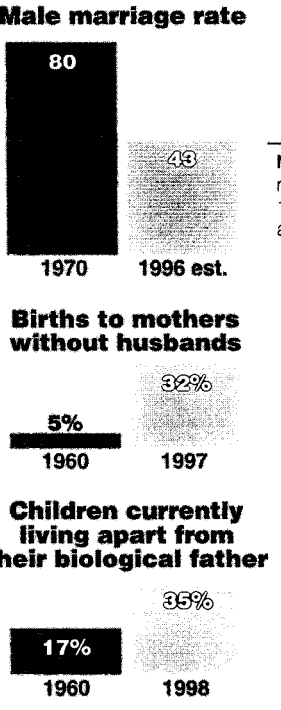
Nonetheless, all this new-fangled advocacy has had two large affects. First, the action in the fatherhood movement has shifted from civil society to government, with marriage lost in the shuffle. And second, the fatherhood movement has created its own set of victims—and they are not fatherless children. They are dads who live apart from their children.

"RESPONSIBLE FATHERHOOD" CONSPICUOUSLY EXCLUDES THE ONE TYPE THAT IS BEST FOR CHILDREN—MARRIED FATHERHOOD.

THE ESCAPE FROM MARRIED FATHERHOOD

In a single generation, the Bachelor Dream has edged its way from fantasy subculture right into the mainstream. Just from 1970 to 1992 the proportion of men who were unmarried and footloose more than doubled (to 54 percent) among 25-29 year-olds, and roughly tripled among men in their thirties, the U.S. Bureau of the Census reports. Various impermanent forms of sexual cohabitation are at all-time highs, contributing heavily to our frightening level of births to unmarried mothers.

Between a lack of marriages and the ending of marriages, the proportion of children who live apart from their biological fathers has doubled since 1960, accounting now for one out of every three children. —*the editors*



Note: Annual marriages per 1,000 single men age 15 and over.

Sources: U.S. National Center for Health Statistics. *The State of Our Unions 1999*, National Marriage Project.

Another sign of the drift away from marriage and child well-being is the deliberate effort to redefine fatherhood in ways that make no reference to the married, two-parent family. "Words are extremely important. They reveal our beliefs, and conscious use of them can change our beliefs." So writes a divorced father named William Klatte in *Live-away Dads,* one of many recent books targeted at solo dads. And Klatte is right. Words do shape our beliefs and behaviors.

Consider, for example, the term "irresponsible fatherhood." This phrase makes its appearance in the fatherhood movement around 1995 or so. Its exact origin is murky, but a report by the Federal Interagency Forum on Child and Family Statistics attributes the phrase to James Levine, Director of the Fatherhood Project at the Families and Work Institute. According to Levine, a responsible father does not consider conceiving a child until he is emotionally and financially prepared to support a child, establishes legal paternity, shares in the emotional and physical care of his child, and shares in the financial support of his child.

This notion of "responsible fatherhood" is now the accepted definition of fatherhood in the policy world. So, it's worth pausing and thinking about what "responsible fatherhood" includes and what it leaves out. It includes the legal requirements and financial obligations of paternity. And it emphasizes the contemporary notion of co-parental sharing when it comes to providing support for a child; that is, dad and mom both work and pay their fair share.

"Responsible fatherhood" conspicuously excludes the one form of father-

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hood that is best for children—married fatherhood. Nowhere does the definition suggest that a "responsible father" has anything more significant than a financial arrangement with the mother of his children.

If words are important, then the successful campaign to edit marriage out of the definition of fatherhood is an important development. It creates a new norm of fatherhood that may fit the requirements of the government and the capacities of living-apart fathers, but doesn't even come close to fulfilling a child's economic needs and emotional hungers. Responsible fatherhood is daddy defined down to his minimum legal requirements: a name on a birth certificate, a signature on a child support check, some unspecified expression of emotional care—a birthday card, weekends together, whatever. Call it daddy lite.

THIS IS DADDY DEFINED DOWN TO HIS MINIMUM LEGAL REQUIREMENTS. CALL IT DADDY LITE.

It is a cliché that fatherhood is not simply a matter of biology. It depends heavily on law, religion, culture, and especially the institution of marriage. In virtually every known society, marriage has improved the rearing of children by connecting the father to the mother-child unit. It's not as if we don't know what kind of fatherhood is best for children. That is empirically well established. It is the kind of fatherhood that fuses biological and sociological characteristics; namely, a biological father who is stably married to their mother. This is more important today than ever before, because so many traditional extended-family and community ties have eroded. If this is what's best for children, why is married fatherhood dropped from the definition?

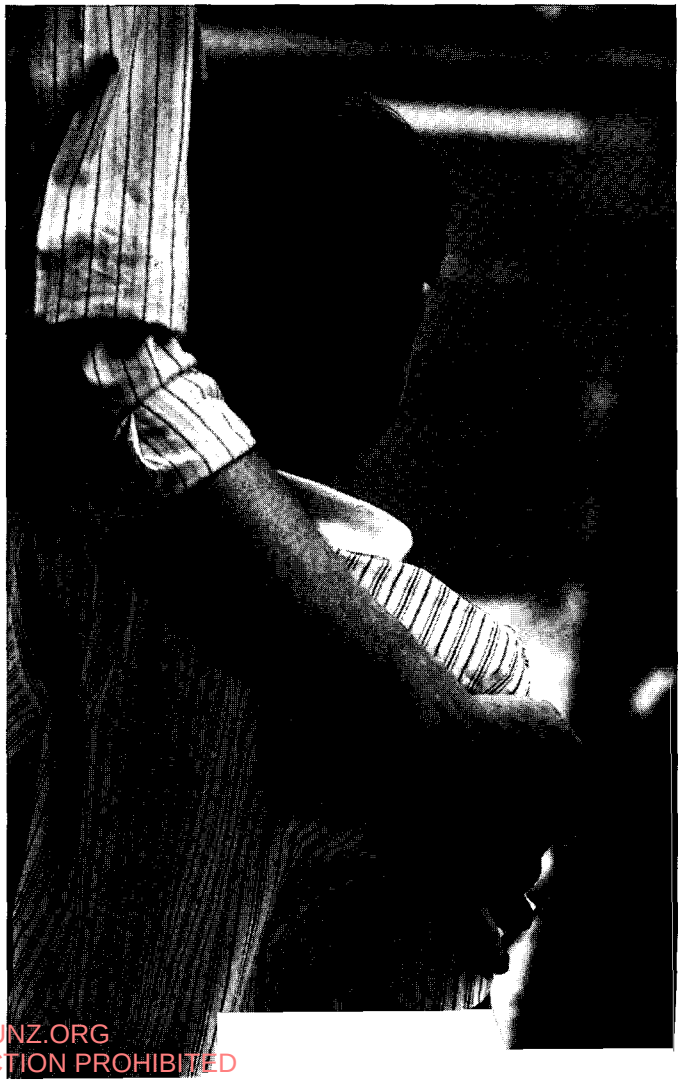
One answer is that "irresponsible fatherhood" is a political accommodation to a growing constituency of unwed and divorced fathers, who are not likely to go away. In fact, male mating patterns are rapidly moving away from monogamous marriage in the direction of serial polygyny, in two forms. Low-status males have serial cohabiting partnerships with women who bear their children or bring other men's children with them into the union. Higher-status males have serial wives. (On weekends, in fashionable city neighborhoods and countryside getaways, it is easy to spot these high-status guys, graying and paunchy, pushing a double stroller of twins with their pretty young wives at their side.) And as these forms of fatherhood become increasingly commonplace and as these men and their advocates lobby for rights and privileges, it will become politically unpopular to talk about anything other than "responsibility" as the standard for paternal behavior.

Feminist Barbara Ehrenreich, a long-time observer of fatherhood trends, recently offered a forecast of things to come. Marriage, she suggests, will be replaced by a "parenting contract" between a living-apart man and woman who have a child. The twenty-first century family will be stripped down to a mother-child twosome, with a little help from a distant "irresponsible" father. (Of course, for the men with second or third families or children by several women, it will be a bit more complicated.)

We may not have long to wait before this becomes the new standard of fatherhood. Ask today's teenage men what they think should be the best resolution to a pregnancy for an unwed girlfriend. According to findings from the National Survey of Adolescent Men, the percentage of young men who recommended marriage or adoption in such a situation declined substantially between 1979 and 1995, while the percentage suggesting the mother have the baby and the father just help to support it increased from 19 to 59 percent in the same years. Teenage women, too, are increasingly supportive of unwed parenthood.

Is this what Americans want for the next generation of children? We don't think so. Indeed, if responsible fatherhood becomes the sole goal of the fatherhood movement, it will institutionalize the very trends that created the problem of father absence in the first place. The fatherhood movement should be thinking of ways to prevent unwed and divorced fatherhood, rather than advancing efforts to defend and sustain it.

Barbara Dafoe Whitehead and David Popenoe co-direct the National Marriage Project, a research and public education initiative based at Rutgers.



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The Case Against Androgynous Marriage

Steven E. Rhoads

Candace Bergen has now admitted what her TV character, Murphy Brown, never did: Fathers matter. Social scientists have never been more sure, because fathers help boys become responsible men and teach girls good men will love them even if they don't "put out."

And when men—even men who have been good fathers—divorce their wives, they usually end up divorcing their children as well. Two leading family experts, Frank Furstenberg and Andrew Cherlin, find that "over time, the vast majority of children [of divorce] will have little or no contact with their fathers." So if we care about the future of our kids, we should care about finding the secrets to marriages that last through "sickness and health," through "better and worse."

These traditional phrases from church weddings might remind one of the traditional Christian understanding of marriage–one where wives "submit" to the "servant" leadership of their husbands. Last summer the Southern Baptists reminded the faithful of this Biblical teaching, and feminists denounced it as "domestic feudalism."

Most of the rest of America shrugged it off. After all, androgyny is everywhere. Women fly jets and make up 43 percent of all law school graduates. Men go to hair stylists and wear earrings. To most of us, male headship seems like something from another planet.

But social science research on intact marriages finds that in real marriages, male headship is simply a fact. Most men and women seek things in a mate that render something like male headship inevitable. If we care about marriages that work, the Baptists just may have something to teach us.

Feminists can hardly look at married men without a certain measure of disgust. Men won't do their share of housework and child care. In the typical two-earner family they contribute about half as much housework as their employed wives and less than half as much solo child care.

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BY MAKING THE MALE ROLE IN MARRIAGE VITAL, BAPTISTS ATTRACT MORE MEN TO IT.

Most feminists believe men's power in the home comes from their power in the marketplace. In *Ms.* one family therapist sets forth her golden rule of marriage, "Whoever has the gold makes the rules." But the overworked wives cited above are already bringing home gold. Perhaps they're not bringing home enough? To answer, we need to know whether women's power soars when they are the big earners in marriage.

When husbands make more than wives, both say the husband's job is the more important, but when wives earn more, neither spouse says the wife's job is more important. Indeed, such wives are more likely than other married women to leave the labor force or move to a lower position. At home these high-achieving wives attempt to be especially attractive and sexual for their husbands, and they report indulging husbands' whims and salving egos. When husbands are more dependent on their wives' incomes, the husbands do very little additional housework.

Questions of income aside, there are, of course, marriages where women have more power. Do such marriages make women happy? One survey of over 20 studies on marital power found that wife-dominant couples were the least happy, and the wives in wife-dominated unions were less happy than their husbands.

Liz Gallese's study of women graduates from the 1975 class of the Harvard Business School finds that the women have a tendency to "pull back" on their way to the top. One woman who did not do so was Tess. When her career shot past her husband's, he took on most of the child care. On the surface Tess's marriage made role reversal look workable. Tess seemed proud of her job, her son, and her husband. Gallese did not glimpse the truth until she spent time alone with Tess's husband, who admitted he and his wife had almost no sex life, though he would try to "do things to rekindle her interest."

Soon Tess began to seduce other businessmen. Eventually she came clean with Gallese, admitting that she would love to have another child someday but not with her husband. She stayed with him because he was "a wife." "I absolutely refuse to sleep with that man. I'll never have sex with him again."

Feminists will no doubt say they want neither an old-fashioned marriage nor Tess's but rather one in which promotions and relocations come in tandem or sequentially. But marriages in which spouses devote equal time to work, home, and children are very rare, and rarer still are marriages in which the spouses are equally successful in all realms. Pepper Schwartz searched hard to find couples where there was at least a 60/40 split of duties on the home front. Her study found that such "peer" couples feel they have a strong marital relationship with intimacy, mutual respect, and mutual interest. But they also face serious problems. Many husbands are unhappy when their careers suffer. There are constant negotiations and compromises, and serious conflicts over child rearing.

Last but not least, a number of the androgynes share some of the Tess-and-Kevin problem. Schwartz notes that their intimacy and familiarity make them feel more like siblings than lovers. They were more likely than other couples to "forget to include sex in their daily lives." "Women had fantasies of being taken or mildly dominated," and one complained of a husband who began treating her "too darn respectfully." Many of the peer couples, though, thought they had terrific sex lives, often because they adopted different personas in the bedroom. Schwartz suggested therapy for those who could not "transcend their identities in everyday life" by separating their days from their nights.

Ordinary women show the attractions of male power by making the romance novel the most popular form of fiction in the world. About half of all mass market paperback sales in the country are romance novels. The hero in the romance novel is always a man with power; the heroine seldom has worldly power.

In real life, most women do not seem to want equal worldly power. Even professional women want the man to be chief provider, not only because they believe the husband's work is more important to his sense of self, but also because they need their husbands to be successful.

For feminists the news gets worse. Working women say they respect stay-at-home moms more than mothers who work full time. When asked whether the increased number of working mothers with young children is good or bad for society, women of all educational levels think it is bad, and college-educated women are particularly likely to think so.

Finally, most women with full-time jobs do not resent their double shift. Despite the imbalance in housework and child care, the majority of wives think the division of labor is fair. Husbands and wives tend to define equality in marriage as mutual respect, commitment, and reciprocity over time, rather than as an equal division of tasks.

Once we look at what is known of men's and women's natures, it's not surprising women take to domestic life more readily. It may seem remarkable that men marry at all. The marital ideal is about one man and one woman becoming bound in body and soul—sharing, comforting, communicating through good times and bad. But this ideal resonates more strongly for women than for men. Men want more space. Studies show women like to be alone by thinking in a bedroom or office, whereas men are more likely to need real isolation—a long drive or a trip to the mountains. Think also of those frequently solitary and overwhelmingly male pastimes, hunting and fishing.

Feminists such as Deborah Tannen and Carol Gilligan make much of the male insistence on standing alone. They think society conditions men to be this way. Theresa Crenshaw, co-author of a leading medical text on sexual pharmacology, once agreed but now thinks the source is testosterone: "The 'loner profile' of testosterone is absolutely crucial to understanding what men are all about.... Testosterone motivates the male to strive for separateness in ways a woman is not designed

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to comprehend." Indeed, "It is fair to say that it causes a compelling sexual urge that spurns relationships, unless they represent a conquest or acquisition of power.... It makes you want sex, but it also makes you want to be alone, or thoroughly in control of sexual situations—so it specifically promotes masturbation or one-night stands."

Female sexuality usually functions as a means of expressing affection to someone in a committed relationship.Women's sexual fantasies dwell more on romance, commitment, non-sexual caressing, and story line.

Let's return to the marital ideal—sharing, comforting, communicating in a faithful, monogamous relationship. An unmarried 25-year-old woman is there. She is ready. From her early days she has loved intimate, comforting communication with a special friend. Blinded by the androgynous assumptions of the day, she anticipates a husband who will be a best friend in a similar way as well as a sexual companion.

But men don't talk much. When they do talk with friends, they interrupt, heckle, and put down. They help pals with troubles by downplaying or dismissing the problem. They're uncomfortable with intimacy (98 percent of wives in one study wanted their husbands to talk more about their thoughts and feelings). For men a friend with real problems needs advice or action, not talk. One man, told to show more affection for his wife, washed her car.

Men are far more likely to report they need free time to relax and pursue hobbies away from their mates. Yet they sense that marriage means less time for hobbies, and more time spent with children and kin, activities women tend to enjoy more than men.

The androgyny advocates believe that with different social conditioning, men can be reprogrammed to become fully intimate, communicative partners like their wives. And once reprogrammed, men will gain from the sharing of problems as women do. But the testosterone research suggests otherwise. So too does a study that followed the progress of patients dismissed from hospitals after recovery from congestive heart failure. For women the absence of emotional support in the community increased their death rates more than eightfold. For men it made no difference at all.

Another study—part of the world-famous Framingham research—suggests women who bring office problems home may kill off husbands before they're properly feminized. It seems husbands of white-collar wives with unsupportive bosses are more than three times more likely to die of heart disease, apparently as a result of frustration: Men do not like to talk about unresolvable problems; women do. The men wanted to protect their wives from hostile bosses but felt unable to help.

An experiment at the National Institute of Mental Health had men and women recall deaths, divorces, and other sad events in their lives while PET scans viewed their brains. The limbic system glowed in both sexes, but the glowing area was eight times as big in the women. In her book *Sex on the Brain* Deborah Blum quotes Ellen Frank, a researcher at the University of Pittsburgh: "Women are genetically pre-programmed to be more affiliative. Interpersonal attachment is a bigger deal for women than men, and that's true in all cultures and times. It has an adaptive significance for the survival of the species. If women didn't attach, babies wouldn't survive.... If we have one-half of the human race that's more preprogrammed for attachment, then that's the half that's going to be more vulnerable."

MOST WIVES SET HUSBANDS GOING IN BETTER DIRECTIONS, AND CIVILIZATION IS IN THEIR DEBT.

The average woman's innate attachment to and skill with babies would, by itself, be more than enough to sink the androgyny project since most men cannot match women in either the attachment or the skill. Mothers everywhere, in all cultures, take care of young children. This seems to be true even in alternative family forms such as communal living groups and unmarried couples.

Feminists talk a lot about the "burdens" of child care and the "sacrifices" that women make for it. Some women do find child care boring and depressing. But most do not. In her powerful defense of homemakers, *Domestic Tranquility*, Carolyn Graglia describes her child-rearing days as an "everyday epiphany of exquisite happiness." Award-winning novelist Alice McDermott sounded the same note in describing how she and her graduate school classmates were transformed by motherhood. The joy of children seemed "too satisfying, too marvelous" to be put in words. But they tried: "Becoming a mother is the best thing I've ever done." "It's like floating in warm milk." "I could fill a stadium with babies."

More than social conditioning is needed to explain such bliss—or the anguish of the involuntarily childless. Women undergoing infertility treatments have levels of depression comparable to patients with AIDS and cancer. The risk of a major depression within six months is five times higher for childless women who have a miscarriage.

The existence of women's innate desire for connection and nurturing is beyond debate. In the first day of life, girl babies respond more intensely than boy babies to the sound of another human in distress. The heart rates of non-mothers exposed to a video of a crying baby accelerate, while the heart rates of men watching the video decelerate.

Women's estrogen facilitates the effect of oxytocin, a substance which promotes touching, holding, and bonding. During pregnancy and nursing oxytocin surges in women, engendering pleasure and relaxation. When male rats are given oxytocin, they start building nests like their sisters.

The effect of male hormones on nurturing is dramatically different. Evidence comes from studies of women exposed to high levels of male hormones in their mothers' wombs. These women have little interest in dolls as children, and compared to most women, they are less attracted to infants as adults. On the other hand, Turner's syndrome girls, who do not produce the small amount of male hormone most women do, show heightened interest in dolls and babies.

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WIVES WITH "VERY MODERN" ATTITUDES ABOUT SEX ROLES RECEIVE LESS HELP WITH HOUSEHOLD TASKS FROM THEIR HUSBANDS THAN WIVES WITH "VERY TRADITIONAL" ATTITUDES.

Women's keener sense of touch makes them more responsive to babies, and their high, sing-song voices have been shown to be more pleasing than men's attempts at baby talk. Especially pleasing is a mother's voice. Babies hear it in utero, and after birth its sound slows, calms, and steadies a baby's heart.

Given women's greater interest in and skill with young children, it is fortunate that the vast majority of women and men think wives should concentrate on nurturing and husbands on providing. Data on the proportions of husbands and wives who work full time does not accurately reflect husbands' greater commitment to the work force. Sixty-one percent of husbands work *more* than 40 hours a week, whereas only 24 percent of wives do. Moreover, husbands are seven times more likely to work more than 60 hours a week. And though 51 percent of wives with children under 18 work full time, only 30 percent want to.

These figures do not point to an androgynous future, and if we want strong marriages we should be delighted. The richest discussion of American men and women's reasons for divorce, Catherine Riessman's *Divorce Talk*, finds women divorcing men who do not work steadily at good jobs; in parallel fashion men divorce women when they fall down as homemakers. Philip Blumstein and Pepper Schwartz's major work, *American Couples*, finds exactly the same thing. Women are much more likely to divorce men who are not ambitious, whereas men are more likely to divorce women who are ambitious. Men divorce wives if they think the wives are not doing their share of the housework. Women do not divorce men if the men do less housework than they would like them to.

A cross-cultural anthropological study looking for reasons for conjugal dissolution in 160 modern and primitive societies finds this pattern everywhere. Since many of these societies are poor, one might think men would divorce women who do not bring home the bacon. But they don't. As Laura Betzig reports, the economic reasons for divorce are "clearly segregated according to sex. Husbands are divorced for failing to provide material means, wives for failing to process them."

In marriage men and women get exactly what they want. If you ask men how they would like to be described, they use words like "dominant," "assertive," "independent." If you ask women how they would like to be described, they say "loving," "generous," "sensitive." But if marriage means bringing together one person with a taste for domination and another with a taste for generosity, we should not be surprised to find that the former is the head of the family.

In marriages women are more accommodating. If husbands think it is important to have a "proper" dinner,again, it is the wives who spend more time on housework. In family quarrels during dinner, mothers are most likely to compromise. Daughters are the next most likely to. Theresa Crenshaw thinks these inclinations go deep: One reason "women are the peacemakers" is their hormonal makeup. "Mellowing them are their relatively high levels of serotonin compared to the male, oxytocin in abundant supply, and estrogen, a gentle, ordinarily soothing antidepressant hormone."

Another reason women are the peacemakers is their deep need for amiable connection. And their most important connections are at home. Women say that family relationships are the key to their happiness. Family distress has more effect on the mental health of wives than of husbands. For husbands, satisfaction in work or as a parent can offset an unhappy marriage. But for wives, feminist Rosalind Barnett and coauthors report that "dissatisfaction in the marital role cannot be compensated for by satisfaction in any other role."

When wives perceive their family and marriage are not going well, their blood pressure goes up. When husbands perceive trouble, their pressure does not go up, but the husbands' perception of trouble will send the wives' blood pressure up. Similarly, after an argument, the wife's immune function decreases much more than the husband's.

Studies show that the more housework men do, the less they love their wives, and the more arguments the couple has. Since these arguments take more out of women, they are more inclined to give in to avoid them. It is hard to see how politics or a social movement could do anything to change this inclination—or the physical effects that fuel it. Nor is it clear that women's capacity for attachment is something that on balance leaves them worse off—despite their increased vulnerability. Men and women both agree women are more likable than men. Both male and female children are usually closer to their mothers than their fathers, and women have more close friends.

One might wonder why women care so much about marrying in the first place. Men are obstinately resistant to female influence. Experiments have found that boys pay no attention when girls tell them to stop doing something and that men pay less attention to a taped message if the voice is a female's. Husbands will push their wives to change things they don't like about their behavior but will resist similar requests on the grounds that "it's just the way I am."

Yet it seems there is some truth in this male retort. Psychologists say females have "more flexible self-concepts" and consider themselves in "a broader array of life domains." Girls will play with boys' toys much more readily than boys play with girls' toys. Young male geniuses often love only math while female geniuses love math, and literature and art and friends.

Marriage is good for society because it gets single men off the street. David Courtwright's book *Violent Land* shows that violence, death, and exploitation have followed unmarried men in all locales throughout American history. Marriage is good for children because intact families fight crime, illegitimacy, depression, drugs, and school failure. And marriage is good for individual men and women; married persons are

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healthier, wealthier, and happier than single folks.

Though both sexes gain from marriage, men seem to gain more in terms of physical and psychological well-being. Why, then, are women's magazines filled with advice about how to get him to pop the question, while men's magazines seem aimed at contented single adolescents?

Androgynous assumptions cannot explain why women still seem more eager than men to tie the knot. The sex differences presented earlier can. From their earliest days women care more about close relationships. None is potentially closer, nor potentially more satisfying, than marriage. A 1997 survey shows that nine out of ten wives say their marriage makes them happy all or most of the time. Yet many marriages end in divorce, and women file for most divorces. The physiological effects of marital quarrels on women, and woman's inability to be happy in other realms if their marriage is failing, explain why they will try so hard to make marriage work, just as they show why women choose divorce when they conclude it has failed. Women's need of connection and desire for a loved man to help provide for and raise children explain why they want to take the plunge.

For a man a wife means an end to care-free adolescence and, usually, more than 40 years of more than 40 hours a week answering to a boss. Explaining the benefits of marriage will not necessarily reconcile unattached males with a wandering eye and a passion for freedom.

If any women should still be reading, please note I have been describing how things are. As for how things might be, I would argue for a kinder and gentler male headship. For all the reasons given, the headship part won't go away. Most women don't really want it to. They like a manly man in the outside world and in the bedroom. They could, however, do with men who are a little less lordly in the rest of the house.

And if we care about solid marriages that rear solid children, we have to side with wives here. Riessman's *Divorce Talk* describes women filing for divorce because they feel devalued and dominated. In retrospect even their former husbands often agree they were treating their wives like "a dictator" or "a little Hitler." Although many happy marriages are characterized by moderate male dominance, marriages often fail when there is extreme male dominance. John Gottman finds successful marriages have a husband who accepts a wife's influence. They also have wives who couch complaints in a gentle, soothing, sometimes humorous way.

But how can we induce the stronger sex that likes to dominate to do it less? This is where the Baptists can help, by reminding men of their sacred obligation to use their familial power to *serve* their families. Husbands must be ready to sacrifice themselves for their wives and children as Christ gave all for the church. By making the male role in marriage vital, Baptists attract more men to it. And by condemning extramarital sex, they make alternatives to marriage less attractive and less available.

ALTHOUGH MANY HAPPY MARRIAGES ARE CHARACTERIZED BY MODERATE MALE DOMINANCE, MARRIAGES OFTEN FAIL WHEN THERE IS EXTREME MALE DOMINANCE.

Men in marriage are capable of a high-mindedness not hinted at in what we have said thus far. Their sense of duty—one of their most attractive traits—makes them capable of self-sacrifice. Steve Nock has found that husbands are more likely than wives to avoid divorce because of a sense that their mate is committed to the marriage and would be seriously harmed by a divorce. At the end of any week poor immigrant laborers can be seen lining up to wire most of their paychecks to their families in the mother country. In a crisis, such as the fires that swept Florida last year, men temporarily leave their families and undergo great hardship to protect other families. Men's desire to protect and provide for families does good for wives and children alike.

Wives doubtful about granting husbands titular headship should realize they may not have to give up much more than the title. Studies suggest husbands overestimate their decision-making power while wives underestimate theirs. Indeed, one study found "the most satisfied husbands were those who believed they had the greater decision-making power even where there was no independent evidence of it."

Women in such marriages probably rule indirectly as the wisest wives usually do. David Blankenhorn tells the tale of a traditional wife who said her husband was the head of the family and she was the neck—which turns the head in the direction it should go. Most wives set husbands going in better directions, and civilization is in their debt.

The facts contradict feminist doctrine on women's route to marital power and happiness. We have seen that wives who earn as much or more than their husbands do not usually achieve power or happiness. There are also hints it may be counterproductive for wives to insist that their husbands do half the housework. In *New Families, No Families* Goldscheider and Waite report that 47-year-old wives with "very modern" attitudes about job and family roles receive a little less help with household tasks from their husbands than do 47-year-old wives with "very traditional" attitudes about job and family roles. Another study found that the husbands most likely to help wives with household chores are orthodox Christians.

Still another large study on sexuality has found that the women most likely to achieve orgasm each and every time are conservative Protestants. So if we put it all together, it looks as if the more traditional and religious woman, far from being a serf in "domestic feudalism," is the most likely to have a mate who shares housework and satisfies her sexually. It may not be self-hatred, after all, that explains why most men at Promise Keeper rallies are there at the behest of their wives.

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Daughters Need Fathers Too

By William R. Mattox, Jr.

We spend so much time worrying about fathers and sons that we often forget about daughters' need for fathers. On the personal level, daughters whose fathers are physically or emotionally absent are much likelier to develop serious problems with other men in their lives. "It is fathers far more than mothers who determine what it means to be a girl and how comfortable she is or is not in her own sexual sin," writes Victoria Secunda, author of *Women and Their Fathers.*

One of the most important ways men affirm the femininity of their daughters is by treating their wives with honor, respect, and tenderness. Parents who cannot bear being in one another's presence reveal as much, if not more, to a child about romantic love as anything the mother or father might say.

Similarly, researcher Judith Wallerstein finds divorce often turns daughters against fathers. Understandably, daughters raised under such circumstances later tend to have great difficulty establishing trusting, committed relationships with their romantic partners. And because these women sometimes attempt to compensate for the lack of masculine approval by engaging in sex before marriage, their problems often increase rather than decrease over time.

Paternal neglect of daughters also has political ramifications. The much-publicized "gender gap" in American politics exists not so much between husbands and wives, or brothers and sisters, or mothers and sons, as between fathers and daughters. For example, in the most recent presidential election, middle-aged married fathers were the family demographic group most apt to support candidates who believe in limited government, while young single women, especially those who were pregnant or raising children out of wedlock, were the group most apt to support the welfare state. Apparently, the daughters and girlfriends of irresponsible men overwhelmingly support candidates who promise lots of governmental assistance, because these women believe the men in their lives can't be trusted to offer the support they need.

Opponents of the centralized welfare state, then, need to recognize that much of the animating energy for radical feminism ultimately stems from broken father-daughter relationships. And while we must continue to challenge radical feminist ideas in the public square, we will not prevail against this unisex philosophy until the hearts of fathers are turned to their daughters.

Social, political, and (especially) spiritual leaders must promote strong father-daughter bonds. I don't make this recommendation because I get up every day thinking about how to defeat Gloria Steinem and other feminist leaders. I make it because I get up every day thinking how I can show love to Allison Mattox.

Miss Mattox is, in my opinion at least, the most remarkable daughter a father could have. She is my first-born child and only daughter, and I can vividly remember my wife's delivery room exclamation: "*A girl*!"

I was just as exhilarated by Allison's arrival. I had even prayed our first child would be a girl, but I must confess I was also terrified. For though I had no previous experience as a father, I didn't find the prospect of raising a son intimidating: I knew what fathers and sons are supposed to do together. But a daughter?

Now over the last 13 years, Allison and I have forged quite a bond, and we have found a number of special things to do together. But nothing compares to an annual father-daughter dance we attend. One reason these dances mean so much to us is that they are uniquely father-daughter. They give Allison a chance to do something with her dad that none of her brothers does. And they give me a chance to affirm her femininity and to model for her what it is like to be in the company of a man who is devoted to serving her. I hope she will expect the same sort of treatment when young suitors come calling.

I don't pretend that father-daughter dances will magically transform the culture. But I do think father-daughter dances are the kind of practical projects we need to undertake in order to encourage men to forge strong bonds with their daughters. And I do hope such dances would lead fathers and other community leaders to engage in a broader dialogue about reviving courtship (as opposed to serial dating). For I believe current dating practices are more of a training ground for divorce than for lifelong marriage.

The fatherhood crisis in our day is ultimately a masculinity crisis, a sex role crisis. It isn't so much that men don't know how to relate properly to their sons as that they don't know how to relate properly to their wives or girlfriends and, by extension, to their daughters. So if we want men to become better fathers to their children, we need to help them to become better husbands to their wives by loving them in a spirit of service and sacrifice.

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Fatherhood Is Not for Wimps

By Karl Zinsmeister

MEN sometimes fear that when they enter fatherhood they will have to acquire a difficult and foreign set of skills. But fathers needn't remake themselves or put on masks to succeed in family life—normal male traits are useful in the home. A child doesn't need two mothers.

Many commentators call for a "new," highly sensitive kind of father. Feminist Letty Cottin Pogrebin, for instance, devotes a whole chapter in her book *Family Politics* to celebrating men like the fellow from Albuquerque who "loves being a father so much that he wanted to share his enthusiasm with a father-to-be. He gave his best pal a baby shower at which men friends gathered to toast the forthcoming baby with good will, good food, and a rap session about father feelings."

I'm sorry, but efforts like that are going nowhere fast with most fathers. There is nothing wrong with emotional sensitivity, but we oughtn't expect fathers to act like mothers. When New Age types hold up the Albuquerque model of fathering as something to be emulated, they only scare average men away from responsible fatherly duties.

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Fathers will bring their basic natures to the family just as mothers will bring theirs. If actress Ali McGraw actually thinks she is going to get her wish for a husband "brave enough to say 'I feel fragile and inadequate right now, and I'd like some time to myself to cry,'" well, let's hope she has a very affectionate cat. It's unrealistic to expect that most men will ever act this way, and destructive to suggest they should.

Modern fatherhood is already too much of a goofy, ineffectual, surrendering sort of role. More sofa's-edge dithering is the last thing we need. Instead, we ought to be reassuring young men that there are authentic, active forms of fatherhood that go well with traditional masculine imperatives and interests. And we don't have to invent any "new models of behavior" for

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them to emulate. Men becoming fathers should be allowed to follow their male instincts, which now have few other outlets. For many men fatherhood is the last natural, deeply male niche left to them, and ought to be embraced as such.

Living in cramped cities, wearing pressed clothes, laboring in chatty, confining, rule-bound bureaucracies, cut off from nature, increasingly passive and powerless as individuals—males today are primally thwarted in many ways. Where are modern men now to find the vigorous autonomy of their classic roles of wilderness tamer, knight, shepherd, hunter, warrior, chief, tender of the earth, monk, or even "head of household"? Most men do, however, still have the opportunity to be fathers. And as co-leaders of their own small tribe they have a chance to make a difference, to create a micro-world where they really matter.

FATHERHOOD IS THE LAST NATURAL, DEEPLY MALE NICHE LEFT TO MOST MEN AND OUGHT TO BE EMBRACED AS SUCH.

In their pre-fatherhood and post-fatherhood phase, contemporary men can be somewhat comical, at times even pitiful, to behold—self-engrossed and pleasure focused, terribly interested in toys and games of all sorts, obsessed with physical decline, sensitive of ego, existentially insecure. Whether mirror-gazing, self-expounding bachelor or golfball-chipping retiree, the little boy in many men is never too far from the surface. Fathers are of course not wholly different from men of other types or phases, but because they have a "project" and are surrounded by palpable reminders of their immediate personal importance and social responsibility, they tend to be less uncertain, and silly, than many of their modern counterparts.

A man's residence in his family is a billboard-sized tribute to his willingness to accept the consequences of his actions. And in the drives to provide, protect, exemplify, teach, judge, discipline, and comfort there are goals and fulfillments aplenty. Most men become even more aware of their distinctive maleness after becoming a father than they were before, and they ought to be encouraged to revel in that feeling—and then take up the serious responsibilities that go hand in hand with it.

"Good heavens," I can hear critics howling, "he's calling for a return of the Neanderthals." Stoked by kneejerk academic attacks on "patriarchy," opponents of traditional fatherhood continually fume that the only thing men want to do is lord it over others.

There is such a thing as male domestic tyranny, and I am not defending such households. But what most men wish to do for their families is not to control and manipulate but to secure and support, in love and justice. When men are thwarted from filling those instinctual leadership roles they actually become more rather than less likely (in their frustrated impotence) to resort to petty power-mongering and violence. Fathers granted a measure of social respect and personal authority will be far saner, fairer, and gentler than men denied leadership roles altogether.

That is the message of the classic Lorraine Hansberry play *A Raisin in the Sun.* At one point, Mama, the family matriarch, upbraids her daughter for humiliating her brother Walter, the senior "man of the house," during his moment of weakness. "What you tell him a minute ago? That he wasn't a man?" chides Mama in a powerful speech. "Child, when do you think is the time to love somebody the most; when they done good and made things easy for everybody? Well then, you ain't through learning—because that ain't the time at all. It's when he's at his lowest and can't believe in hisself 'cause the world done whipped him so."

Mama also prods Walter's honor. When their African-American family must face a climactic showdown with a hostile neighbor, she quietly defers to Walter as the household's representative, and then insists that Walter's son should witness the proceedings. "Travis, you stay right here. And you make him understand what you doing, Walter Lee. You teach him good. Like Willy Harris taught you. You show where our five generations done come to. Go ahead, son." In the end, the previously wavering Walter stands up for the family honor in a moment of crowning courage. Bursting with joy afterwards, Mama confides to Walter's wife, "he finally come into his manhood today, didn't he?"

It's because they don't have the elemental satisfaction of proudly sustaining a clan that so many underclass men today resort instead to pointless "provings" of their manhood through bravado and bluster. The most elemental male creed is, "I shield and support, therefore I am." Men not involved in shielding and supporting find other ways to prove their existence: "I hurt, therefore I am," is one twisted alternative. The graffiti boy's proof is, "I deface, therefore I am." The gangbanger reasons, "I kill, therefore I am." The street libertine says, "I impregnate, therefore I am." At the other end of the economic spectrum, too, there are now rows upon rows of rich hedonists who can only babble, "I feel pleasure, therefore I am." And contrary to feminist claims, these are all expressions of a *stunted*—not an exaggerated—masculinity.

It is true that masculine nature needs to be carefully bounded. Biological factors work against male monogamy, child nurture, and full family participation. Men have an innate tendency to flee from their sexual effects. The family may be a natural environment for females, but it's relatively artificial for males.

That's why novelist Franz Kafka said the bravest thing a man can do is to marry and have children. Being a good father requires great self-mastery. It also takes cultural reinforcement—men have *always* had to be won over, or prodded, into taking up their family responsibilities. The good family man represents a triumph of mind and morals over raw nature.

Civilizations don't achieve this without continuing effort. Young men have to be led—by their own fathers, and by the fatherhood-reinforcing rituals of civilized culture—into be-

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coming responsible progenitors. So long as fatherhood remains an expected and honored state, however, the conversion to family provider occurs fairly readily, and brings real fulfillment to the young male. "Rather than seeming to intrude on his freedom, the state of fatherhood will grant him a special dignity, an *identity*," writes psychiatrist David Gutmann.

It's when a culture stops upholding the paternal rituals, rules, and rewards that fathering withers. Today, we're no longer sure we're willing to make the social compromises necessary for good fathering. Some people have actually convinced themselves families can do fine without fathers. They're wrong. Wherever men are not lured or corralled into concerning themselves with their children and mates, decent human society rapidly fades.

And men themselves are among the first to pay the price. Outside the family, men are enormously vulnerable. They suffer far higher rates of homicide, suicide, accidents, disease, and mental problems, as well as *causing* vastly disproportionate amounts of crime, sexual violence, terrorism, and military adventurism. Anthropological studies reveal that the less fathers are connected to families, the more violent a culture tends to be. Men outside families are also much less economically productive—statistically more likely to be out of work and unwilling to work as long and hard.

It is fruitless to hope for easy "solutions" to the problems of underproductive, frequently dangerous males drifting outside of families. As the distinguished sociologist Alice Rossi puts it, "the machine cultures of the West have shown no inventiveness in developing new social institutions capable of providing individual loyalty and social integration to replace the bonds of the family." Alternate ways of restraining male energies simply don't exist.

Yet take these very same marauding men and link them to wives and children in webs of responsibility, and they can live

The Danger of Unisex Fatherhood

By Christine Vollmer

It is an unequivocal fact that societies today, to the degree they weaken the marriage bond and allow fathers to be absent, are causing their own destruction. What is less obvious is *why* societies are tolerating the destruction of the family.

If I were to put it all into one word, I think it would be *unisex*—the confusion that exists about the differences between men and women and their tasks in life. That confusion has become much more acute since childbearing ceased to be considered a gift from God and became first optional, then unpopular. In a world where children are an option rather than a reason for living and working, the vital differences between men and women become much less meaningful, and of course, less necessary.

But beyond fertility, man senses a need for a real woman in order to be more man, and woman senses the need for a real man in order to be more woman. And if this were not so, there would be very little literature!

The essential differences between men and women, which any child with two parents instinctively feels, are obscured in a world dedicated to proving that men and women make equally good professionals, a world where more and more individuals have not had the full experience of mother and father in harmonious contrast.

As the work of fathers has taken them further and further from home, and fewer citizens have had personal experience of fatherhood, the world has lost touch with fatherliness to the point of sometimes declaring it unnecessary or nonexistent, or even harmful. But the security that a child receives from the perceived strength and wisdom of a father is immeasurable (at least by current technology, although the neurological effect may soon be detectable as so many other influences are being discovered at that level).

Children also need mothers of course. As we all know and have experienced, but is now being proven by the most fascinating studies, the mother's unique and instinctive approach is vital for a child's correct development, physical and emotional. The tones of a mother's voice, her particular ways of interacting, and other distinctive womanly traits are now proven to have an effect on the baby's brain development that a man, or even a group of women, cannot achieve. Mothers are also essential for mediating, softening, and explaining the rougher aspects of the world as the child encounters them. Not infrequently, these rougher aspects are clashes with the law-giving capacity of their father!

* * *

Fathers who wash dishes, bathe babies, and do heavy work in the home are no less fatherly and no less masculine for it. In fact, the strength, kindness, and support which are central fatherly attributes are often well shown in this beautiful way by modern fathers. The problem occurs when new roles interfere with the father's natural influence as law-giver for his children.

In some views, "new" fathers are supposed to provide only comforts to their children. Authoritative fatherhood as it has existed since the beginning of mankind, inscribed in human nature and described all through Scripture, is no longer tolerated. I would plead that it once again become our conviction that men be encouraged to be masculine fathers, in the model of our heavenly Father: the intensely loving provider and law-giver, exacting and forgiving. And that women once again be reassured that being a mother—the intense, tender, courageous, and compassionate mediator of a child's first impressions, relations, and experiences—is inexpressibly rewarding and worthwhile.

Vive la différence is an understatement. Without *la différence,* life itself, as well as civilization, is in danger.

—Christine Vollmer heads the Latin American Alliance for the Family. This is adapted from a talk she gave to the Pontifical Council for the Family in Rome, June 1999.

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radically different lives. It is not so much that their natures change as that they acquire new ends. G. K. Chesterton once wrote that "The watch-dog fights while the wild dog often runs away. Of the husband, as of the house-dog, it may often be said that he has been tamed into ferocity."

A hint as to how this makeover may take place was provided by animal behaviorist Konrad Lorenz. He showed that family loyalty is closely linked to aggressive impulses—that rituals of courting, friendship, mating, and greeting are often very slightly modified versions of battle behaviors, triumph dances, and other "characteristic motor patterns of aggression." What is taking place when animals establish loyal bonds to each other, then, is a redirection of aggressive energies into socially productive ends. In psychoanalyst Selma Fraiberg's summary, "aggression is made over in the service of love."

There is another, darker implication to all of this: Ritualized family formation is more than our ladder to cultural success—it is also our main bulwark against anarchistic interpersonal violence, specifically male violence. "Where there are no human bonds there is no motive for the regulation and control of aggressive urges," explains Fraiberg. As the number of men operating outside family commitments rises, therefore, the social tempest in our streets and schools grows grimmer.

A MAN'S RESIDENCE IN HIS FAMILY IS A BILLBOARD-SIZED TRIBUTE TO HIS WILLINGNESS TO ACCEPT THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS ACTIONS.

In prior eras, the vast majority of men were routinely won over into productive family life. By what forgotten means did earlier generations achieve this?

Studies of paternal involvement among both humans and nonhuman primates show that a few critical factors make all the difference. One precondition is monogamy. Indeed, one of the very few places other than among humans that extensive paternal care exists is among the small number of monogamous primates and birds. A related precondition is certainty of birth—studies show that men take care of their children if they're sure they are the father and are recognized as such. A final factor is female encouragement for fathering efforts. Few fathers will get involved unless they have the support of the mother, and that rarely occurs unless the mother and father share the same household.

In other words, the magic ingredients needed to tie men to their children are the ancient ones: Sexual restraint and enduring marriage.

Since mothers, so vulnerable to male desertion, are especially dependent on the maintenance of strong family disciplines, it's astonishing that women would ever collaborate in weakening the nuclear family. And historically, women did no such thing. There has been a change, however, over the last 30 years. The sexual revolution, feminist proselytizing, and the expansion of government entitlements have weakened the case for sexual restraint and male responsibility. By abandoning much of their traditional effort at braking sexual behavior and moving instead toward the "every person for himself" position that has long been the sexual creed of selfish males, women have unleashed a new cruelness in our homes and communities.

Changed laws have also damped down responsible fatherhood. In her much-trumpeted book *Backlash*, feminist Susan Faludi noted gleefully that biological fathers increasingly lack "much of a say at all in the reproductive process." The easy availability of abortion without any limits has completely altered the incentives facing a man who learns he has impregnated a woman out of wedlock. The longstanding sense that a father has a moral obligation to stick with the mother and provide for his child is being replaced by a utilitarian selfishness that washes the father's hands of obligation. "If she wants to carry the child to term instead of getting rid of it when she has the chance," goes the thinking, "then raising the kid is her problem."

Even married husbands have no legal right today to be notified of their wives' pregnancies or abortions, much less to have any influence on the decisions made about them. Current law makes it impossible for a father to intervene on his child's behalf if the pregnant mother is abusing drugs or alcohol. Reproduction has been completely privatized as a female choice, a female right—a female problem. Writer Nancy Pearcey describes this as "a blind spot of the feminist movement," which isolates women "at just that point where male responsibility needs to be jolted."

Author Cathy Young notes that the insistence on absolute female autonomy in all reproductive matters discourages fatherly involvement. She observes that women today can, and do, get men to impregnate them unawares. She quotes a single mother's explanation of why she conceived her baby without seeking the father's consent: "It didn't matter what he wanted because I knew what I wanted."

Young notes that fathers of all sorts now face public attitudes and legal policies that suggest they are simply not important. Judges sometimes make it difficult for fathers to remain involved with their children after divorce, for instance. This is no way to get men more involved in their children's lives. "Is it fair or realistic," asks Young, "for women to say to men: The child you conceive is none of your business if that's what I decide, but you have to care for it if that's what I expect?"

Feminist Barbara Ehrenreich blandly urges that we "accept" father disappearance "as a historical *fait accompli* and begin to act on its economic consequences for women"—by which she means we should increase welfare spending for single mothers. This is a disastrous miscalculation of the long-term tolerability of father flight, and of its reversibility. Ehrenreich also misunderstands the causes of what she characterizes as "the male revolt." In truth, the turn away from fatherhood is not just a "revolt" by men but a push-pull phenomenon, with age-old male wanderlust being released and fed by ill-advised social changes that downgraded fatherly roles. This was done; much of it can be undone.

And it should be—because meekly accommodating male absence from the family would amount to a permanent surrender to social misery and chaos. Ehrenreich herself seems aware of the risks when she worries aloud: "Are we acquiescing to a future in which men will always be transients in the lives of

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women and never fully members of the human family?" Her final conclusion, though, reeks of fatalism and surrender: Women, she argues, should live independently on state-guaranteed incomes because the state is less bothersome than hard-to-manage men. (She has company in this opinion. When actress Michelle Pfeiffer announced her decision to stay single while becoming a mother, she explained, "I don't want some guy in my life forever who's going to be driving me nuts.")

Here we face the core issue: The heart of today's fatherhood breakdown isn't between fathers and children. It is between fathers and mothers. Quite simply, too many men and women are at sword's points. The damaging flight of men from families, and from their children, is to a considerable degree just a side effect of the breakdown in comity and long-term commitment between men and women.

It's true, as Ehrenreich and Pfeiffer say, that establishing a permanent cooperative life with a member of the opposite sex can bring much bother and frustrating compromise. In the past, however, people have accepted this as the necessary price of devotion, lasting love, and civilized existence. Today's wide acceptance of fleeting sexual trysts against a prevailing background of sexual separatism represents a very new pattern. And one that can't last. For as journalist Paul Taylor has written, no matter how much we spend on welfare transfers, child support, crime control, Head Start, and the like, "at the end of the day, unless the whole society also learns how to revalue marriage and restigmatize broken relations between mothers and fathers, none of the rest will matter much. The empirical evidence is in: When marriage atrophies, so does fatherhood. And so does society."

I've argued that men will participate in family life only insofar as they are confident they will be allowed to do so in comfortably male ways. Unrealistic domestic expectations leave men frustrated and uncooperative. As they become alienated they make themselves scarce, and over-burdened women and needy children are left behind. I suggest a more humane and practical path:

- Accept that in most families, particularly when the children are young, women will be the child-rearing masters and men the seconds-in-command.
- Use social sanctions and encouragements to lean hard on those seconds-in-command to make sure they do not become shirkers and slackers.
- Work creatively to reconcile child-rearing realities with the aspirations of contemporary women for wider social opportunities and higher status. (Of which the largest part, in my opinion, should be a forceful campaign stressing that individuals engaged in conscientiously training our next generation are not wasting those years, but are actually making gigantic social contributions.)
- Above all, learn to accept, work within, and then enjoy the powerful, cruel, delightful impulsions that make up our unmeltable human nature. If we will reject artificial sex roles while avoiding self-indulgence, we can carve out comfortably natural male and female roles even in this modern era. Fathers and mothers who take up their awesome childrearing duties as distinct, overlapping, interdependent partners will find success and happiness within easy reach.

STEIN continued from page 30.

workshop, now covered with gauzy white snow. We went under the snowfall as it poured down by the city lights. Tommy and Alex ran ahead in the snow, maybe along with another friend or two—in Sandpoint, little boys travel in packs. The boys made snowballs and tossed them at each other with indifferent results. Every so often, Alex, a bigger boy, would pack together a truly immense snowball and gesticulate menacingly towards Tommy Stein. Tommy would hide behind me and say, "You can't hit me. *When I'm touching Daddy, it's a safe zone.* " It is magic every time I hear him say that.

There are some nights of fatherhood that cannot be explained, only described. One was the first night Tommy and I marched through the snow of Sandpoint, across the bridge over Sand Creek, along First Street, past the Elks and the Eagles, past the closed-down candy store, past the Sandpoint Bagel Shop, past the loggers eating at Connie's, down deserted sidewalks, with the snow making a white halo behind the street lamps. Tommy would hold my hand for a minute, then run on ahead, make snowballs, and throw them at me. I would occasionally scoop up snow and throw one back. Tommy hid behind trees, behind cars in the used car lot, in alleys, and then came out and bombarded me with his white missiles.

After a while, he was tired and leaned on me as he walked and asked me to wrap him inside my jacket. By the time we got to the Safeway and then the Gas-n-Go for lottery tickets, we were both intoxicated from the cold and the beauty and from having ourselves to ourselves in the snow. I think that's the best walk I have ever taken in my life. I felt as if I had been admitted into one of those snowstorms inside a glass ball, and that Tommy and I would live forever throwing snowballs at each other under the street lamps of a small North Idaho town. As I say, some days of fatherhood are too magical to be explained.

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The Army Knows Best

Turning a Criminal into a Cop

By Ray Wisher

Detective Goliszeski squeezed a little farther down into the seat of his black unmarked Crown Victoria as he watched the two dark silhouettes slip by at 4:00 a.m. He was parked on a side street in a residential neighborhood that had been hit by home and auto burglaries for the past several months. A frustrated police department had ordered a select group of detectives and officers to take care of this problem. Tony was one of the first to be chosen because of his outstanding record.

Tough and unyielding, Goliszeski has the respect of both his peers and the scum he pursues. Stocky in build and ramrod straight, with thick dark hair and a salt-and-pepper goatee covering his square jaw, "Tony G." looks every bit the Russian Cossack general. In fact, the dirtbags always refer to him as "that Russian cop." If Tony G. puts his sights on you, you had better pay the bills, turn out the lights, call up Mommy and tell her you loved her, because you are done.

The two dark figures slipping back from their late-night crimes were in his sights, though they didn't know it. Maybe the hair on the back of their young necks raised a little, but they probably dismissed it as a passing breeze.

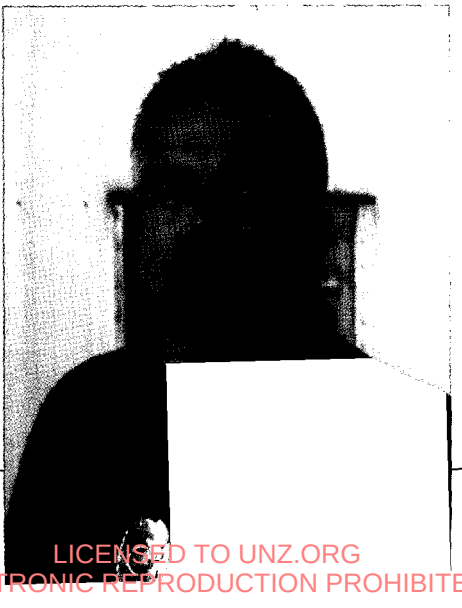
Tony G. watched as the two, loaded down with booty, passed so close to his car he could have reached out and slapped one. Across the street I was kneeling down in the short grass of a field. I had spotted the two climbing out of their window a half-hour earlier and called in the others. Tony G. had parked to the west of the suspect's house. Mike had set up south.

Suddenly, I heard Tony over the radio. He said they had just passed him and he was taking them down. I watched as Tony's blue strobes lit up and the car took off. I sprinted for the lights. It was a race to the house. Mike moved in from the other side. The two suspects were at a dead run, illuminated only by the blue strobes of Tony G.'s black car, which looked like a weird UFO flying low across the fields after the two running suspects.

His car bounced violently across the grass field as he yanked it in behind the fleeing suspects. He sensed the pure panic they were feeling. He knew it intimately. He thought about another teen and another time.

* * *

Growing up in New York City, Tony G. had spent a good deal of his young life getting into trouble, despite his loving mother's pleas. She worked two jobs to keep a decent apartment for him and his



"That Russian cop"

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brothers, but Tony was rebellious and without a father to guide him he was living on the streets by 16. With a history of stealing, Tony had moved up in the world and become a fairly accomplished commercial burglar. He says he never hit a house, only businesses, because houses were where people lived and it was wrong to mess with them. He took what he needed to survive and left the rest.

Tony G. fell in with an older criminal who taught him the ropes. Together they did a fair amount of damage in his New York neighborhood. He was known to the beat cops, who did their best to keep him straight, but like most teens Tony was stubborn and didn't see past his immediate needs. One night, it came to an end.

As he looked out the front window of the supermarket, he saw the red-and-blue glow of the cop car flash by as it hunted him. Somehow he was sure those cops knew who he was and where he was hiding. A wave of hot panic engulfed the boy. He could see images of a small rat with its tail caught in a trap and a hungry, merciless cat drooling as it closed in. Survival took hold; cloudy thoughts became one crystal-clear command: "GET OUT!"

He stuffed four packages of cigarettes into his pockets. He didn't even smoke but others did, and he planned to make a profit that night. He ran to the makeshift ladder of stacked shopping carts and scrambled up the pile to the open skylight. He poked his head out cautiously, looking for the enemy that by now must be all about him, searching for him, waiting to devour him. He felt the cold, biting New York winter on his face. The smell of freedom caressed him. He felt now he at least had a chance to win, to escape, to prowl another day. More rooftops, more parties, more women and drugs—the good times were right there. He raised himself up and out of the tomb he had almost been trapped in.

Standing exposed to the darkness, he was surprised to feel naked, young, and weak. He was young, still a boy of 16, left to the streets because of an unhappy home and his own rebellious will. So far he had been uncatchable, invincible, but now the shouts of the police, like the booming of the IRT train, pounded out a command for him to stop. Suddenly he was alone and scared stiff. Still, the boy didn't hesitate.

He turned toward the edge of the two-story roof, ran with all his might, and jumped clear of the rim, hoping he wouldn't break his leg when he hit the ground. He seemed to float through the air in slow motion. He winced and braced himself for the inevitable roar of the cop's gun and the bullet's impact. Why the cop didn't shoot will never be known. His feet hit the snow-covered ground with a loud thud. He bounded off, instantly scanning the deserted street and rooftops for enemy. He didn't see anyone, but he knew he had to get out of the area. The enemy never fights alone; there were always more coming. He ran to the end of the block as the snow flurries grew thicker.

He pulled his black leather jacket tighter and tried to melt into the snow and darkness as he ran down the side between the parked cars. Suddenly, out of nowhere the enemy appeared. The sounds of their shouts and the scream of the sirens shattered the stillness of the night. He was the fox, trapped with the hungry hounds at his heels. Squad cars and men on foot dogged his every step. The air froze his lungs as he sucked it in and pushed his tired legs to go even faster. He threw away the stolen cigarettes in an attempt to cast off the blame. The thoughts of the wild parties, the women, and the brew were fading just as his strength faded against the changing odds of freedom. He could hear the footsteps of the cop behind gaining ground.

As a last ditch chance he lunged for a nearby apartment doorway, praying it would not be locked. He hit the door like a freight train. The door flew open but did not lock behind him. *Damn*, he thought. He heard the cop hit the doorway below him. With his strength all but gone he made a desperate attempt to get to the roof. The rooftops had been his home, his domain for many nights now. He ate, slept, and dreamed of who and what he would become while perched on dizzying heights above the crowds. He struggled up the stairs, gasping for breath, commanding his exhausted legs to take one more step. If only he could reach his sanctuary. On the roof he could be free. He sensed the cops closing in. It was the seventh or eighth cop leaping up the stairs after him. Like the Indians in *The Last of the Mohicans,* the cops were replacing tired legs with fresh ones. The boy stumbled on the last step and fell to his knees.

At once the enemy was all over him, smothering his body in a sea of blue wool overcoats, cursing profanities, and roughly binding the boy's arms behind his back. The enemy was an unforgiving lot of Irish and Italians. He was dragged back down the same stairs he thought would lead him to freedom. The cops tossed him in the back of a patrol car, another rotten kid arrested for breaking into a supermarket.

The judge looked over the belligerent kid's record and shook his head. He gazed down on the young man, still dressed in his black leather jacket, black jeans, and boots, and sentenced him to Rikers. At 16, the boy was going to the island. He spent the next six months learning how to survive and learning about himself. When he walked out the gates of the prison he knew that was not the life he wanted. His mother had raised him right; he just hadn't listened.

Still, the easy criminal life pulled at him. When he got out he took odd jobs here and there and just hung out, uncertain which way to go. He visited his old running buddy out in California. The man was busy dealing drugs and wanted Tony to work with him. Tony said no. He had changed inside; he may not have known what he wanted to do, but he knew what he didn't want to do anymore. Later, he heard his friend was murdered.

One day two beat cops, Pellegrino and O'Toole, caught up with him at a bus stop. They liked the kid. They had watched him grow up and knew what he had been through. The cops could see something good inside him wanting to get out. (Tony laughs when he talks about the two "classic Italian and Irish cops—they used to chase me when I was a kid stealing orange juice and bread from the grocery. One day they caught me and my buddy with some orange juice. They poured the juice over my

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Contributing writer Ray Wisher is a Florida detective.

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A Father at Columbine High

By Dale Anema

ON a business trip to Trinidad, Colorado, I'm driving to the local Pizza Hut a few minutes after noon, when suddenly the radio's regular programming is interrupted by a news bulletin: Two or three gunmen with hand grenades and/or pipe bombs are attacking Columbine High School—where my son Nathan attends.

I pull over and call my wife, Roxane, on a payphone. She's already heard from most of Nathan's friends, but not from Nathan. One friend, Tyler, says Nathan was in the crowd ahead of him running out of the cafeteria. Tyler says the kid next to him was shot and went down, and a bullet whizzed by his head. He's sure Nathan got out, but hasn't seen him since.

Roxane and I frantically call all of Nathan's close friends. No one except Tyler has seen him since the gunfire erupted. Roxane rushes in the car to the three locations where they're holding the kids who've escaped so far. Nathan is nowhere to be found. The news says the shooters are targeting minorities and athletes. Nathan, though only a freshman, is in very good shape and obviously an athlete. We're frantic. I don't want to be away from the phone and television for the three-hour drive home. The minutes seem like hours. By 1:15 we are sure Nathan is in the building.

Just this morning I was thinking how lucky I am that both the kids are getting *A*s, are superior athletes, and are very sweet and caring. Suddenly their grades and athletic prowess seem totally meaningless. I think of the times when Nathan, as young as three, defended friends against older bullies. I pray Nathan hasn't done something stupid. I have often joked with him that no one can run faster than a bullet. I hope he remembers that.

Dale Anema and his son, Nathan.

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I PRAY FOR THE BEST BUT ACCEPT THAT THERE IS A GOOD CHANCE NATHAN IS DEAD.

I pray for the best but accept the reality that there is a good chance Nathan is dead. Recently I've worried about his having to go to a protracted war in Yugoslavia, but maybe he was gunned down *in school.* What would I do? He is far better than I deserve, and now he may be gone.

Judy Shipman, our next-door neighbor, has come over to coordinate the calls. Roxane and I are still phoning everyone we can think of, but we're beginning to lose hope. The television is reporting many bodies in the school. I bark at Roxane that she should revisit the holding sites and drive around the police lines to see if Nathan is there observing things. I call back a few minutes later and talk to Judy. She says Nathan is very considerate and would have called home if he could. I both love her and hate her for saying that.

Each of the past five summers Nathan and I have climbed two or three 14,000-foot peaks. I'm wondering if he'd like to have his ashes scattered over one of them. I pray I'll be able to carry on for his mother and sister.

Nathan has his learners permit and a few weeks ago he was driving to a soccer game. I was in the passenger seat and two of his teammates were in the back, chattering away with him. I wanted to be one of the guys and thought hard for something interesting to say. Waiting until a lull in the conversation, I repeated something amusing I'd heard on Paul Harvey. His friends ignored me and talked loudly, but Nathan said, "Hey guys, listen; this is really funny." I repeated the joke and they all laughed. Now who will listen to see if I have anything worth hearing?

Just after 3:00, I am watching the news. A telephoto shot from a helicopter shows the latest group of students a SWAT team is leading from the building. The figures are about the size of bees, but one seems to run like Nathan and has a red backpack like his. I go limp. The figures are too small to tell anything. The phone rings; it's Roxane. She's been watching a channel with a closer view of the kids—it was definitely Nathan!

Praise the Lord! I feel heartsick for the parents of the deceased, but my son is alive! I run down the motel walkway to tell a guy I hardly know that my son is alive, he was in Columbine High School but is alive and well! The guy has been watching a movie and at first doesn't know what I'm talking about. I don't care: I have to tell somebody.

Nathan calls Roxane 20 minutes later from a holding area. She says he is very calm. The police keep him for two and a half more hours, questioning him and making him write down everything he saw.

Dale Anema is a businessman who travels the West from his home in Colorado.

I talk to him for about an hour as soon as he gets home. He gives an account of what he saw in a calm, precise manner. Roxane and I decide it would be best for him to spend as much time as possible with his school friends for the next several days. He spends that night and the next day with several of his closest pals.

The next week Nathan spends mornings and nights with different groups of friends and the afternoons with us. His friends' parents agree that the kids need to spend as much time together as they want. Trying not to impose my prejudice against therapists, I ask Nathan a couple of times if he'd like to have counseling sessions. He looks askance and says, "Thank you, but I think that would do much more harm than good."

Before the shootings, Nathan would joke around when I hug him and pull away from me after a few seconds. These days he eagerly hugs back. If he doesn't know exactly where his mom or sister are, he anxiously asks, "Where's Mom?" "Where's Paige?"

The community is in shock. Families and neighbors huddle together and, in my neighborhood at least, avoid the media events as much as possible. Everyone has some connection with a least one victim. Dazed, we talk to each other in low tones on the sidewalk or at the store. Sympathy for the victims' families floods us, but everyone is dumbfounded by the actions of the police. Why did they wait three and a half hours to get the kids out? Why did they leave the wounded teacher, Dave Sanders, the only real hero during the assault, inside to die while they got the kids out? The more we learn, the more incredulous we become. This is a neighborhood of conservatives, staunch supporters of law enforcement, but everyone I talk to is stunned by the indifference or incompetence of our supposed protectors.

The Columbine High School district is entirely in unincorporated Jefferson County. Some of us now wonder if we should have incorporated into a city government. Perhaps a city police department would be better defenders than a county sheriff's office? But we quickly dismiss the thought: There were police and SWAT teams from several area forces. One was as bad as the other. In fact, the SWAT teams are now referred to as SQUAT teams. Giving the police every benefit of doubt, we can find no Braveheart in the bunch.

Everyone I talk to also finds the media hype contemptible. There are constant interviews with Wellington Webb, the mayor of Denver, and with the mayor of Littleton. What do they have to do with anything? The attempts by some reporters to wheedle the kids and the victims' parents into calling for more counselors or more gun control are particularly despicable.

Two pending gun bills are immediately dropped by the Colorado legislature. One is a proposal to make it easier for law-abiding citizens to carry concealed weapons; the other is a measure to

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prohibit municipalities from suing gun manufacturers. I wonder: If two crazy hoodlums can walk into a "gun-free" zone full of our kids, and the police are totally incapable of defending the children, why would anyone want to make it harder for law-abiding adults to defend themselves and others?

THE PEOPLE IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD THINK OVERBEARING GOVERNMENT CONTROLS ARE THE PROBLEM, NOT PART OF THE SOLUTION.

The cultural elite is using our own tragedy to thrash us soundly. Televisions and newspapers echo with the causes of the carnage, all failures of us Colorodans: Lack of gun control, insufficient number of mental health workers, meanness of jocks. The cultural elite sense this is a golden opportunity, much like the Oklahoma City bombing. They now have the upper hand and can whittle away at the First and Second Amendments. After all, if they could control the content of movies and video games, they could better brainwash our youth. And if all kids had to periodically see government mental health workers, think what influence they would have! Not to mention that the elites, or at least many of their friends, would have a lot more well-paying government jobs.

And so the choruses of trendy ideas ring out: Gun rights are indefensible in the wake of slaughter. Promoting athletics in schools is archaic; it increases testosterone, adrenaline, and self-confidence, making jocks more independent and less likely to submit to community goals. Besides, it's unfair that some kids are naturally more athletic than others. (The shooters are said to be targeting athletes and minorities, but the media utterly separate those groups: The minorities are lambs, the athletes, goats.)

The social conservatives have been typically silent in response. The National Rifle Association is successfully browbeaten into shortening their annual convention in Denver to one day. Of course, nobody on TV mentions that perhaps gun-free zones are potential magnets to crazed killers, or that concealed-carry laws have invariably lowered crime rates everywhere they've been tried. Or that earlier school shootings have in fact been stopped by armed citizens, long before police arrived. [see John Lott's "How to Stop Mass Shootings," July/August 1998—*Ed.*]

I don't hear any call for private groups to organize national boycotts of companies that produce and advertise smut and senseless violence; only governmental solutions are being suggested. Even some conservative leaders seem to think all efforts must come from the federal government, which bans even the mention of God in our schools, passes out condoms to our kids, and refuses to enforce *existing* gun laws. Certainly no one has voiced the possibility that shooter Eric Harris's watching the nightly bombing of Yugoslavia might have added to his aggression.

Other undiscussed angles on the horror: A psychiatrist prescribed an anti-depressant for Harris. Did the drug or withdrawal from it increase Harris's sense of isolation or anger? Could a mental health worker have played some part in this carnage? On the other hand, do athletic programs perhaps increase self-reliance and camaraderie, and offer incentives to do better academically? Apparently this is not the time to talk about such possibilities.

My neighbors and I feel the shooters' parents were unbelievably negligent, but most of our comments place much blame on government actions: banning prayer and the Ten Commandments in schools, having a President devoid of morality, no parental choice or control of schools, prohibitions on expulsions of bad kids, incompetence and indifference by the police and school administrators in dealing with the would-be killers.

We're all very careful not to discuss our views of the police in front of the kids, so as not to make them more fearful. A bogus copycat e-mail is circulating, warning there will be more carnage at Chatfield High School where the Columbine students are to finish the school year. Nathan is a bit leery. I tell him because of what happened it will be the safest school in the world. He laughs nervously and says, "Yeah, right. The cops couldn't keep armed kindergartners out of the building."

Our daughter Paige is in sixth grade at a charter school. Since that fateful Tuesday she has been badgering Roxane to home-school her next year. She's scared of some very disruptive kids in her class whom the school is not legally permitted to expel. We haven't made a final decision, but are leaning toward granting her request.

I hear one commentator say, "Well, the people of Littleton have a different view of guns now." I don't know what the people of Littleton think, but the people in my neighborhood think that overbearing government controls are the problem, not part of the solution. The contempt my family feels for the posturing of President Clinton and Vice-President Gore is vehemently echoed by many. Even some of my most moderate neighbors are livid.

The media parades one psychological expert after another saying the shooters were as much victims as anyone—they were bullied and just snapped. Somehow these experts are also transferring the racism of the shooters onto the entire student body, which dared to "ostracize" the murderers. This really upsets Nathan. Roxane, the most easygoing person I know, is beside herself: The shooters were neo-Nazis at best. They chose to be different. They were largely ignored by their classmates because they were hateful racists who created their own weird subculture, which had no appeal to normal kids.

Nathan and his friends seem to be doing fine. They are very sad over their fallen comrades and talk with surprising openness about how their friends' deaths won't be forgotten, how the memory of their friends will make them strive harder to make a positive difference in the world.

All of our lives have been disrupted by the actions of two very sick hoodlums, the incompetence of local government, and intrusive, mindless babble from outside politicians, analysts, and reporters. Our little cul-de-sac has been very tight knit since we moved in 11 years ago, but nothing like the way it is now. We're under siege in many ways. The gentleness shared is impossible to describe—we love each other for our tears. The deaths of the children won't be for naught; at least not on our block.

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Trading Places: Transatlantic Fatherhood

By Matthew Stevenson

WE have now been abroad eight years, and I sometimes think we're living in Switzerland to give our children an American childhood. We live in a village that, were it not Swiss, could be the Midwest or the Great Plains in the 1950s. The surrounding farmland, especially when the wheat turns golden brown in June, evokes the prairies of Kansas. Few families among the 505 inhabitants have divorced. The children walk to school and come home for lunch. We get by without TV. None of the kids recognizes the name Monica Lewinsky.

In the early 1990s, we moved from a row house in Brooklyn, in what had been the shadows of Ebbets Field, to a village in the countryside outside Geneva. For a long time we felt like characters in *Death of a Salesman* who had wandered onto a stage set for *Heidi*. In place of the New York subway, egg creams, and Flatbush Avenue, we rode bicycles through vineyards, drank the local wines, and wondered about the French equivalent of "forgetaboutit."

When we arrived, we had two daughters, ages three and one, and since then have added two sons, plus their sword collections, to the mayhem. Four children in Swiss families are not as unusual as they would be in the United States, where such numbers suggest either communal living or inherited wealth. Nor are four as difficult to manage when they can walk themselves to school or pass the afternoons riding a neighbor's ponies.

As Americans who live abroad, my wife and I spend a lot of time in conversation wondering who we are. The children attend the local public schools and do their lessons in French. We speak English at home and spend summers in Maine or New York, visiting friends and families as if barnstorming for a northeast primary. As my friend Peggy Brucia likes to say of transatlantic living: "Once you have moved across the ocean, no matter which side you're on, it's the wrong one."

European Vacation

On the weekends, when we're not reading mail-order catalogues as if they were Aladdin's lamp, we dream of the places my wife and I would have seen in Europe if, while abroad, we had not always had a toddler. We conjure up oases of Greek beaches, Scottish castles, and French chateaux.

Before having children, we spent several weeks in the Middle East with luggage smaller than today's diaper bag. On another vacation we rode our bicycles across Poland during the worst of its martial law. But now even weekend ski trips make us feel like Hannibal crossing the Alps, not just with elephants, but also with a portable crib.

Some of the fear in traveling, beyond car rides lasting longer than 45 minutes, has to do with eating in restaurants. Anyone seeing the home video of our family al fresco might think they were watching a prison movie. During the long sentence between ordering Coca-Cola and a waiter pushing pizza through the bars, the prisoners have been known to

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overturn dishes, spill water, pound their bowls, or open negotiation on dessert as if they held hostages. Recently in Burgundy, the youngest inmate took off all his clothes under the table—not the kind of etiquette that gives the wine much of a chance to breathe.

To escape this parent trap, I decided to promote the idea of camping: We would avoid costly hotels and see Europe as it should be seen, through a mosquito net. Before our first night under the stars, however, my wife had to equip the family as if Robert Redford might want to film us in Africa. Flashlights, backpacks, sleeping bags and a full set of pioneer dishes were delivered from L.L. Bean, which in its promotional literature announced that during a blizzard near Mount Everest 44 Sherpas had squeezed into the tent we ordered. That it barely accommodates our four children is testimony to a Sherpa's ability to brave nature's sternest tests without pillows, extra blankets, books-on-tape, or alarm clocks that glow in the dark.

If our camping trips start with *Out of Africa*'s great expectations, by the second day they usually take turns like those in *The English Patient.* Much of our bad luck has to do with the dreary central European climate. On one excursion to a medieval village near Lyon, the fog turned to hail, and I found myself hammering stakes into a ground covered with icy stones. As if caught in a sandstorm, my wife never stirred from the car. We broke camp when lightening mixed with the thunder.

Another June in Switzerland, snow tested the tent's waterproof guarantee. This was also the trip on which the family hunter-gatherer forgot the grill and had to cook the evening meal over burning trash—one of those oil-drum fires often found at construction sites. On such occasions, I wonder why we're not at Disney World.

The Innocents Abroad

One dilemma of our foreign life is whether, after the sixth grade, to continue the children in the Swiss public schools or start them up the expensive slopes of private education, part of which could be in English. It goes to the deeper question of whether we are raising Swiss children with American accents or Americans on a distant frontier. Who you are, at least in America, is where you went to high school.

Like Switzerland itself, the local public schools are well-ordered places. Children graduate from college or high school speaking three languages, understanding science, and writing clearly, albeit in French. Benjamin Franklin chose Geneva as the place to educate his cherished grandson, and novelist Henry James also studied here. But by age 12, Swiss school children can also be shunted on to life's sidings to make watches or pour chocolate. Below Switzerland's international sensibility an apprentice system is very much alive.

By contrast, the international schools are English corners of a foreign field. The curriculum is that of an American high school or an British boarding school, delivered in French accents. Students graduate to American universities as if living in Rye. But children arrive and depart these schools with the ebb and flow of inbound and outbound planes. Their worlds are neither here nor there, but a cloister of resorts and townhouses within the orbits of London, New York, and Paris. For now, we are staying with the Swiss public schools. But perhaps—and this is what we discuss over coffee—international schools are a world closer to our own.

The Philadelphia Story

I worry that the children are missing an American childhood. Only at great expense do they carve pumpkins, celebrate the Fourth of July, or join a traffic jam outside a national park.

To explain that America stands for more than O. J. Simpson, Linda Tripp, or the evening news, I decided to drive the two girls from Washington to New York, stopping in Philadelphia. The hardest part of fatherhood is knowing when to persist and when to ease off. What builds a better future: vacations at home with their make-believe games, or the new worlds of jet-set travel? As another Stevenson often asked: Are treasure islands places that we visit or imagine?

I made reservations for a White House tour, bought tickets to *To Fly!* at the Air and Space Museum, and laid plans for Independence Hall and the Statue of Liberty. But I knew from an earlier trip with the girls to Paris that even if the splendors of the Champs-Élysées are out the front door, children travel so they can jump up and down on hotel beds.

In Washington, we almost missed our early-morning slot at the White House after the girls discovered that the M&Ms were free at the breakfast buffet. In the Blue Room, as a burly Secret Service agent tried to explain what was a gift to the nation from Mrs. Madison, my younger daughter, then seven, broke the hush with a loud stage whisper:"Daddy, I forgot my underwear"—words no father wants to hear in the Clinton White House.

To get the girls into the Capitol Rotunda, I had first to feed the squirrels on the steps of the Supreme Court. In Philadelphia, the cost of my speech on the frailty of liberty was a ride in a horse-drawn carriage.

So that guards could inspect our hand bags, we waited two hours before entering the Statue of Liberty, lest any visitor try to emulate what Samuel Adams and his Sons of Liberty did to earlier symbols of empire. From the statue's pedestal we took in the skyline of lower Manhattan, and I tried, without much of an audience, to tell the stories of relatives who had knocked on the golden door.

As always, the gift shops of freedom proved a greater allure than the ideals. But in the museum the French connections to liberty, found in the letters that dedicated the statue, struck a chord in two little girls who live every day in that nation's language and customs. Finally we were feeding more than squirrels. That gift from the Old World to the New, which spoke of earlier passages from the European countryside to New York harbor, lit a small torch both for this Father of Exiles and his young daughters yearning to breathe free—not to mention eat a little cotton candy.

Matthew Stevenson manages a Swiss bank in Geneva and writes for national magazines.

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The Riches of a Poor Father

By James L. Payne

Americans know many social problems—school drop-outs, drugs, crime, illegitimacy—are rooted in fathers' failure to help rear their children. What, then, does it take to attach fathers to their offspring?

One remarkable story is told by Yvonne Thornton in her 1995 book, *The Ditchdigger's Daughters.* Her parents, Donald and Tess Thornton, raised six daughters in good health and launched them into successful professional careers: two doctors, a lawyer, a dentist, a nurse, and a court stenographer. This impressive achievement was nothing short of heroic for Thornton, a black manual laborer who faced prejudice and poverty every step of the way.

Early on, Thornton had a vision that his daughters should grow up to be doctors and instilled this high expectation at every turn. He and his wife lectured them on the virtues needed to succeed: Work hard in school, obey your elders, be polite, don't run around with boys, share with others, etc.

Many parents, of course, have high hopes for their children and tell them about working hard, manners, and the rest. Too often the advice goes in one ear and out the other.

What gave Thornton his position of authority? Yvonne makes the answer clear: He won respect through his sacrifice. He didn't just sit around and lecture about right and wrong; he worked his fingers to the bone for his children. In the early years he worked as a heating oil deliveryman during the day, a janitor at night, and a hod carrier on weekends. Denied a loan to build a house, he began to build it himself in spare moments left over from other jobs. His wife followed his example, working as a full-time maid.

Money was so short the girls had to wear patched clothes; the home was furnished with broken, cast-off furniture. Thornton shopped around for day-old bread and low-priced, overdated meat. Trimming the cuts, he teased, "I don't know, maybe I shouldn't cut the green out; it's like filled with that penicillin that keeps you girls healthy."

Urgent needs meant additional sacrifices. "Jeanette and I inherited Daddy's jaw structure, and since he was determined for us not to be dentally crippled as he was, he managed to materialize money enough for us to have teeth pulled and teeth added to align our bites."

When the girls showed an aptitude for music, "Daddy cobbled together two more odd jobs he could do on weekends to pay for the music lessons. Once I asked him why he worked on Sundays instead of going to church with us. 'Cookie,' he said, 'you eat on Sundays just like any other day, so I work on Sundays just like any other day.'"

Thornton often pointed to his breadwinning to back his authority. "Sometimes Jeanette would buck whatever it was Daddy was trying to teach us by quoting a friend or teacher.... He would say, 'You look in the mailbox on your way to school and see if there's a certified check in there to pay for your food and the nap you're wearing off the carpets in this house. If there is, you bring it to me and I'll listen to the person who's got his name on that check about how to raise my kids.'"

Sacrifices were the key to Thornton's parental authority. But what motivates parents to make sacrifices? Why should a father work hard for his family when an easier life of freedom beckons at the nearest bus station? In a mystery of human psychology, one powerful force drawing men to sacrifice for their children is precisely those children's neediness.

Imagine what would have happened if want had been banished from the Thornton household: Suppose an outside authority had stepped in to relieve all their suffering. Suppose it provided free music lessons so Daddy didn't have to work extra jobs to provide them. Suppose it gave free dental care so that Daddy wasn't needed for that. Suppose it gave free housing to low-income families so that Daddy needn't strive to provide that. Suppose there *was* a check in the mailbox from this agency every month, undercutting Daddy's claim to be providing for his children. Would the girls respect their father as much, or heed his advice as carefully?

Most importantly, if this agency had relieved the family's deprivation, would Thornton have been as committed to his children? Would he even have stuck around? One day his wife asked if he were disappointed he had no son? "Tess, for me to work hard for myself is no purpose. But for me to work hard for my wife and my children who need me, that has come to be my purpose and that's all I need."

The point is simple but its implications are far-reaching: Human beings are bound together by the needs they have, and the needs they fulfill for each other. Meet these needs from the outside and you undermine the motives and relationships that hold them together.

Thornton's triumphal parenting took place before the adoption of Great Society welfare programs aimed to meet the needs of low-income families. Had he come on the scene 30 years later, one wonders, would he have become a champion father?

—***James L. Payne's latest book is*** Overcoming Welfare: Expecting More from the Poor—and from Ourselves.

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the SHOCKING TRUTH about Gun Shows

Ed and Evelyn Tierson

For nigh 30 years Dr. Bud Spink of Attica, a retired veterinarian, has run the Alexander Gun Show in western New York. Yuppie editorialists and the fabled soccer moms—the women in these parts are *baseball* moms—apparently imagine gun shows are arms bazaars where Crips and Bloods stock up on Uzis. In fact, a gun show is a communal gathering of mostly rural men united by love of history, of the outdoors, and of place.

Doc Spink and the Attica Lions Club took on the Alexander show as a fund-raising project. The Lions Club was broke from organizing "a mass community sandwich- and soup-making campaign" to feed the hundreds of troopers and medics and nurses who flooded Attica in September 1971, during the prison riot that made the town's name a byword.

Doc and the Lions have since raised and donated over $100,000 to such charities as a burn-treatment center, the State School for the Blind, volunteer fire departments, and Mercy Flight (a helicopter that transports the badly injured to hospitals). "Much of what we do is quiet," says Doc. "The nurses in the schools pick some kid that needs a hearing aid or eyeglasses that their parents can't pay for," and the Lions play angel.

Doc Spink's family goes back several generations into the hills. "I was born with a bad set of lungs and allergies; so I knew I'd never make it in farming," says Doc. "The old vets came to me when I was a kid and conned me into going" to Cornell. "With their help I got into vet school, and I promised 'em I'd always make sure people were taken care of, 'cause most of 'em are my relatives one way or another. Up in the hills, you go back far enough and we're all related."

His education was a matter of community concern. "I hitchhiked [to Cornell] and the first day I realized I was in trouble"—he hadn't even the money to cover tuition, let alone room and board. So "the local banker gave me a checkbook and just said, 'I'll cover it.'" Working three jobs, Bud Spink became a vet.

He came home, as he promised he would, and spent a career caring for the horses and cows of his neighbors and shirt-tail cousins. "I would be all strung out, and I'd unwind by taking an old gun apart." A fan of early American firearms, Doc collects black-powder guns: "I don't think I've fired a modern rifle since I was a kid. I love history and that's how I got into running these shows."

Doc puts on three shows a year. His latest was June 20, the last day of spring, but this was different, for the menacing stench of prohibition was blowing in from Washington and Albany. Even the name had been changed to protect the innocent: The erstwhile Alexander Gun Show is now the Alexander Charity Show

By Bill Hoffman

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of Sporting & Military Collectibles. Was this a response to the anti-gun hysteria? "One hundred percent," says Doc. "I didn't want to wave a red flag in front of the media. We've had 'em show up, the Live Eye News with their cameras and a guy sticking a mike in my face as if he had a right to invade my privacy."

Sellers—about half licensed dealers and half private collectors—start setting up at 7:00 a.m. Sunday morning, or "as soon as I can get the janitor out of bed," says Doc. As they lug their wares (shotguns and rifles and military uniforms and medals and ammo and tackle and books) into the Alexander Firemen's Rec Hall, the air is spiked with conviviality. "It's like old home week," says Spink. "Guys haven't seen each other in a year, they'll get to jawing. Everybody helps everybody out." Doc grabs the microphone every now and then to remind the assembled to bring their used eyeglasses and hearing aids to the next show, in October, so the Lions can distribute them to the poor.

Bleary eyes and industrial-strength coffee are the order of this early morning. Last night the Buffalo Sabres lost the Stanley Cup in a heartbreaking three-overtime game that ended at 1:30 a.m., and talk is of the lousy call that robbed the Sabres. Admission is $4 a head. Doc rents the 104 tables that line the Rec Hall for $13 a pop, though a couple of the guys get special "rates"—for instance, Sol Sloan, a retired pawnbroker from Buffalo's tough East Side. But the 85-year-old Sloan has seen tougher. A native of Transylvania, his first wife and two children were murdered at Auschwitz on June 4, 1944. Sol's life was spared when he told the Nazis he knew a trade.

"I didn't even know how to hammer a nail," he admits. "The Hungarians rounded us up in the ghetto. June 1944, they took us to Auschwitz. My wife had to go to the left, I went to the right. They beat the hell out of us. The next morning there was an S.S. man. He says, 'who has a trade go on this side.' I walked over. I tried to convince my friends and father to come on this side, but they were afraid. They put us in another barrack. At night I was so lonesome, I said I'm going to go over to them the next morning. But I never saw them again."

Glenn D. Long and Sol Sloan

After the war, Sol settled in Buffalo, where he worked in a slaughterhouse before becoming a peddler. He recalls his astonishment that in his new country firearms were sold freely; even an immigrant Jew could buy a gun. "I said, 'Everybody can buy guns?' I wanted a gun. If I had a gun I wouldn't have let my wife be killed."

Sol sold guns for 38 years, and he has been making the 40-mile trip to Alexander for as long as anyone can remember. "These are good people," he says, surveying the crowd. His kindliness does not extend to New York's rabidly anti-Second Amendment senator, Charles Schumer. "*That sonuvabitch!*" he spits out. "I saw what happens when Jews don't have guns. That Schumer, if he would be there, he would be dead."

Doc Spink labors hundreds of hours setting up the shows; his payment is far richer than mere money. For one thing, he always takes the table next to Ed and Evelyn Tierson, whose table usually holds the show's finest antiquities and oddities. This time they have brought Indian trad-

"THESE ARE GOOD PEOPLE," HE SAYS, SURVEYING THE CROWD. HIS KINDLINESS DOES NOT EXTEND TO NEW YORK'S RABIDLY ANTI-SECOND AMENDMENT SENATOR, CHARLES SCHUMER. "THAT SONUVABITCH!" HE SPITS OUT. "I SAW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN JEWS DON'T HAVE GUNS. THAT SCHUMER, IF HE WOULD BE THERE, HE WOULD BE DEAD."

—Sol Sloan,
Auschwitz survivor

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ing silver, pre-Civil War flasks, a powder horn, a Cree Indian wedding dress, a Ketland Indian Chief's gun—and yes, there are a few firearms amid the Native Americana. Ed proudly wears an NRA cap.

"I like people to see the stuff," replies Ed when I ask why half his space is occupied by "Display Only" items not for sale. "Of course they can go to a museum, but here you can talk to the people, they can touch it." Old friends stop by to exchange greetings and admire the displays. Prized items are inquired after, grandchildren boasted of. Ed and Evelyn disdain city shows, which are "too big—they're overwhelming." Alexander is on the human scale—the perfect size.

Ed tells stories of old shows, of guns bought—but never of guns sold. He still regrets not buying a "Sharps carbine coffee-grinder" years ago. The coffee grinder was emplaced in the stock of the Civil War rifle: "I've never seen once since," he marvels.

"It's horse-trading," says Doc Spink of a gun show. As if to illustrate, a fellow stops by the table, picks up an 1837 flask, and cooly lists its flaws. Ed takes in the disparagement with an amused smile. "What's the best you can do?" the man asks.

"Six-fifteen," says Ed.

The man shakes his head. "Will you take an offer?"

Ed nods.

"Four hundred," says the man, a sum that seems extravagant for a flask whose condition had made it fit for the rubbish heap seconds earlier. The deal is unconsummated. Ed is not crestfallen. "That's the trick of the trade," he grins. "When you own it, it's the best ever made; when you want it, it's the worst you've ever seen."

An old-timer stops by and mentions to Ed that he still likes to take his Henry Rifle out hunting. "Lemme know if you ever want to get rid of it," says Ed.

"Whatta they go for? Ballpark," asks the old-timer.

"12 to 24 thousand."

"You're kidding," replies the old-timer. That's a lot of money to go traipsing around the woods with. Cards are exchanged. A deal pokes its head above the far horizon.

Thomas J. Thompson

GUN CONTROL IS ABOUT "CIVIL RIGHTS," THOMAS THOMPSON INSISTS, BECAUSE THE CONTROLLERS ARE MOTIVATED BY "BIGOTRY AND PREJUDICE" AGAINST THE LARGELY RURAL AND WORKING-CLASS MEN WHO MAKE UP THE NRA.

Down the aisle, John Cooper, 52, a Seneca Indian from LeRoy, New York, is selling a Baker "Batavia Leader" 12-gauge shotgun. The Baker company was a mainstay of the Batavia, New York economy in the early years of our century, employing, among others, my ancestors. The gun, priced at $1,000, is a beautifully made local artifact, the handiwork of indigenous craftsmen. John is a coin dealer from whom I buy the occasional large cent, and we are both disgusted that urban and suburban politicians want to make the purchase of a Batavia Leader a federal case, as kids used to say. John is astonished that so basic a right as gun ownership is under assault: "To me, to be against the Second Amendment is treasonous."

"I've always wanted to keep it apolitical," Doc Spink says of his show, "but for the first time I told SCOPE they could have two tables in a side room." Mark Shephard, my oldest friend, is one of three guys manning the SCOPE (Shooters Committee on Political Education) table. Shep, Dave Kaufman (no relation), and John Susz sell chances on two Buck knives and also alert passersby to pending legislation that would bar gun shows from being held in any building that receives a dollar of federal or state aid (such as the Alexander Firemen's Rec Hall). The grapevine is abuzz: A gun show has been cancelled in Saranac Lake, and the weathervane Governor George Pataki has announced no more shows may be held on state property. "This might be the last gun show," warns Dave, and despite the sounds of trading, of laughter, of friendships renewed over coffee and donuts, an elegiac air perfumes the hall.

Mark Shephard has been to Alexander with his dad since he was eight years old, but he does not own a single gun. Rather, he collects political campaign items. (He owns no Schumers.) He became a local SCOPE leader after "seeing Clinton on TV mocking gun owners. I thought if I didn't act soon, someday it might be too late. We've become spineless in this country—we don't stand up anymore."

"There's a lot of fear" in the hall, Shep observes, for many gun owners "believe the government wants to make an example out of them."

I don't see anyone clad in innocent camouflage, much less paramilitary gear. The only eye-raising raiment belongs to Thomas J. Thompson, vice president of the Attica Rod & Gun Club, who is fitted as a captain in the Pennsylvania Regiments of 1779. For money, Thompson is a prison guard at Attica; for love, he is a Revolutionary War re-enactor who visits the V.A. hospital and local schools, carrying the message of 1776. The gun control battle is about "civil rights," Thompson insists, because the controllers are motivated by "bigotry and prejudice" against the largely rural and working-class men who make up the National Rifle Association.

Thompson is among the most vocally political men in the hall, but his attachment to the Bill of Rights is grounded in

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everyday life, not theory. "I took Doc out shooting the flintlock," Thompson smiles, for shooting is his hobby: Next Sunday afternoon his Attica Rod & Gun Club is sponsoring a rifle and pistol shoot—100 yards, 10 rounds—to benefit the Wyoming County Wildlife Federation. (Shooters do not vacation among trees and brooks and hills and meadows; they live there.)

The men and women at Alexander understand that today's incremental restrictions on guns mask the ultimate, always unstated goal: "gun confiscation," as dealer Ray Doan of Rochester says. He sees proposals to raise the age at which a lad can own a gun as a way to strangle the bond connecting father to adolescent son. "If you don't get a kid interested in guns between eight and 13, you've lost him."

Doc Spink views the war on guns as part of the professional class's war on rural life. "You're farming, you've got to have weapons. It's one way of eliminating suffering in a hurry. I've taken the rabies treatment twice. The quickest way to eliminate a rabies problem is everybody goes coon hunting and skunk hunting and fox hunting. This didn't used to be a problem when furs were popular, but the anti-fur people ruined trapping and hunting for furs, which used to be an added source of income for rural people. It's getting to be a lost art: Father and son don't go out trapping and hunting any more. Another chink in the armor of the father."

Demented children who shoot up their schools are never from healthy gun-owning families. As Evelyn Tierson asks, "How many of the school shooters were from families that belonged to the NRA?"

Terry Smith, a licensed federal firearms dealer, says the proposed clampdown on gun shows "won't hurt me. It'll hurt private individuals, guys who have three or four weapons" they hope to sell to other collectors. But "I worry about private rights," says Smith, "not my dealer rights." For as John Susz of SCOPE warns, "They wanna disarm everybody so the only ones who have guns are the cops and the military."

The show lasts until 3:00, though things start winding down by about 1:30. Attendance has dropped from previous years. Perhaps 700 people walk through the doors; prior shows have been visited by as many as 1,000. "The legislation and fears have hurt," says Doc.

So how was the show? "Good for talking," says Ed Tierson. "Not for selling." Which is to say, given that fellowship trumps mammon in Alexander, New York, it was a good show. Will there be another in 2000? "Depends on the government," shrugs Doc.

I leave Alexander with the plaintive words of Evelyn Tierson ringing in my ears: "It's so wrong to take this away. How many of the politicians know anything about this? We look forward to this, to seeing old friends, to handing out pictures of the grandchildren. The wives, we get together at night. That's what this is about. It's so wrong what they're doing, what they've made it out to be. It really angers me. It's so wrong."

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buddy's head. I can remember thinking, Oh man, I hope they don't do that to me!" Tony respected the cops even though he gave them fits. They represented decency and honor.)

Pellegrino and O'Toole talked with him as they had for years, and one of them suggested he join the service. Tony hadn't thought much about it. The military was taking a beating in the late '60s from anti-war protesters. He visited the Marines, but they wouldn't take him because of his record. So he went to the Army recruiters and found himself surrounded by veterans filled with stories about the glory of war. They took a liking to the young man, and soon the days were filled with shots of Ol' Grandad and tales of brave men in uniform doing their duty to their country. Tony thinks back now and realizes those soldiers reminded him of his dad before he left the family when Tony was 11. A veteran of World War II, his father had told him stories of his time in the Army, much like those recruiters.

Tony was hooked. What he was lacking in civilian life he found in the discipline and *esprit de corps* of the military. He joined the Army and found a home, a father-figure that could both tame him and make him a man. His hard-headedness led him to the find his niche in the tank corps. He made sergeant and headed up his own unit of tanks. When his rotation came, he went to Vietnam.

Now in his early twenties, he was experiencing what all warriors experience and learning some life lessons he carries to this day. Honor, duty, sacrifice, dedication, justice—these were principles the military gave a young man who had no idea who he was. The principles molded his life. When he returned stateside he became a recruiter and persuaded other young men to join the military and change their lives.

Domestic choices finally made him leave the Army he loved. For a while he worked in private industry doing different jobs, never quite connecting. One day he decided to try out for the police department. He immediately fell in love with the paramilitary order and the sense of duty and pride being in law enforcement gives. It was like coming home.

* * *

Now, nearly 20 years after his time in the Army, he stood over the prone bodies of two teenage suspects, his weathered face streaked by the flashing blue lights of his car. He looked down at their panicked, wide-eyed faces and felt a twinge of compassion. He jerked one of them up and looked into the boy's eyes. The irony didn't escape him, and a slight smile crossed his lips. "Don't worry son, I know how you feel. Been there, done that."

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Gun Control is Racist, Sexist & Classist

Certainly one of the chief guarantees of freedom under any government, no matter how popular and respected, is the right of the citizen to keep and bear arms. This is not to say that firearms should not be very carefully used and that definite rules of precaution should not be taught and enforced. But the right of the citizen to bear arms is just one more safeguard against a tyranny which now appears remote in America, but which historically has proved to be always possible.

—Hubert Humphrey, 1960

My background is probably atypical for a somewhat high-profile supporter of the right to keep and bear arms. I am black and grew up in Manhattan's East Harlem, far removed from the great American gun culture of rural, white America. Although my voting patterns have become somewhat more conservative in recent years, I remain in my heart of hearts a 1960s Humphrey Democrat concerned with the plight of those most vulnerable in American society—minorities, the poor, the elderly, and single women—groups whose day-to-day realities are often overlooked in our public policy debates, people whose lives too often go unnoticed by our intellectually timid chattering classes. This is happening in the public debate over the right to bear arms.

For the nation's elites, the Second Amendment has become the Rodney Dangerfield of the Bill of Rights, constantly attacked by editorial writers, police chiefs seeking scapegoats, demagoging politicians, and most recently even by Rosie O'Donnell, no less. It is threatened by opportunistic legislative efforts, even when sponsors acknowledge their proposed legislation would have little impact on crime and violence.

Professional champions of civil rights and civil liberties have been unwilling to defend the underlying principle of the right to arms. Even the conservative defense has been timid and often inept, tied less, one suspects, to abiding principle and more to the dynamics of contemporary Republican politics. Thus a right older than the Republic, one that the drafters of two constitutional amendments—the Second and the Fourteenth—intended to protect, and a right whose critical importance has been painfully revealed by twentieth-century history, is left undefended by the lawyers, writers, and scholars we routinely expect to defend other constitutional rights. Instead, the Second Amendment's intellectual as well as political defense has been left in the unlikely hands of the National Rifle Association (NRA). And although the NRA deserves considerably better than the demonized reputation it has acquired, it should not be the sole or even principal voice in defense of a major constitutional provision.

This anemic defense is all the more embarrassing because it occurs as mounting evidence severely undermines the three propositions that have been central to the anti-gun movement since its appearance on the national radar screen in the 1960s. The first proposition is that the Constitution, particularly the Second Amendment, poses no barrier to radical gun control, even total prohibition of private firearms. The second is that ordinary citizens with firearms are unlikely to defend themselves and are more likely to harm innocent parties with their guns. The final proposition is that the case for radical gun control is buttressed by comparing the United States to nations with more restrictive firearms policies. These propositions, now conventional wisdom, simply do not stand up to scrutiny.

By Robert J. Cottrol

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The proposition that the Second Amendment poses no barrier to gun prohibition–a claim largely unknown before the 1960s–has run up against stubborn, contrary historical facts. Increasingly, historians and legal scholars, including many who support stricter gun control, have examined the history of the Second Amendment, the development of the right to arms in English political thought, judicial commentaries on the right in antebellum America, and the debates over the Fourteenth Amendment. The consensus among scholars who have actually looked at the evidence is that the Second and Fourteenth Amendments were meant to protect the citizen's right to arms. (See, for example, historian Joyce Lee Malcolm's Harvard University Press book, *To Keep and Bear Arms*, or the historical documents assembled in the three *Gun Control and the Constitution* volumes I've edited.)

Similarly, the criminological premises of the anti-gun movement have collapsed in the face of serious social science. For better than three decades the American public has been solemnly assured that peaceable citizens who possess guns for self-defense are disasters in waiting. "A gun in the home is more likely to kill a member of the family than to defend against an intruder," we hear. "Allowing citizens to carry firearms outside the home for self-protection will turn our streets into Dodge City and our parking lots into the O.K. Corral," the refrain goes.

Yet the criminological literature provides little support for this caricature of gun owners. Instead, careful research has discovered an incredibly high amount of firearms' being responsibly used in self-defense. Research by Florida State University criminologist Gary Kleck and others indicate between two and three million cases of self-defense per year. Overwhelmingly these incidents involve *not* firing the weapon at the attacker, but simply brandishing it and thereby causing the attacker's withdrawal.

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In recent years a majority of states have passed laws permitting honest citizens to carry concealed weapons, and the results tell us much about self-defense and the responsibility of the average citizen. Once it was passionately argued that such laws would turn minor altercations into bloody shoot-outs; now we know better. Over 1 million Americans have licenses to carry firearms, but firearms misuse by this group has been utterly negligible. Criminologists now debate not how much harm has been caused by concealed-carry laws, but how much good.

The most thorough research, by John Lott of the University of Chicago, reveals that concealed-carry laws have had a substantial deterrent effect on crimes of violence. His work shows that women, especially, have benefitted, as substantial drops in rapes and attacks on women have occurred where the laws have been enacted. Lott also discovered dramatic benefits for the urban poor and minorities: "Not only do urban areas tend to gain in their fight against crime, but reductions in crime rates are greatest precisely in those urban areas that have the highest crime rates, largest and most dense populations, and greatest concentrations of minorities."

The final proposition–that international comparisons prove the case for radical gun control–may be the most problematic of all. Certainly the simplistic conclusion that American homicide rates are higher than those in Western Europe and Japan because of the greater prevalence of firearms glosses over significant cultural and demographic differences between us and other advanced industrial nations.

The American population is younger and more diverse. Unlike Western Europe and Japan, the United States has always had a large number of immigrants and internal migrants. We also have a history of racial exclusion and a struggle against that exclusion as old as the Republic and without real parallel in comparable nations. All of these have contributed to crime rates higher than those in other western nations. Indeed, when a number of the cultural and demographic variables are controlled for, much of the apparent difference between American and Western European homicide rates disappears—despite the greater presence of firearms in American society.

But international comparisons should raise deeper and more disturbing questions, questions too rarely asked in serious company. The central and usually unchallenged premise of the gun control movement is that society becomes more civilized when the citizen surrenders the means of self-defense, leaving the state a monopoly of force.

That this premise goes largely unchallenged is the most remarkable feature of our gun control debate. We are ending a century that has repeatedly witnessed the consequences of unchecked state monopolies of force. University of Hawaii political scientist Rudolph J. Rummel, one of the leading students of democide (mass murder of civilian populations by governments), has estimated that nearly 170 million people have been murdered by their own governments in our century. The familiar list of mass murderers–Hitler, Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot–only scratches the surface. The mass slaughter of helpless, unarmed civilian populations con-

THE RIGHT TO ARMS MAKES THE CITIZEN NOT A HELPLESS BYSTANDER BUT AN ACTIVE PARTICIPANT, AN EQUAL PARTNER WITH THE STATE IN ENSURING NOT ONLY HIS OWN SAFETY BUT HIS COMMUNITY'S.

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tinues to this very day in Sudan, Rwanda, and parts of the former Yugoslavia.

The reluctance of outside forces to intervene is well documented. And yet the obvious question is strangely absent: Would arms in the hands of average citizens have made a difference? Could the overstretched Nazi war machine have murdered 11 million armed and resisting Europeans while also taking on the Soviet and Anglo-American armies? Could 50,000-70,000 Khmer Rouge have butchered 2-3 million armed Cambodians? These questions bear repeating. The answers are by no means clear, but it is unconscionable they are not being asked.

Need Americans have such concerns? Well, we have been spared rule by dictators, but state tyranny can come in other forms. It can come when government refuses to protect unpopular groups—people who are disfavored because of their political or religious beliefs, or their ancestry, or the color of their skin. Our past has certainly not been free of this brand of state tyranny. In the Jim Crow South, for example, government failed and indeed refused to protect blacks from extra-legal violence. Given our history, it's stunning we fail to question those who would force upon us a total reliance on the state for defense.

Nor should our discussion of freedom and the right to arms be limited to foreign or historical examples. The lives and freedoms of decent, law-abiding citizens throughout our nation, especially in our dangerous inner cities, are constantly threatened by criminal predators. This has devastated minority communities. And yet the effort to limit the right to armed self-defense has been most intense in such communities. Bans on firearms ownership in public housing, the constant effort to ban pistols poor people can afford—scornfully labeled "Saturday Night Specials" and more recently "junk guns"—are denying the means of self--defense to entire communities in a failed attempt to disarm criminal predators. In too many communities, particularly under-protected minority communities, citizens have simply been disarmed and left to the mercy of well-armed criminals.

This has led to further curtailment of freedom. Consider initiatives in recent years to require tenants in public housing to allow their apartments to be searched: First, police failed for decades, for justifiable but also far too frequently unjustifiable reasons, to protect citizens in many of our most dangerous public housing projects. Next, as the situation became sufficiently desperate, tenants were prohibited from owning firearms for their own defense. Finally the demand came, "Surrender your right to privacy in your home." The message could not be clearer: A people incapable of protecting themselves will lose their rights as a free people, becoming either servile dependents of the state or of the criminal predators who are their *de facto* masters.

All of this should force us to reconsider our debate over arms and rights. For too long, it has been framed as a question of the rights of sportsmen. It is far more serious: The Second Amendment has something critical to say about the relationship between the citizen and the state. For most of human history, in most of the nations in the world, the individual has all too often been a helpless dependent of the state, beholden to the state's benevolence and indeed competence for his physical survival.

The notion of a right to arms bespeaks a very different relationship. It says the individual is not simply a helpless bystander in the difficult and dangerous task of ensuring his or her safety. Instead, the citizen is an active participant, an equal partner with the state in ensuring not only his own safety but that of his community.

This is a serious right for serious people. It takes the individual from servile dependency on the state to the status of participating citizen, capable of making intelligent choices in defense of one's life and ultimately one's freedom. This conception of citizenship recognizes that the ultimate civil right is the right to defend one's own life, that without that right all other rights are meaningless, and that without the *means* of self-defense the right to self-defense is but an empty promise.

Our serious thinkers have been absent from this debate for too long. The Second Amendment is simply too important to leave to the gun nuts.

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plexity by cutting it. But the overarching goal should be to shrink government — total government, not just federal—to no more than 25 percent of the economy, and to assert the very simple moral principle that in peacetime, in a free society, if a person works all of Monday and half of Tuesday for the government, he has the moral right to work the rest of the week for himself, his family, his religious institution, and his favorite charity. In principle, it's wrong for the federal and state government to take more than a day and a half of someone's life every week.

Shlaes' book is a very good explanation for the average citizen of why the greedy hand of government has become a bit too greedy and why in peacetime we ought to go back to a more restricted vision of government.

We are either going to ultimately be a free society, with true responsibility and true charity, or we're going to drift into the European model of the large state, the large bureaucracy, the heavy tax, the constant cheating, and the alienation of the citizen from his own culture.

SHLAES: This is a special time for America. Many people have grown rich but more people also have the hope of becoming rich than before. But when we say that just as a person begins to make it, he will be punished with punitive taxation, that's completely at odds with where the nation should go economically.

The very worst thing America can have is a tax structure that discourages people who want to become successful from even trying. I would like to see a tax system that allows many people to become rich, not just those who know how to realize capital gains at 20 percent.

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Moms, Cops, & Voters — against — Gun Control

Marksmanship Kept My Son out of Trouble

By Gayle Yiotis

I am the mother of two boys, now grown men, and I reared them at home. When they were very young, people told me I was overprotective. I knew what they were up to almost all the time, and when they did something positive I would encourage it. But when they did something I disliked, I would immediately counteract it.

At a young age, my older son began to go around shooting his finger at people. I have no idea where he picked it up. I always monitored the kids' TV, and they were not allowed to watch violent programs. I suppose they had the usual amount of space guns, but they were uninterested in make-believe 9 millimeters or machine guns. Still, for some reason my older son liked to shoot his finger, and I didn't like it.

Not that I was scared of guns; I grew up in a house with guns. Most of my family lived in Virginia, and everyone had guns in their houses. My grandmother kept a Smith and Wesson hanging over the bedpost, and her three sons and two daughters never once thought to touch it. I was shooting a .22 rifle by 12. I shot at tin cans. Never occurred to me to shoot at a person, no matter how angry I was. Never occurred to other people in my family with all their revolvers, rifles, and the like.

I thought to myself: I need to do something about my son shooting his finger at people. This is an obsession that needs to be channeled in the right direction, or I may have trouble down the line. I realized the National Rifle Association—to which I've never belonged—would teach my boys how to handle guns properly, to have respect for guns, and also show them that target shooting (not people shooting) can be good sport. But most importantly, it would be a proper release for my son, who seemed bent on shooting his finger. And so I signed him up with the NRA as soon as I could.

IF WE WANT TO PASS LAWS AGAINST THE ROOT CAUSES OF VIOLENCE, HOW ABOUT A LAW AGAINST BAD PARENTING.

My other son did not exhibit the same tendency, but I decided he too should learn how to handle guns properly so he wouldn't accidentally shoot someone one day. My younger son lost interest early on, but he found his own outlet for boyish aggressions in karate. Twenty years later he still practices several times a week. He could probably kill someone with his little finger, but he would never contemplate it because the martial arts, like good weapons training, teaches respect for people, including yourself, and respect for the art involved.

While in the NRA as a youth, my older son took part in tournaments. He won several medals I still proudly possess. And while I don't know just when, somewhere along the way he stopped shooting his finger at people. Today he belongs to the United States Practical

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Shooting Association (USPSA), is a member of the NRA, and goes shooting at least once a week. He has won prizes at USPSA matches and has mentioned the possibility of competing in the 2004 Olympics.

Though my family hails from Virginia, my boys grew up in two large cities, New York and Washington, D.C. They had every opportunity to get into trouble. I won't say they were model kids, not by a long shot—but who would want that? They were normal boys with the usual mischievousness and derring-do. And they would get angry at each other and angry at me and angry at their friends. That's normal. But the next day all would be forgotten, and that's normal.

I think it's time we point the finger for youth violence where it really belongs, not on some faceless organization like the NRA. The parties responsible for today's woes have faces, the faces of people who don't know how to "parent." In the last couple of decades we seem to have lost that ability.

By contrast, the NRA has been in existence since 1871. If it causes our problems with guns, why didn't we suffer them long ago? And if the NRA were shut down and we passed even more gun control laws, the wrong people would still be able to get guns. Bad kids obtain and use guns because their parents don't have a clue or don't care what they're doing. If we want to pass laws against the root causes of violence, how about a law against bad parenting!

Gayle Yiotis is a museum specialist at the Smithsonian.

Armed Citizens Stop Criminals and Help Cops

By Detective Ray Wisher

GOOD WEAPONS TRAINING TEACHES RESPECT FOR PEOPLE, INCLUDING YOURSELF, AND RESPECT FOR THE ART INVOLVED.

The middle-aged woman didn't hear the knocking on the door. She didn't get many visitors to her home in the remote north end of our city. But she did hear the shattering of the door frame as three teenaged burglars kicked in her door. Panicked, she ran to the back bedroom and frantically grabbed the small .25 automatic pistol she kept in her bedside drawer. She could hear the young men talking as they filed into the ripped-open doorway. She crouched behind her bed and aimed her small pistol at the bedroom door. A hand pushed the door back and someone stepped inside. She let go a volley of four rounds at the intruder. There was yelling and screaming and sounds of scrambling as the burglars tripped over each other trying to get out of the house.

One of our detectives responded to the scene and recovered three of the four bullets, but the fourth round couldn't be found. The woman was quite shaken. Angry and scared, she felt she didn't have a choice but to defend herself, because the police had no way of protecting her. Even if she had managed to call 911, it would have taken ten minutes or longer for police to reach her—far longer than it would have taken for the thugs to have injured or murdered her.

My partner and I were assigned to assist in identifying the threesome. We had been suffering daily burglaries in the north end of our city for weeks. This was the first time we had an actual lead of any kind. In the days following the shooting we noticed all of our north end burglaries came to a screaming halt. Crime dried up as a result of the woman's heroic actions.

We found one of the burglars, and he gave up the other two. I managed to get a conversation going with a 16-year-old junior member, who said he and his friends had been hitting the remote residences in our city. They would find a house that looked unoccupied and then go up and knock. If no one answered, the three would kick open the door and head directly to the master bedroom, where most people keep their valuables. This time, just as his friend entered the bedroom he stepped in and saw the woman with the gun. He grabbed his friend and pulled him back as the shots ripped across them. "I felt something sting me in the shoulder as I spun around," he said. "I think the bullet hit me and bounced off because I had a little blood on my shirt." I had him pull down his shirt and sure enough he had a little round scar on his shoulder. "I don't think bullets bounce off, son," I said. I had the evidence tech run a metal detector across his shoulder. The needle spiked. "You have a bullet in your shoulder, boy." The teen looked surprised, then a little proud. We kept talking a little longer, and the young man told me he had learned a lesson and decided to quit. For at least two years he kept his promise. I've since heard he got back into trouble. But not breaking into houses. That part of the lesson he remembered.

One day we had a call about a homeowner who worked the night shift catching two thieves kicking in his door. The noise had awakened him from a deep sleep. He grabbed his .38 snub nose and met the two as they entered. Needless to say, a face-to-face confrontation with an angry, half-asleep, armed man made the two beat feet in the opposite direction. I tracked them across the adjoining field by following their footprints in the soft sand. They were running south. Suddenly, their footprints seemed to disappear as if they had been transported up.

I walked back to the homeowner, who seemed a little nervous. "Look, I had better tell you something." He hesitated and then motioned towards the field. "I was pretty pissed off, you know. So I, well, popped off a round in their direction. I made sure it wouldn't hit anything, but I wanted to see them run faster." I smiled and asked, "And did they?" He smiled back. "Took off like two blistered rabbits." That explains their disappearing footprints. They weren't beamed up—they hit warp speed.

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My partner and I hung around and sure enough a Toyota crept slowly into the neighborhood about 20 minutes later. He had taken his back license plate off. He drove around the block several times; then we jumped him. The driver was a known burglar I had arrested several times before. He claimed ignorance but we knew better, and I arrested him one more time.

Once again the burglaries in that area ceased. As far as I could find out, neither of my two warp-speed burglars ever stepped a hotfooted sneaker into my city again.

Only fools and elitists with their own security could believe that turning your life over to the police is proper, given the reality of police coverage and response. We cops simply can't be everywhere. My department tries to maintain an excellent average of eight minutes' response time to emergency calls. But assuming a criminal is kind enough to let you use the phone, eight minutes is a whole lot of beating, raping, and stealing.

Compare my earlier story of the grandmother with the pistol to a more recent story from the gun control capital of America, Washington, D.C. There an unarmed grandmother was shot in the back while trying to protect her grandchildren in a government housing project.

I admire citizens able and willing to defend themselves. I tell them to keep their guns, and I suggest they oppose any politician who wants to take those guns away.

Contributing writer Ray Wisher is a Florida detective.

THE WOMAN LET GO A VOLLEY OF FOUR ROUNDS. THE BURGLARS YELLED AND SCREAMED AS THEY TRIPPED OVER EACH OTHER TO GET OUT OF HER HOUSE.

How to Count Votes on Gun Control

By David Keene

The recent House of Representatives food-fight over gun shows, trigger locks, and a grab bag of new restrictions on firearms ownership had far less to do with guns, crime, and the Littleton tragedy than with politics.

That's why many Democrats who support gun control were elated when the House adopted an amendment to a gun control bill that weakened the proposed legislation: The amendment let them justify voting against the bill, which killed it, and then they turned around and blamed Republicans for failing to pass gun control legislation. As the final bill went down to defeat, Democrats began chanting "six seats, six seats"—the number they need to win back the House in the next election.

Though Democrats now believe the gun issue works in their favor, many of them, including the President, explicitly credited the National Rifle Association for their loss of the House back in 1994. Most now suspect, however, that gun opponents may be a voting majority in key districts.

Other observers are skeptical. Historically, polls have shown urban voters and liberals relatively hostile to firearms and queasy about the people who buy them. Most city dwellers grow up knowing very little about guns except that they can kill people and

Gun Owners Are Not the Problem

One fact is irrefutable about the ownership of guns: It has never been more difficult to legally purchase a firearm than it is today. When I entered high school in 1980, we had no Brady Bill and no background check. I could buy a firearm in a gun store (or a hardware store, or a Woolworth's, or the corner general store) by simply filling out the forms and lying on the question of whether I had a criminal history, if I indeed had one.

When I was born in 1965, I could have purchased a firearm through the mail, as Lee Harvey Oswald did, and had it shipped to my house with even less scrutiny.

When my father was born in 1927, he could have gone to a gun store in New York City, where he lived, and bought a fully automatic Thompson submachine gun and a couple of boxes of rounds and taken the subway home.

Why were such cruel acts of violence as that in Littleton not occurring then? Because children were raised by parents instead of computers and television sets. They had role models in their parents, their communities, their schools and their churches. They had people and entities to turn to and to guide them through the turbulent years of young adulthood. Disillusionment during adolescence is nothing new, and all but the luckiest adults know it through personal experience. The difference in today's hustle and bustle world is that we have abridged our ability to recognize it, to do something about it or perhaps even to care.

—Brendan C. Sullivan,
Washington Post, May 1, 1999

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are tools of the bad guys' trade. Guns scare them, and they'd just as soon be rid of them.

These folks are part of the core Democratic vote, and Democrats from their districts tend to share their uneasiness about guns or, in some cases, are ideologues opposed to the very idea of gun ownership. They believe a world without guns would be a safer place. Indeed, it is apparently guns, rather than those who misuse them, that are the root cause of violence. This attitude has bred among many urbanites a cultural contempt for sportsmen and others who buy, trade, own, and use guns, no matter how lawfully.

But gun-haters face a political difficulty: Polls in urbanized states have shown that a majority of Americans are queasy about guns and tend to support some restrictions, but most of these gun-fearing folks don't actually vote for candidates based on these feelings. Guns are, at best, a secondary issue for most of them.

To gun owners, however, guns are a primary issue, and their intense opposition to gun control has long made them a far more potent political force than their opponents. Whether the Littleton tragedy has changed the situation remains to be seen. The evidence thus far suggests that politicians who hope to use Littleton to get gun-fearing voters actually to vote on the gun issue alone may fail yet again.

While it's easy for politicians to blame guns for crime, the public isn't entirely convinced. In the wake of Littleton, for example, Gallup asked Americans "why did this happened?" Only 4 percent of respondents blamed the lack of stricter controls on guns for the massacre, and polls since then have shown the percentage of voters favoring stricter gun controls has not risen significantly. Indeed, in late April, 51 percent of those asked by Gallup for their opinion of the National Rifle Association gave the pro-gun group a favorable or very favorable rating.

House Democratic leader Dick Gephardt (Mo.) brags publicly that the gun issue will help him become Speaker of the House, but he was more realistic just after the most recent gun control battle. He said that in spite of all the Americans supporting the Democrats' position, it's possible 2 percent more people will vote against Democrats just on that issue: "You lose two percent on that issue, and you could be gone."

Politicians often misread polls by ignoring the different intensities of feeling on either side of an issue. Way back in 1970, then-Senator Joe Tydings of Maryland was running for re-election and decided, after reviewing polls, to brag about his sponsorship of the Gun Control Act of 1968. That November he learned the difference between a poll respondent who agrees with you and one who will vote on that belief. He lost.

The same thing happened to 19 of the 24 members of Congress the NRA went after in 1994. And if gun control advocates are wrong again, the same thing could happen next November. That's something wobbly Republicans as well as Democrats should bear in mind.

David A. Keene is chairman of the American Conservative Union.

THOUGH DEMOCRATS NOW BELIEVE THE GUN ISSUE WORKS IN THEIR FAVOR, THE PRESIDENT CREDITED THE NRA FOR THEIR LOSS OF THE HOUSE IN 1994.

"LAST YEAR A LOT OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS LITERALLY GAVE UP THEIR SEATS IN CONGRESS AND GAVE UP THEIR CAREERS TO VOTE FOR THAT CRIME BILL, BECAUSE IT BANNED ASSAULT WEAPONS.... THE NRA TOOK THEM OUT IN THE LAST ELECTION."

—President Clinton, August 9, 1995

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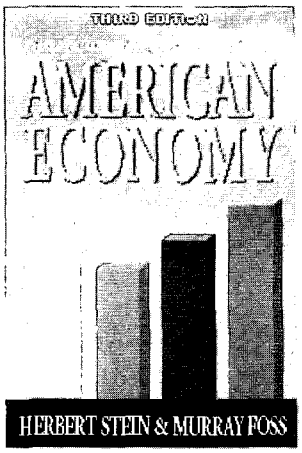

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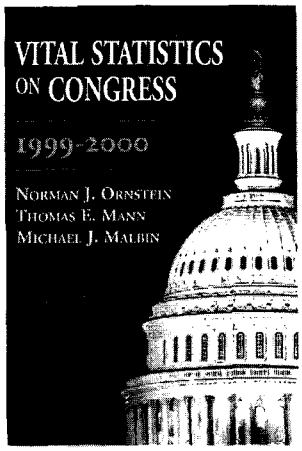

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FALSE IMAGES

How Today's Movies Distort & Denigrate the Past

By James Bowman

Each age distorts history in its own way, reinforcing the age's carefully cultivated myths. Today, history's interpreters prominently include filmmakers. The movies are our great democratic institution of culture and attract a host of self-appointed guardians who aim to correct this or that historical inaccuracy or injustice. Many of these criticisms, however, prove useless. For instance, little was accomplished when historians gathered in flocks to drop their pungent commentary on Steven Spielberg's *Amistad* for its various historical inventions and distortions. The real problem with *Amistad* was its one-dimensional moralism. A crowd-pleaser like Spielberg always prefers to have any dramatic conflict turn into a rout very early on, and so in his serious and not-so-serious films alike villains like slave-traders or Nazis must stand still on his high-tech stage for the audience to hiss and throw rotten fruit at. As a result, Spielberg's sympathetic characters have too easy a time of it. John Quincy Adams's climactic appeal to the Supreme Court on behalf of the African slave-rebels hardly seems worthy of the great man's formidable talents when it is *Amistad*'s umpteenth affirmation of what is to us an obvious moral.

This is an artistic problem, but it is also a historical problem. Artistically, the film fails by neglecting to make us understand and sympathize with the other, the not-self, as real art does. Spielberg's purpose never rises above the merely commercial one of reflecting our selves back at us, and making us feel good about them. It's easy for us to feel superior to slave-traders and Nazis. And the more we see of such creatures in our historical epics the more likely we are to feel superior to the past in general, those "fools in old-style hats and coats," as the poet Philip Larkin puts it.

Patronizing our ancestors can even become a cinematic cottage industry, as the films of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory show. In *Jefferson in Paris* for instance, as in every other Merchant-Ivory historical production, there is always a stand-in for the sensibility of the late-twentieth-century liberal, who is surrounded by benighted fools in old-timey get-ups bent on displaying their ignorance and justifying our hero's wise progressivism. Audiences come away, as they are meant to do, not understanding the prejudices of the past but confirmed in their own.

The market for such historical extravaganzas is growing. As American tastes in movies in the last 20 years have run more and more to artificial stories told with elaborate and thrilling fakery, we have also witnessed a stream of cinematic histories, documentaries, and biographies promising something of the authenticity lacking in the special-effects-laden blockbusters. The more popular these historical and quasi-historical movies have become, the more Hollywood has been tempted to increase their budgets and load *them* up with special effects—so that last year James Cameron's fictionalized history in *Titanic* set records both as the most expensive movie ever made and the highest-grossing. In its wake has come a rush to give history of all kinds the Hollywood treatment.

This year, all five Oscar nominees for "Best Picture" had historical settings. Two—*Elizabeth* and *Saving Private Ryan*—were loosely based on actual historical events; two—*Life Is Beautiful* and *The Thin Red Line*—were fictional stories told against the backdrop of the Holocaust and World War II, respectively; and one—*Shakespeare in Love*—was a fanciful fictionalization of the lives of several historical personages, including Shakespeare himself, Queen Elizabeth I, and playwright Christopher Marlowe. The nominations for best actor/actress included two biographical portrayals (of film director James Whale and cellist Jacqueline du Pré). Among other history-based nominees were a cartoon musical based on the life of Moses (*Prince of Egypt*), a fictionalized version of the 1992 presidential campaign (*Primary Colors*), and two adaptations of personal memoirs of true-life events (*Patch Adams* and *A Civil Action*).

So much "reality" and so little that is real! *Shakespeare in Love* doesn't even attempt to make its historical setting accurate, apart from invoking some familiar names and places. It merely uses Shakespeare's life and works as the platform for

Life Is Beautiful

AP Photo/Miramax Films, Sergio Strizzi, HO

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some rather superior jokes by screenwriters Tom Stoppard and Marc Norman. *Life Is Beautiful* asks us to suppose that a small boy could have come through Auschwitz unscathed because his clever father was able to outwit the dumbest collection of German guards since "Hogan's Heroes." *The Thin Red Line* posits a company of G.I.s on Guadalcanal whose attitude toward World War II is indistinguishable from that of Vietnam War protesters a quarter-century later. *Elizabeth* presents its 400-year-old queen being interrogated by Roman Catholic bishops in the Tower of London and replying to them, New Age-like: "I ask you, Why we must tear ourselves apart for this small question of religion. Catholic? Protestant? We all believe in God...."

If it had been possible for such a thought even to have been formed in a sixteenth-century brain, that epoch's history would have been very different from what it was. *Nobody* of that era, least of all Elizabeth I, thought the matter of religion a "small question." With the same blithe disregard for history, *The Prince of Egypt* makes its animated Moses say to Pharaoh, "No kingdom should be made on the backs of slaves." Actually, *all* kingdoms of Moses' time were made on the backs of slaves, including that of his own people as soon as they had a chance to enslave some hapless Canaanites. This state of affairs continued up until only a century or two ago in most of the world. Moses here advertises himself as being approximately three millennia in advance of his time, which is very good for his accessibility as cinematic hero but very bad for his historical credibility.

Not that historical credibility is a highly valued commodity where so few in the audience would be in any position to judge it. The trouble with history on film in America is that most Americans have little knowledge of history apart from film. True, history has always been used for artistic or propagandistic purposes. But somehow Shakespeare's alterations of the well-known history of the Wars of the Roses in order to flatter the Tudor Queen Elizabeth seems to matter less, given that most people knew what he was doing and why. It is quite another thing when the only knowledge possessed by the great mass of Americans about McCarthyism is *The Front*, about the Kennedy assassination is *JFK*, about Vietnam is *Apocalypse Now*, and about Watergate is *All the President's Men*.

Among recent purveyors of movie-history, Steven Spielberg goes to the most trouble to get history right in *Saving Private Ryan*. Of course he could afford the very best in technical advisers. But technical advisers can only make sure that the insignia and the weaponry and suchlike matters are historically accurate. They can offer little help when it comes to the habits of language and thought and feeling which are the surest indicators of a historical period's character. That is why Spielberg slips up, I believe, in making one of his characters insubordinate in a distinctively post-1960s fashion; in making another say that the planned rescue of Ryan will be "the one decent thing we managed to pull out of this whole godawful mess"; in making the captain played by Tom Hanks snarl that "this Ryan'd better be worth" the trouble that went into his rescue.

All these moments struck me as the intellectual flailings of a man of the 1990s who, pressured to understand the behavior of men of former times, is driven back on contemporary assumptions in order to do so. He knows enough to know that most of those who fought in the war had no burning desire to fight Nazism or to kill Germans. What, then, can explain their actions? Confronted with the spectacle of men *en masse* willingly risking their lives in the appalling slaughterhouse of modern warfare, he hypothesizes on their behalf a sort of crazy utilitarian calculation like that revealed when Hanks' Captain Miller confides in his sergeant that he is only able to continue to function by telling himself that for every life lost under his command another ten lives will be saved. As if the reason for going to war were to save lives! In 1944, not even soldiers coming unhinged in battle would have reasoned like that.

Why should they? They could take for granted what we no longer can—namely the masculine pride in that very willingness to face death as the defining characteristic of a man. Some of Spielberg's generation may remember parents or grandparents whose idea of how to "be a man" involved the ruthless suppression of feelings of doubt and fear and vulnerability,

AP Photo/HO

Shakespeare in Love

and whose shame at having been thought a coward, or having let the side down, would have been greater than their fear of death. But for most of their grandsons (to say nothing of granddaughters) such ideas are at best faintly disreputable and at worst comically old-fashioned among the post-feminist and therapeutic assumptions of the 1990s. To put them in his movie would doubtless have seemed to Spielberg merely corny. Better to sacrifice historical truth than to appear in public in unfashionable moral garb.

But it is this kind of historical truth—the truth of mind and feeling and not mere factual accuracy—that both historians and critics should *always* insist upon. Without it our experience, whether of the movies or of the histories on which they are based, will be a house of mirrors, flattering us with the delusion that all human history has been a struggle to become—*us!* It is a natural mistake when we sit at what appears to us (as it appeared to our parents and will appear to our children) the culminating point of the historical pyramid, but we cannot hope to understand either ourselves or the past so long as we continue to cherish this delusion. "All history," as the great philosopher and historian R. G. Collingwood wrote, "is the history of thought," and the historian's great freedom is to transcend the contingency of having been born at one time rather than another, by entering into the thought and feeling of past times. Films can be particularly helpful in assisting this imaginative leap, but only if they take up a critical stance toward the myths they have historically been made to reinforce.

James Bowman is The American Spectator's *movie critic and American editor of the* Times Literary Supplement.

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PLANTING Wolves

BY BLAKE HURST

Early arrivals at the American Farm Bureau Federation convention, held this year in Albuquerque, New Mexico, were warned not to wear their convention badges outside. Organizers hoped to avoid confrontations with the Defenders of Wildlife, an environmental group locked in litigation with the Farm Bureau over the fate of the gray wolves recently released in Yellowstone Park.

Badges or no, it's hard for farmers to go incognito on city streets. Farm Bureau members were identifiable by their freebie baseball caps, their cowboy boots, their belt buckles the size of small dinner plates, their white foreheads and sunburned faces, the yardsticks that farm suppliers give away at the trade show, and their median age, which was somewhere around 70.

Maybe it was the yardsticks that frightened the Defenders of Wildlife, because the environmental group called in six large Albuquerque cops for security during their convention news conference and accompanying "street theatre." Farmers don't often see street theatre; political dissent in small towns usually consists of polite letters to the editor of the local weekly. So my farming wife and I talked our way past the cops and three security checkpoints to see what all the fuss was about. Much to our disappointment, the press conference went off without any incidents between yardstick-wielding septuagenarians and the soil and lupus-loving environmentalists.

Of course, the police may have been present to protect the news media from the star of the press conference: a 65-pound female gray wolf named Rami. The media package passed out at the press conference to the 50-odd members of the press and us two imposters contained a bumper sticker accusing Little Red Riding Hood of species-specific bigotry. The backdrop was a large sign urging us to save the wolves for (who else?) the children. The whole point of the affair was to make wolves seem cuddly, but I did notice that the wolf handler had a stout chain wrapped around Rami's neck. The animal was impressive and led off Albuquerque's evening news with her reaction to the affair: an inappropriate territory-marking on the Hyatt Regency's carpet.

The Defenders of Wildlife invited a representative from a "wolf friendly" ranch to speak. This ranch practices no predator control and markets its beef directly to consumers as environmentally superior to a McDonald's hamburger. In the questioning it emerged that the nearest wolf is some 200 miles from the wolf-friendly ranch. Nonetheless, the wolf-friendly rancher is proud the folks at the ranch "live well as humans in communion with non-humans."

Mary Thoman, a Wyoming sheep herder with firsthand knowledge of wolves, is not communing as successfully. A couple years ago, a gray wolf wandered into her flock and killed 27 sheep in one night. She called the federal agency that catches wayward wolves and returns them to Yellowstone. Five days after the wolf was returned to the park, nearly 100 miles away, she received a call. The wolf had left the park and was headed back for more mutton on the hoof. Two Wildlife Service agents staked out her flock, but despite their surveillance the wolf managed to kill several more sheep before they could stop her.

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Wolves kill sheep by breaking their back legs. As soon as one sheep is down and bleeding, the predator moves to the next. The Defenders of Wildlife have attempted to ease ranchers' fears of economic harm by establishing a fund to reimburse ranchers for livestock lost to wolves. Ranchers point out several problems with the fund. The West is arid, and each cow or sheep requires many acres for grazing. The country is rough, and ranchers may not see their livestock for months. If, at the end of the summer, the calf or lamb crop is less than it should be, the rancher may not find the remains of his livestock till long after any evidence of predator damage is gone.

The Thomans received compensation from the Defenders' fund for the sheep killed and verified as wolf victims, but the payment did not cover their losses. As Ms. Thoman points out, it can take as many as seven or eight days to locate the kills, because the flock runs from the wolves for miles, and the kills can take place over a wide area. The sheep are terrified, and the survivors are gouged and cut by their headlong flight through the brush. Ms. Thoman received no compensation for lost production from the surviving sheep. She also suffers losses from grizzly bears, another protected species. It's easy to identify bear kills, because they sever the sheep's' udders with one swipe of their massive claws. In the last year, the Thomans have lost over 500 animals to wolves and bears. They have had to add an extra herder to watch the sheep, another uncompensated cost. The Defenders of Wildlife's compensation fund is valued at $100,000. If fully compensated, the Thomans' losses alone would deplete it in a very short time.

Even if the Thomans and their neighbors are made whole economically, animal husbandry is more than dollars and cents. Ranchers spend sleepless nights living with their animals while new calves and lambs are born. There is no experience quite like the sight of a momma cow licking her newborn after you've spent hours helping the youngster into the world. A cow herd is the culmination of several generations of a family's sweat, and a good cattleman knows each of his cows by sight. He can tell you their breeding, the weaning weight of each of their calves in years past, and their personalities. He knows that the brockle-faced cow will give him a boost in the seat of his pants if he turns his back, and that the black baldy is always the first one to find a hole in his fence. When one of his animals is killed, he has failed in his most important task—to protect the animals in his care.

WHEN AN ANIMAL IS KILLED, A RANCHER HAS FAILED IN HIS MOST IMPORTANT TASK— TO PROTECT THE ANIMALS IN HIS CARE.

As a youngster, I was responsible for my mother's chickens. Each day, I fed and watered the hens and gathered the eggs. One day a weasel got into the coop. He went from hen to hen, stopping just long enough to kill each one. I will never forget the sound of those chickens as the weasel did what came natural. It was a long trip back to report to my mother the demise of her flock. The economic loss was inconsequential, but I have never felt so helpless. Those chickens were my responsibility, and I had failed.

Wolves are a threat not only to livestock, but also to the people who live near the park. Wolves rarely threaten people, but it does happen. Joanna Stratton's book *Pioneer Women* illustrates the fear many Westerners feel.

> The odor from the sick woman seemed to attract the wolves, and they grew bolder and bolder. I would step out, fire off the revolver, and they would settle back for a while when they would start a new attack. I shot one through the window and I found him lying dead in the morning.
>
> Finally the woman died and mother laid her out.... After that the wolves were more determined than ever to get in. One got his head in between the door casing and was trying to wriggle through; mother stuck him in the head with an ax and killed him.
>
> I shot one coming through the window. After that they quieted down for about half an hour, when they came back again. I stepped out and fired at two of them but I only wounded one. Their howling was awful. We fought those wolves five nights in succession, during which time we killed and wounded four gray wolves and two coyotes.

Scenes like these help explain why the descendants of early settlers are so reluctant to welcome wolves. It will take more than bumper stickers to convince Westerners wolves make good neighbors.

Wolves were re-introduced into Yellowstone in January 1995, when 66 wolves from Canada were released over Farm Bureau objections. The population has grown to more than 150, and environmental groups hail the re-introduction as the most successful action taken under the Endangered Species Act. There were already a few wolves in the park, presumably migrants from Canada. The introduced wolves are an "experimental" population, which means neighboring landowners may request their removal if livestock is harmed. But the Canadian migrants are not experimental; so a rancher bent on protecting his livelihood is never sure if the wolf eating his calves is fair game or not.

The experimental designation is the crux of the 1997 decision by a Wyoming judge requiring the wolves' removal. The Farm Bureau argues that the Canadian gray wolves are distinct from the subspecies that appears on the endangered species list, and as such, should not have been re-introduced. The Defenders of Wildlife are furious the Farm Bureau has invoked a "technicality" of the Endangered Species Act. The irony is rich, because environmental groups have long

TAE *contributing writer Blake Hurst, a farmer in Missouri, 1,000 miles from the nearest wolf, is a state board member of the Missouri Farm Bureau.*

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used slight distinctions between subspecies in their efforts to control millions of acres throughout the United States. The judge stayed his decision pending appeal, and the wolves remain in legal limbo.

The mayor of Albuquerque led off the week of the convention by proclaiming Wolf Awareness Week, an in-your-face welcome to the 5,000 Farm Bureau members in attendance. He talked about the species' strong family structure. The TV ads that ran in Albuquerque during the convention showed the wolf as a cowering victim of ranchers and farmers run amok. But if wolves are just Lassie writ large, then why the huge effort to repopulate the park? After all, wolves are not endangered, with over 60,000 in Canada and thousands more in Minnesota and Alaska. A controlled elk hunt in the park would provide many of the benefits that wolves do, without the danger to nearby residents.

It seems to me wolves are desirable in the wild because of their menacing nature, not in spite of it. The value we place on the wilderness experience lies in its wildness as well as its beauty. Wolves are one of nature's most efficient killing machines, and to deny that is to dress a wolf in sheep's clothing. Defenders of Wildlife implicitly admit the wolf's nature with their fund to compensate ranchers, and it would be a healthy step forward in this controversy if they would describe wolves as they are, and not as idealized 80-pound puppy dogs.

The compensation fund is certainly a step in the right direction, and the Defenders should be given credit for recognizing there are costs to re-introducing the wolf. But if the courts decide that the wolves are in the park to stay, the fund doesn't go nearly far enough. Just as no one would travel on the highway without the implicit assurance that most of their fellow travelers carry liability insurance, the Defenders and other environmental groups should be willing to accept full liability for the wolves. As Don Leal, an analyst for PERC, a think tank in nearby Bozeman, Montana, points out, because nobody "owns" the wolves nobody takes responsibility for them.

WOLVES KILL SHEEP BY BREAKING THEIR BACK LEGS. AS SOON AS ONE IS DOWN AND BLEEDING, THE PREDATOR MOVES TO THE NEXT.

The Defenders, or the federal government, or a combination of wolf proponents, should take ownership of the wolves and fund a compensation program for ranchers that takes into account all the costs of coexisting with wolves, including lost production and loss of domestic animals. A plan should be in place to control the population of wolves when (as is likely) their numbers grow too large, including trapping and hunting the predators. In fact, ranchers should be able to sell permission to hunt the wolves if their numbers are a menace to the ranchers' livelihood. The owners of the wolves should take legal liability for the animals, and be prepared to carry insurance to fund that liability, just as you or I do when we take the wheel of a car.

Thousands of people visit Yellowstone each year in hopes of seeing a wolf in the wild. The park has suffered from years of overgrazing by elk, elk that have no natural enemies except wolves. The wolves have already started to bring the elk population under control, and other species damaged by the lack of vegetation are making a comeback. The wolves are cutting the coyote population in the park, and small rodents and other species that suffer when coyotes are too numerous are thriving. Wolf kills provide food for eagles and bears, and those species have benefited from wolf re-introduction. By the yardsticks that wildlife biologists use, the park has become healthier. "The wolf is a keystone species," Yellowstone biologist Douglas Smith told *Time*. "You remove it, and the effects cascade down to the grasses."

The dispute between the environmentalists and the ranchers is a battle between cultures, and the middle ground is hard to find. Mary Thoman argues that introduction of the wolves is bad for the wolves themselves, because inevitably the friction between the wolves and their human neighbors will end with the wolves as losers. To the Defenders of Wildlife, the wolves have a higher moral claim to the West than the ranchers who make their homes there. As Bruce Vincent, a Montana logger scarred in his own battle with grizzly bear re-introduction points out, the two groups have different "visions for the future of the West." Neither group talks to the other. Well, that's not strictly true. Environmentalists jammed the Farm Bureau's switchboard with over 30,000 calls, including bomb threats and letters showing Farm Bureau president Dean Kleckner in a hangman's noose. But each group tends to talk past the other, focusing on public relations ploys and dry legal arguments.

It's impossible to predict the outcome of the legal case involving the wolves, but the environmentalists have already won the culture and public relations battles. The public has a stake in this fight, and they want wolves in the park. Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt vows to "fight with everything I have" to keep the wolves there.

But just as ranchers may have to bend to public opinion, environmental groups must acknowledge that people need to eat, and that ranchers will continue to raise cattle and sheep in the West. Mary Thoman and her neighbors feel beleaguered by what they view as an unrelenting attack on their way of life. They deserve to be treated fairly and to be compensated for any burden the government places on their shoulders.

It is important we settle this controversy justly, because it will replay again and again as mountain lion, moose, grizzly bear, and lynx populations increase, and the collisions between man and the wild multiply.

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In Real Life

FIRST-PERSON AMERICA

Montgomery, Maria, and Mary Brown

LUCKY FOR US

FRANCONIA, VA—My wife, Mary, and I spent much of one Saturday afternoon last March engrossed in the second round of the NCAA men's basketball tournament. In the most memorable game of the day, North Carolina barely got past overmatched but highly motivated UNC-Charlotte, and later our beloved Indiana Hoosiers fell to Connecticut. Also, at some point during the day, our daughter, Maria, was born—only we didn't know it.

A few weeks earlier, Mary and I had filed the papers that put an adoption agency to work for us. We were hoping to adopt an infant later in the year. Once the process was underway, Mary remarked at one point that, if all proceeded according to plan, our child had probably been born already and that she was praying for the baby. But on the blessed day of our little girl's birth, we didn't know to celebrate, and the mood where she was could not have been festive either.

We have only a bare sketch of the circumstances that attended Maria's arrival in the world. Her biological mother had entered John XXIII Hospital in La Paz, Bolivia, under a false identity and then fled a few hours after giving birth. Maria remained in the hospital for a month, while a social worker tried to locate the mother by issuing messages over a radio station urging the mother to claim her.

The mother did not return but did send a message with an explanation: She was too poor to care for a baby on her own. The father had told her that he loved her and had made many promises, but he disappeared as soon as he found out she was pregnant.

After all hope that the mother would claim her had been forsaken, Maria was sent to a Catholic orphanage, where she lived until Mary and I traveled to Bolivia and were granted custody of her in November.

Soon after we brought Maria home to the United States, one of my uncles called to wish us well and to see how we were doing. I told him about our trip and explained that her mother had abandoned her in the hospital. He immediately said, "That's lucky for you."

IN THE BLESSED DAY OF OUR LITTLE GIRL'S BIRTH, WE DIDN'T KNOW TO CELEBRATE, AND THE MOOD WHERE SHE WAS COULD NOT HAVE BEEN FESTIVE EITHER.

For an instant, I was startled. The remark was not glib; it was matter of fact, meant as a simple recognition of the bright side of the situation. It was also true. In the quieter parts of my mind, I had thought about that aspect of adoption—couples like us, eager to adopt a child, can never get their wish without some otherwise unfortunate circumstance that produces an orphan. A bad break for some kid is the good break that the parents need. I had thought all of this before but kept my thoughts to myself. It came as a shock to hear someone acknowledge it so forthrightly.

Many dear souls, knowing Maria's background, have told us that they think *she's* lucky. Maria could have remained an orphan, and some have noted that, in addition, she has escaped from utter poverty in a third world country to comfortable suburban surroundings in the land of prosperity. But when acquaintances say that Maria is lucky, I think they primarily mean to compliment Mary and me. Naturally, we are grateful for the kind words. At the same time, we realize that this good luck for Maria follows in the wake of bad luck and cannot simply erase it. No improved standard of living and no amount of our love will preempt the pain and confusion Maria is likely to feel some day as she begins to come to terms with the fact that she was abandoned by her flesh and blood.

One could say that our great fortune in getting her is also predicated on our own misfortune. After all, we did not choose to be unable to have children naturally. But like other parents of every sort, now that we have a child, we cannot imagine life without her, and so in retrospect Mary and I embrace that aspect of our fate together.

Maria's abandonment was lucky for us, and we hope that when she grows up she'll view it as lucky for her as well. We will try to give her a better home in every respect than the one she might have known had her birth mother made different decisions.

Montgomery Brown is director of communications for the American Enterprise Institute.

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Private Savings Work Around the World

The pioneering pension reforms of Chile—where a big shift away from government entitlements and toward private savings accounts was instituted in 1981 with great success—have drawn kudos from nearly all who've studied them. "On pensions," wrote *The Economist* recently, "Latin America has led the way. Let the world follow."

Cheerleaders for America's existing Social Security program, however, sometimes ridicule the Chilean example. They note that the reform occurred under dictator Augusto Pinochet. So what? The fact that You-Know-Who built the Autobahn in Germany in the 1930s was no reason to oppose President Eisenhower's Interstate Highway System in the 1950s.

At other times, the anti-Chile rhetoric borders on racism. Contrasting the pension programs of America and Chile, sneered American Association of Retired People (AARP) lobbyist Martin Corry, "is like comparing the Sistine Chapel to cave drawings." Private savings might work for little brown people in emerging economies, in other words, but we're more sophisticated than that.

Another big pension privatization success, though, can't be discounted as the work of exotic, Third World people who "don't look like us," because it took place in Britain. In 1978, the U.K. implemented the State Earnings Related Pension Scheme (SERPS), a two-tiered retirement system: The Basic Pension program provides minimal, inflation-indexed annual benefits of approximately $5,350 for single retirees and $8,550 for couples. Atop the Basic Pension sits a second program that pays retirees approximately 20 percent of their career-average eligible earnings. Annual benefits here range from about $1,050 to $8,000.

Thanks to a 1986 reform by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, an individual worker who opens a personal retirement account with a private financial institution or an employer who offers his own pension may opt out of this second tier so long as their plans are at least as generous as SERPS.

According to the latest figures, 62 percent of eligible workers have opted out. (This has been encouraged partly by keeping government benefits modest.) As former British Social Security secretary Peter Lilley notes, "Those who opt out of the state system receive a rebate from their payroll tax sufficient to finance a private pension at least equivalent to that which they would have been entitled to in SERPS." These tax rebates equal 4.6 percent of eligible earnings. They are paid, tax-free, directly into either Company or Individual Pensions and may not be spent elsewhere. These funds are invested in the private securities markets.

Retirees who have opted out receive basic government benefits plus their private pension assets. They may withdraw up to 1.5 times their final year's wages, or 25 percent of their accumulated funds, as a lump sum. To avoid reckless drawdowns of private savings, workers generally must purchase private annuities that will guarantee them monthly benefits for life. Under this plan, says the Heritage Foundation's Robert Moffitt, "British workers have enjoyed a 10 percent real return on their pension investments over the last few years. And over the past two decades, the income of British retirees has increased by 60 percent—more than for any other segment of the British population."

Some transitional hiccups have had to be dealt with. A number of unscrupulous pension marketers were curbed in the mid-'90s, and embezzlements from the worker retirement plan of publisher Robert Maxwell had to be recovered.

These problems aside, American Enterprise Institute scholar Carolyn Weaver describes the British system as a kind of pension-reform nirvana: "The United Kingdom is now in the enviable position of having no serious long-term Social Security debt problem. Yet many workers are gaining coverage under private pension arrangements that offer much higher returns than the government system. At the same time, a basic floor of protection remains."

Meanwhile, some $1.3 trillion in private assets have accumlated in the U.K. "This is slightly more than the size of the British economy," notes Moffitt, "and larger than the private pension funds of all the other European countries *combined*."

Conservative Party leader William Hague recently called Europe's unfunded pension liabilities a "demographic time bomb." As *London Daily Telegraph* correspondent Nick Britten explains, "Half the populations of Italy and Germany will be of pensionable age by 2040, but with little provision made by the respective governments it would be left to the rest of the European Union to fund their pensions."

Social Security's defenders should remember that America's government pension scheme is scheduled to crash beneath the weight of its unfunded liabilities in 2034. Washington should learn from Britain's successful privatization reform—or line up behind the Italians and Germans forEnglish economic aid 35 years hence.

—Deroy Murdock

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Spring, 1999

To: Foundations and corporations

From: Ben Wattenberg

Re: Television opportunities available

Much valuable public policy research proceeds slowly, if at all, into the public debates and discussions that shape decision-making. Some research that does get into the mainstream is silly stuff. Mildly put, this situation diminishes the usefulness of research at a time when we need all the help we can get. Soon, Americans will be voting in an important election. As ever, surveys, sermons, spin and sound bites are at a premium. Even when candidates speak "on the issues" we get smoke.

Our company is deeply involved in trying to improve the transmission belt of public policy research and ideas into the intellectual and political marketplace, through public television. We bring to the public the best scholarship from right, left, center—and unclassifiable. I believe our panelists represent the best thinkers in America. Our programs are lively, interesting, civil, humorous—and provocative. Scholars speak American. No politicians, no journalists, no spinners, no food-fights.

We believe this kind of programming is of particular value to foundations, from every spot on the political spectrum, who often fund research that never sees the light of day. The PBS audience is larger by far than that of the cable channels. And decision-makers watch PBS.

We believe this kind of programming is of particular value to corporations. Decision-makers watch PBS.

Several themes unite all the projects.

1) They cover a wide variety of issues and ideas in the arena of public affairs.
2) While they are separate endeavors, underwriting credits can be arranged to appear on all three programs.
3) They are—typical of most all public broadcasting ventures—underfunded.

Can you help us in these endeavors?

Sincerely,

Ben Wattenberg

THINK TANK, a weekly discussion program, has produced more than 200 original programs with more than 300 different panelists. The program airs on stations across the country and on the PBS national satellite service. In Washington, where decision-makers live, it airs three times each week, twice on WETA and on WHUT (the Howard University channel.) A fourth play in is likely later this year.

TRENDS, is an annual prime time PBS documentary special. The 1999 program, airing in November, is "The Stockholder Society." It explores the explosion in pensions—401-ks, IRAs, Keoghs, Roths, ESOPs, options —which have transformed the nature of being old in America, and transformed America, socially, economically, politically and ideologically.

THE FIRST MEASURED CENTURY, a three-hour documentary program, scheduled to air in 2000, in "core feed" prime time. It is a rich, colorful, visual, fast-moving narrative telling the story of this American century with a focus on data, not anecdote. It's been 100 years since the advent of systematic modern social and economic measurement. But most Americans still learn history as the story of Presidents, politics and personalities. FMC lets us know what happened to people.

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the Literary Economist

We Are All Reaganites Now

By Kevin A. Hassett

Four hours of reading Lester Thurow leaves you feeling like you've just run a marathon. The famous MIT economist has so much to say and so few words to do it with! The facts, the pseudo-facts, the anecdotes, the leaps in logic—they all go by so fast. Thurow is readable, his excitement contagious. No wonder his books sell well.

But is he right?

Much to my surprise, his latest book hits close to the mark. It doesn't hurt that in *Building Wealth,* Thurow puts lots of distance between his current and past selves. If I had said the things he did in the 1980s, I probably would have changed my name and moved to New Zealand. If Thurow had been allowed to set economic policy back then, we would all be cold and hungry.

Thurow in 1982: "We are going to have to extract ourselves from Reaganomics even though we cannot extract ourselves from President Reagan, since it is doubtful that the economy will survive two more years of Reaganomics."

Thurow in 1989 (the year the rusty Iron Curtain collapsed): "Can economic command significantly…accelerate the growth process? The remarkable performance of the Soviet Union suggests it can.… Today it is a country whose economic achievements bear comparison with those of the United States." Copy the Soviets in order to succeed economically? There's a hilarious theory.

Such statements made Thurow one of the Olympian deities of America's liberal elite. He was a credentialed economist—and he really did make some genuine academic contributions long ago—who reliably said the right thing: The key to economic success is big, intrusive government.

But wait. Now Thurow is saying something else entirely. In *Building Wealth,* he sets out to identify how nations, companies, and individuals succeed. Spinning together countless anecdotes, he identifies 13 "rules." Obey them, and prosperity will follow. They can be grouped into three categories: the incorrect, the vacuous, and the correct. Here is one of each: Rule one, "No one ever becomes very rich by saving money," is silly. Lots of multimillionaire old ladies put a little bit each year into the stock market. Rule seven, "Any society that values order above all else will not be creative; but without the right degree of order, creativity disappears as if into a black hole." No kidding: It's better when things are just right.

But enough nit picking. What's fascinating is that the book's correct analysis might as well be called "Reagan's rules." Take number six: "There are no institutional substitutes for individual entrepreneurial change agents." Only an ivory tower resident could emit the phrase "entrepreneurial change agents," but it's striking Thurow now concedes that people, not governments, are the source of economic success.

Indeed, Thurow argues that a hands-off government should focus mostly on educating the young, providing infrastructure, and supporting research and development. He even rails against the payroll tax and argues for a more rational consumption tax. Similar statements by Reagan once had Thurow howling derisively.

In the new, boundaryless world economy, Thurow argues, "big" national governments are obsolete. The angry winds of competition punish the weak and force the inefficient to change their ways. Even though liberal hopes of redistributing income from rich to poor are noble, it is no longer feasible to pursue them.

So unbridled capitalism creates wealth and opportunity, and the benefits outweigh the costs. But Thurow has nagging doubts that all will turn out peachy. It's as if he were saying to Reagan, "Sure, you were correct that a free-market economy will outgrow centrally planned ones, but just wait! Things are going to get bad if we go down this path. Competition breeds inequality, inequality we will have to live with, at least for a while."

What does he mean? Well, he holds out hope that some kind of world government may emerge that would make it possible to impose more "social justice" onto the competitive fray. But for now free markets are the best we can do.

A cynic might say Thurow is trying to defend his old self, as if "big government" experiments failed because the governments weren't big enough. I suspect he frets over the following dilemma: Everyone now realizes interventionist governments ruin economies. Creative destruction, replacing the old with the new, is clearly the engine of growth. But machines are not the only things destroyed in the market process. There are winners and losers, and often the losers deserve sympathy. The challenge is providing them a hand up without violating the "rules" of the marketplace.

Since few on the left have admitted that government policies, at least in the past, were more often the problem than the cure, it's refreshing that a liberal doyen like Thurow appears convinced by the evidence that markets work. His book is a final victory marker for the Reagan revolution. While it contains plenty of things I disagree with, the many sound lessons in *Building Wealth* are almost always consistent with conservative economic principles. If his numerous fans absorb those principles, Thurow will have performed a commendable public service.

Kevin A. Hassett is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

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Beating Back the Greedy Hand of Government

Amity Shlaes, William Gale, & Newt Gingrich

Amity Shlaes, an editorial writer for the Wall Street Journal, *has written* The Greedy Hand: How Taxes Drive Americans Crazy and What to Do About It. *Shlaes talked about her book at the American Enterprise Institute on May 21. Commenting on the talk were William Gale of the Brookings Institution and Newt Gingrich of AEI. An abridged transcript of the discussion follows.*

SHLAES: As an editorialist, I write about tax policy. I covered the rise and fall of taxes as an issue in the 1996 campaign, and polls clearly showed the public eager for tax relief. The Dole-Kemp campaign had a tax plan with a tax cut in it. And yet there was a failure to communicate the importance of tax reform, which was part of the larger failure of the Republican presidential campaign.

I thought it was time to look at the problems of taxes as the average American experiences them. So I started the research for my book by attending the H&R Block tax school. I took the basic course to become a tax preparer and was in a room with eight people, most of whom had day jobs. What I saw was astounding. The students, many of them Asian and Caribbean immigrants, expected the American tax system to be less complicated and oppressive than the ones they left behind in the old country. They had a rude awakening.

The class was a microcosm of what Americans go through every year with the tax system. So I structured my book around what most people experience when they file taxes. I cover all the stages of the tax system: sales taxes, Social Security taxes, the marriage penalty, "success taxes," retirement taxes, and finally the painful estate tax.

The modern tax experience is very different from 20 years ago: It's no longer just about income tax problems and how inflation drove people into higher brackets. Now it's about how effective the government has become at taxing every aspect of our lives.

A nineteenth-century French administrator spoke of the "unhappy goose"; he meant that the art of taxation consists in plucking the maximum amount of feathers from the goose with the minimum amount of hissing. That doesn't mean the goose is happy. What you have in America today is a goose that's been plucked very well.

> THE ART OF TAXATION CONSISTS IN PLUCKING THE MAXIMUM AMOUNT OF FEATHERS FROM THE GOOSE WITH THE MINIMUM AMOUNT OF HISSING.
>
> —Amity Shlaes

If you want to know why people won't show up at the polls to vote, it's a story of the unhappy goose. Start with Social Security. Lawmakers are well aware there's a problem with it, but they like to start by assuring everyone that pensions for future senior citizens will match the ones we have today. They give short shrift to how onerous the Social Security payroll tax is, even though it's the highest tax for seven out of ten households. It's a tax on labor, and it makes the lives of young business owners grim.

Then there are sales taxes. In *The Greedy Hand*, I write about how Americans have developed an extensive culture of sales-tax avoidance. For example, there's the Mall of America in Minnesota. With over 700 stores, it's a tourism destination. People from all over the country go to this mall because Minnesota doesn't have a sales tax on clothing. And when the exchange rate is right, people even come from Canada and Jerusalem to shop there. The *Jerusalem Post* has joked about it: "Israel may have the wall but Minnesota has the Mall." So sales taxes are something international shoppers notice.

When people cross borders to save pennies on sales tax, they're telling the government, "This is too much" and "This I won't pay." They send the same message when they order from L.L. Bean or other sources that enable them to escape state sales taxes.

Shopping on the Internet is another example. The fury that erupts when state revenue departments try to tax Internet shopping is modern American tax rage. Today's "tax shoppers" are the direct descendants of the citizens who dumped tea in Boston Harbor.

Schools are more of a tax issue than they are an educational one. School finance was once called a "good tax" because it was a local tax. It wasn't really like a tax—it was closer to a fee-for-service arrangement. But today, often in the name of social equality, we've moved school finance away from localities and local property taxes to states and the federal government.

I tell the story of school finance in my book by describing the growing centralization of taxes in Vermont, but this is hap-

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pening in 20 or 30 states across the country, and it's a vicious cycle. When local control is removed, it hurts local quality. Governments located far away are primitive vehicles for delivering what families or schools want. For example, a school may need another first-grade teacher or a new gymnasium, but it will end up getting something else—namely, whatever the federal government, state capital, or teachers' union decides it needs.

What's most important isn't the amount of money we spend. It's who controls the money. And this fact explains the rise of charter schools and vouchers, which are attempts by families to recapture control of what they've lost.

Most important of all taxes is the income tax. We tend to think that any new tax fix will please voters, but voters don't like change, and today tax changes are only accelerating. In the book, I show Americans' odd and ambivalent relationship with their professional tax preparers. The more uncomfortable people feel about asking the government questions, the more likely they are to hire a professional tax preparer.

When the Taxpayer Relief Act was passed in 1997, the *Wall Street Journal* was hearing from people who said the Act was good news. But I was intrigued by what I heard from H&R Block. The people there were saying it was good news for tax preparers. Block's commercials weren't happy ones touting the wonderful new tax breaks, or the changes with capital gains. No, they used as their theme song Gershwin's "Someone to Watch Over Me." H&R Block knew the best marketing strategy was to play on taxpayer uncertainty, and this explains why we have so much pressure to reform the IRS. People are angry but they don't seem to know why; so they target the bureaucracy demon, the IRS. But the IRS isn't the true demon. It's the complexity behind the IRS—the code itself, and the overall tax burden.

There are several lessons from this. First, Social Security privatization matters. But if that means adding more taxes—such as creating an additional payroll tax, or lifting the cap on Social Security so that every dollar of income is subject to the payroll tax—there's going to be a backlash. Lifting the cap is a huge increase in marginal taxes, and people will feel betrayed. Another lesson is that any increase in the federal government's role in schools is dangerous. "National standards" are another federal mandate, and people ought to be wary of them.

THE OVERARCHING GOAL SHOULD BE TO SHRINK GOVERNMENT.

—Newt Gingrich

Washington needs to implement big, clear income tax reform. Taxes have to be low and visible. Hidden taxation is bad, and social engineering has to stop. Finally, there's a cost to delay. Lawmakers have approached me, distressed because they think voters care less about tax reform and more about Social Security or education. Not exactly. The tax hikes of 1990 and 1993 have taught voters that when it comes to tax cuts, a promise made is a promise broken. They express frustration by not showing up on election day.

There needs to be commitment to making tax cuts permanent. One of the problems with the GOP is that many lawmakers clearly don't believe their own words when it comes to taxes. A Michigan pollster told me of a survey about Bob Dole in 1996. The first question was, "Would you be for marginal tax cuts if Dole was for them?" The answer was an overwhelming yes. Even some Democrats respondents agreed. The second question was, "Do you believe that, if elected, Dole will implement the tax cuts?" The answer was no. Voters, then, don't dismiss tax cuts; they dismiss their chances of seeing a tax cut.

WILLIAM GALE: Shlaes says, "Taxes should be visible." I have no problem with that. "Taxes should be simple." I have no problem with that, either. But then Schlaes says "taxes should be for revenue only." This is very tricky because tax policy isn't just tax policy: it's education policy, it's retirement policy, it's housing policy, etc. We use the tax code to accomplish all kinds of goals.

If taxes are for revenue only, that means we should either get rid of tax policies that amount to subsidies for particular groups, or we should move those subsidies to the spending side of the budget from the tax side. Yet if we're going to in effect provide a subsidy, there are circumstances under which the subsidy should be part of the tax code, rather than a separate spending program that will require a new bureaucracy with new forms.

We say, "Taxes should be lower." But the next question is, "Whose taxes should be lower?" Shlaes makes two proposals. One is to constitutionally limit taxes to only 25 percent of income. But I can't imagine how the Constitution is going to define "income" and "taxes" for that purpose. What about the payroll tax, for example? Some of it funds the taxpayer's retirement benefit. Is all of that a tax? What about sales taxes?

The other proposal Ms. Shlaes advocates is the Max Tax. That's voluntary tax reform where a person elects to either file under the existing system or pay 25 percent of his gross income with no deductions. This law wouldn't simplify the code because most people would end up figuring out their taxes both ways, to see which was cheaper, and the government would be just as intrusive as now.

NEWT GINGRICH: I think Amity has written a book most Americans would find very helpful. She reminds us that the natural pattern of governments is to be greedy, that it's a normal process of life for those who have power to seek to extend it. In the end, taxes are all about power; about who has the ability to spend that which a person has earned. For example, Social Security reform is a question of whether Americans should be allowed to invest their payroll taxes privately. It is statistically undeniable that Americans would be better off if they did invest their own wages. Congress ought to pass a provision that a person's total Social Security and Medicare payroll taxes show up on his paycheck and W-2 form—including, that is, the amounts that his employer supposedly "pays" for him.

Shlaes' strategy is right: Cut taxes everywhere possible. Eliminate the com-

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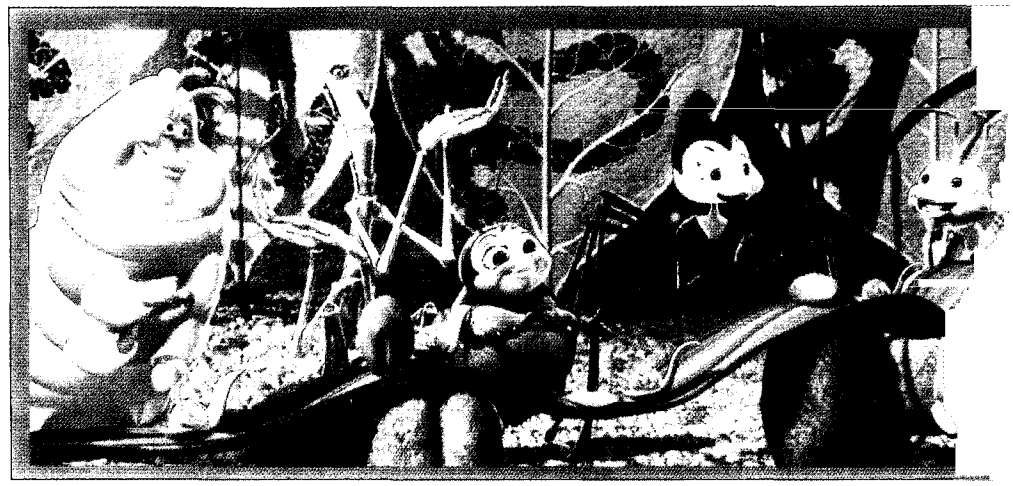
Changing the World, One Pixel at a Time



AP Photo/Walt Disney, HO

The story is part of Silicon Valley lore. In 1979, 28-year-old Steve Jobs, trying to convince Pepsi-Cola president John Sculley to come work for Apple Computer, feeds the Pepsi Generation guru this line: "Do you want to spend the rest of your life selling sugared water or do you want a chance to change the world?"

Sculley couldn't turn that one down, and took the position as CEO of Apple. And in what is now the long, strange history of the company, Sculley also eventually took away all of Jobs' responsibilities.

Now, after a decade in the Silicon Valley wilderness, Steve Jobs seems to be asking himself: "Do you want to spend the rest of your life selling computers, or do you want a chance to change Hollywood?"

At 44, Jobs is chairman and CEO of Pixar Animation Studios, the place behind such hits as 1995's *Toy Story* and last winter's *A Bug's Life. Toy Story II,* like the original, features the voice of Tom Hanks and is slated for a Thanksgiving roll-out. Expectations are huge; revenue from the other two pictures stands at half a billion dollars and counting.

Jobs says Pixar "has the opportunity to be the next Disney," but he isn't taking his cue from the kind of traditional fare churned out by Uncle Walt. Pixar characters and scenery represent a remarkable step in technology. Characters in *A Bug's Life* are capable of 3,900 possible movements, making them extraordinarily lifelike. The process starts with sculptors designing three-dimensional models, then turning them over to animators who generate computer versions. "Such a high-resolution, highly detailed, three-dimensional medium is a dramatic leap in capabilities for storytellers," Jobs told the *Los Angeles Times* last fall.

Such strides are a Steve Jobs trademark. In the early 1980s he was running magazine ads touting something called "electronic mail": "Send mail at 670,000,000 mph. Instead of paying an overnight service nine dollars to rush a four-page report from Winnemucca to Wanamassa, you can arrange to have it sent electronically—anytime during the night—for less than 40 cents." So when Jobs begins talking about a new kind of filmmaking, one ought to take notice.

In 1986 Jobs purchased Pixar from George Lucas for $10 million. Where *Star Wars*' producer Lucas saw Pixar as a tool for special effects, Jobs saw it as a moviemaking factory, a sort of Digitial Age Disney. Now the 400-employee company plans to release one picture every year, in a deal that has Disney itself handling marketing and distribution.

While Macintosh computers made Jobs rich, Pixar, which he took public in 1995, turned him into a billionaire. And in a strange twist, two years ago the Apple board brought Jobs back on as interim chairman, a move that had some observers scoffing. Insiders say Jobs sees the appointment as a chance to vindicate himself in the business that sent him packing in 1985. And with the company selling more than a million iMacs bearing the Jobs imprimatur in less than a year, the plan appears to be working. Not bad for someone who just four years ago said he "wasn't really following the computer industry anymore."

So Jobs is torn between the business he built with friends in the garage of his parents' Los Altos home and his newfound love for Hollywood innovation, and the tension may be what's making both companies a success. Critics say Jobs doesn't have time to cause the kinds of problems he previously did at Apple precisely because he's now so busy. "He has a really talented team of people and he stands on the outside, using all his best skills without being in the thick of it and doing damage," says *Forbes ASAP* editor Michael S. Malone. Author of a new book on Apple, *Infinite Loop,* Malone says Jobs' employees once viewed their boss as an egomaniacal monster, more in the tradition of Picasso than Rockefeller.

In the June TNT movie *Pirates of Silicon Valley,* Jobs is depicted as a cultural revolutionary. Not far off for the man who spent a good part of the 1970s toking up, experimenting with an all-fruit diet (useful when naming his company), and palling around with Jerry Brown, aka "Governor Moonbeam." But the '90s have mellowed him: Jobs has gone from living in communes to house-swapping with Bill Clinton.

Moviemaking seems to be what holds Jobs' attention these days. "When *Toy Story* and *A Bug's Life* are re-released 60 years from now, somebody at Pixar will get a check. I guarantee you nobody will be booting up a Mac in 60 years," he said.

No doubt Jobs has a leg up on most in this business. As a frustrated Hitchcock once said of the animator Disney, "If he doesn't like an actor, he can just tear him up."

— John Meroney

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Flashback

TO KNOW NOTHING OF WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE YOU WERE BORN IS TO REMAIN EVER A CHILD—*Cicero*

The John Wilkes Booth of Poetry

Once upon a time, Americans bought books of poetry, and no volume was better loved than Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* (1915), that erstwhile staple of high school English class in which an Illinois town is revealed by the epitaphs on its cemetery tombstones.

Masters was a Chicago lawyer and one-time partner of Clarence Darrow, whom he disdained as a headline-hogging welsher. (He refuses to mention Darrow by name in his splenetic autobiography.) But he came from the Land of Lincoln—Menard County—and his single most enduring poem mythicized the girl whose early death may or may not have been the emotional climacteric of Abraham Lincoln's life:

> I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath
> these weeds,
> Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
> Wedded to him, not through union,
> But through separation.
> Bloom forever, O Republic,
> From the dust of my bosom!

In a span of 16 years, Masters went from cherished prairie poet to reviled heretic. For in 1931 he published *Lincoln: The Man*, a biography of passionate bitterness and patriotic rage. Masters, you see, was a Stephen Douglas man who thought it time to even the score, given that "the political history of America has been written...by centralists and...New England."

The poet was an old-fashioned states-rights Democrat with a populist bent and a burning enmity toward the Republican Party, which was "conceived in hatred and mothered in hatred." His grievance was that "every President since Lincoln has imitated Lincoln instead of Jefferson," and his intention was to bring all those statues of Honest Abe crashing to the ground, for only by smashing the Lincoln myth might America "rise out of the hypocrisy and the materialism into which it was sunk by the War."

In Masters' telling, Lincoln was "cold," "undersexed" (Mary Todd was no Anne Rutledge!), and a "Jehovah man" who may not have believed in God but fancied himself in the role, Old Testament style. Masters is relentless, scourging Lincoln for over 500 pages as intellectually lethargic, unkempt, utterly lacking the milk of human kindness, and a mediocre lawyer to boot.

The book was an act of professional suicide for Masters—himself a cold, though decidedly not undersexed, man—but one that he was born to write. His family homestead was just seven miles from Lincoln's New Salem, Illinois. Masters' grandfather had once retained lawyer Lincoln in a land dispute—which Lincoln lost. Grandfather Masters served in the Illinois legislature, where he voted against U.S. Senate candidate Abraham Lincoln "because he thought Lincoln's policies would bring on war between the states."

Hardin Wallace Masters, the poet's father, was a law partner of William Herndon, Lincoln's old law partner and the author of the frankest biography by a Lincoln intimate. (Herndon was also an Anne Rutledge partisan; Mary Todd hated him.) Hardin Masters wanted to write his own Lincoln book, based on Herndon's recollections and the gossip of old timers; he never completed it, though in a way his son did, in an act of filial piety.

Lincoln: The Man was published in February 1931, just in time for Lincoln Day, and for a few weeks the icon-smashing poet became a new John Wilkes Booth. ("Booth's bullet was the last one fired for States' Rights," wrote Masters.)

Edgar Lee Masters had grown up in Petersburg, Illinois, where Lincoln was not yet a deity but just a man (and of course a prophet is always without honor in his hometown—leaving aside the question of whether the prophet was Lincoln or Masters). But by 1931 the sixteenth President was encased in myth even in Petersburg: Angry Lincolnians threatened to erase Masters' verse from Anne Rutledge's tombstone, on which it had recently been incised. (Some regarded it as an insult to Mary Todd Lincoln anyway.)

Masters, something of a misanthrope and most emphatically not a cockeyed optimist, was not exactly shocked by the envenomed response to his book. In his own young adulthood, he confessed, "I had an admiration for Lincoln, even believing the falsehood that the War Between the States was inevitable and the result of an irrepressible conflict, though my grandfather, who knew Lincoln there in the Petersburg-New Salem country, had given me the materials for a very different judgment of Lincoln." But while the poet had his grandfather, the rest of the country made do with Carl Sandburg's hagiography.

As an old man, Masters dreamed of returning to Petersburg, the site of his Lincoln-washed youth, but he had long lost his prairie spirit. In his last years, he cocooned himself in a New York City hotel and refused even to cross the street. Only death took him home to Petersburg, where he is buried four graves down from Anne Rutledge, wedded to her not through union but through verse.

—Bill Kauffman

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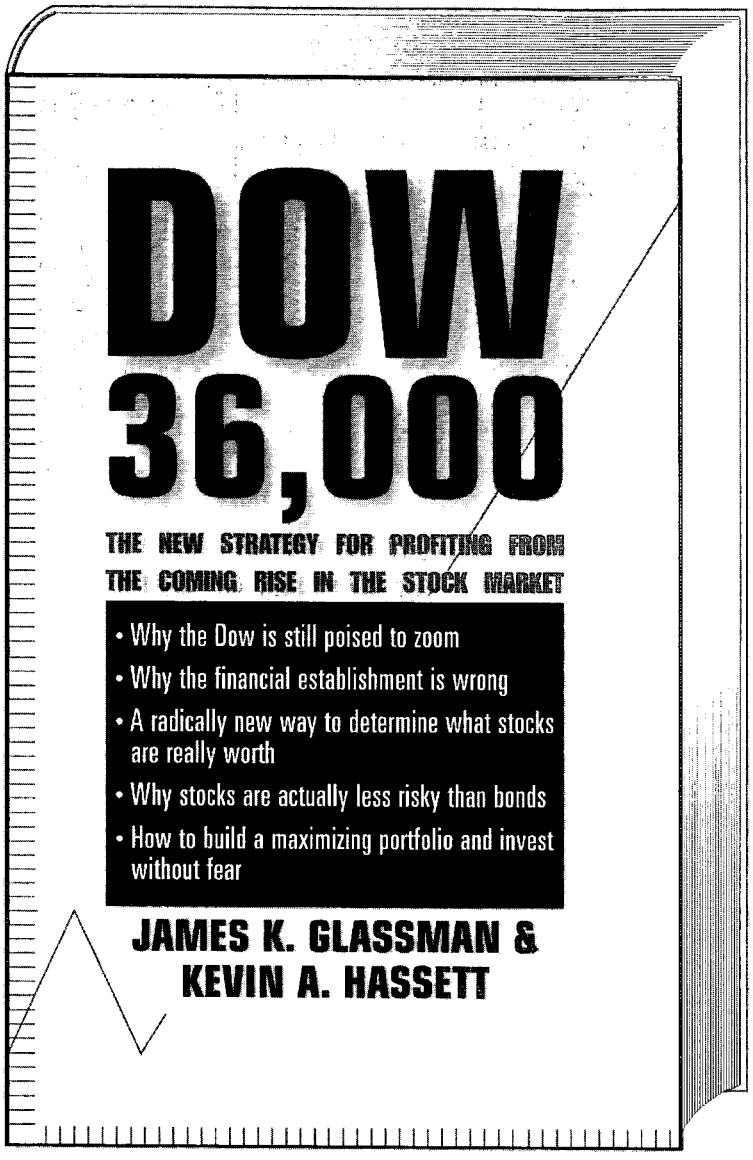

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BookTalk

FEAR OF A COLORED FUTURE

By Allan Carlson

Intended Consequences: Birth Control, Abortion, and the Federal Government in Modern America
By Donald T. Critchlow
Oxford University Press, 320 pages, $30

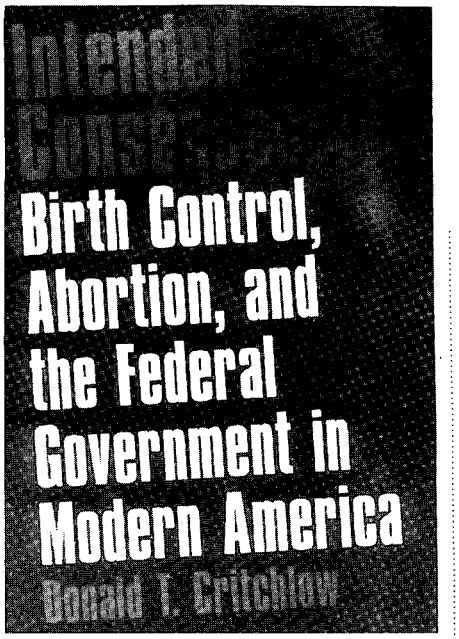
Donald Critchlow's *Intended Consequences* is as fair and comprehensive an account as we are likely to see of the controversies surrounding American birth control and abortion policy. While not flawless, it is a splendid testament to the value of "public history," which brings historical analysis to bear on policy disputes.

Critchlow shows how "a small group of men and women, numbering only a few hundred," caused a revolution in American policy toward fertility. Mostly white, upper-class Protestants, this group believed war and poverty were the products of unrestrained population growth. They believed World War II had been caused by population pressures in Asia and Europe. And they looked with horror on the American "baby boom" of the 1950s, as the new suburbs filled up with three- and four-child families.

Drawing on an impressive range of archival sources, Critchlow shows how these wealthy Americans conspired to slash the average family size of both the middle class and the poor. Early enthusiasts included Clarence Gamble, heir to the Proctor and Gamble fortune, who in the 1930s fell under the spell of Princeton University's Edwin Grant Conklin, an embryologist who "articulated a eugenic millennialism with a fear of social catastrophe" unless the breeding practices of the unfit were brought under control. Seeking a more effective contraceptive jelly for his wife, Gamble also collaborated with Harvard frat brother Stuart Mudd to create the Pennsylvania Committee for Maternal Health Betterment. Another early enthusiast, the heiress Mrs. Philip Pillsbury, established the International Planned Parenthood Federation in the late 1940s.

Critchlow properly focuses, though, on the two "giants" of the population control movement: oil heir John D. Rockefeller III and Hugh Moore, founder of the Dixie Cup Corporation. The former man's role began when "a fortuitous meeting in the men's room" at the Rockefeller Center with investment banker Lewis Strauss led to creation of the Population Council in 1952. Ostensibly a scientific agency doing objective research, the Council became the center of population control propaganda and activism. Frederick Osburn, President of the Eugenics Society, ran day-to-day operations. Rockefeller gave the Council a start-up grant of $1.2 million, followed by large gifts from the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, and the Scaife family. Over the next 25 years Rockefeller served as the "pivotal" figure in creating a population movement that would fundamentally alter both public policy and the very social structure of the United States.

Moore was more "alarmist" and "obsessed" than Rockefeller, and more radical in his call for coercive measures. His widely circulated 1954 pamphlet, "The Population Explosion," cast population control as absolutely necessary to prevent the spread of communism. When he formed the Population Crisis Committee in 1963, Moore pulled into the cause still other well-born establishment figures, including Pierre S. DuPont, Ellsworth Bunker, and John McCloy.



While fair to his subjects, Critchlow exposes their hypocrisies, including the fact that many population control advocates actually had large families. Critchlow carefully shows racism was a not infrequent theme in their campaign. During the 1930s, the racism was sometimes overt, as when a Rockefeller Foundation doctor in a Puerto Rican birth control clinic labeled his patients "beyond doubt the dirtiest, laziest, most degenerate and thievish race of men ever inhabiting this sphere" and wished for "a tidal wave to totally exterminate the population." In his 1944 book on American race relations, Gunnar Myrdal wryly noted that the South led "other sections of the country in accepting birth control," hinting that this was seen as a partial solution to "the Negro Problem." Gamble was convinced that African Americans had too many children. Lyndon Johnson's "War on Poverty" also built on the assumption that black poverty was linked to excessive fertility. Few insiders were surprised by reports in 1973 that a federal "family planning" program in Alabama had sterilized two African-American sisters, Minnie Lee Relf, 12, and Mary Alice Relf, 14. Nearly half the 22,175 federally funded sterilizations in '72 were performed on blacks, often using coercive tactics. Liberals, the conservative scholar Russell Kirk suggested, were "distressed by the colored man's mere existence, because he's different."

Critchlow provides a solid narrative of elite-driven policy successes. The first breakthrough of the population con-

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trollers came during the New Deal, when Congress approved the Venereal Disease Control Act of 1939. Uncle Sam would henceforth regulate the quality of condoms. Later, despite pressure from wealthy Republican donors, President Eisenhower instinctively put on the policy brake. Asked about federal birth control aid in 1959, he declared, "I cannot imagine anything more emphatically a subject that is not a proper political or governmental activity or function or responsibility." John F. Kennedy's Roman Catholicism, however superficial, seems to have blunted "the cause" for several more years. But Lyndon Johnson had no such inhibitions. As his War on Poverty took form, "family planning" was institutionalized through the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Social Security Amendments of 1967.

As in other areas of welfare policy, the Nixon administration sealed the victory. Paul Ehrlich's 1968 book *The Population Bomb* fueled a massive campaign against American fertility. When scattered voices noted that U.S. births had already plummeted to below the zero-growth level, control advocates explained that the real danger was the latent fertility potential of the baby boomers just coming to adulthood. The Family Planning Services and Population Research Act—crafted by Daniel Patrick Moynihan and other members of the Nixon team and legislatively shepherded by Congressman George Bush—was the result, becoming law in 1970. It sharply expanded federal expenditures for contraceptive services and set up the National Commission on Population Growth and the American Future. In a symbolically appropriate act, Nixon named John D. Rockefeller III to chair this panel. The population control cabal had won, and American fertility tumbled by the mid-1970s to 20 percent below the long-term zero-growth level.

Critchlow's chapters on the evolution of the population debate in the subsequent three decades include a fine analysis of the Roman Catholic "backlash," an insightful discussion of how the politics of abortion grew out of the population-control debate, and a careful delineation of how the population control movement ultimately embraced feminist and homosexual rights arguments. The book does have weaknesses. For example, Critchlow accepts uncritically the estimates of "illegal abortions" during the 1930s, '40s, and '50s made by population control advocates; I am persuaded by much smaller figures in the work of Siska, Hilgers, and O'Hare (*New Perspectives on Human Abortion*). The author's treatment of religious conservatives in the 1970s and '80s seems superficial (and he keeps misspelling Paul Weyrich's name). Critchlow mistakenly assumes at one point that the Republican Party controlled the U.S. House of Representatives after the 1980 election.

Moreover, in his enthusiasm for showing the "intended consequences" of policy change, he may pay too little attention to unintended consequences. Though Critchlow reports on the unexpected increase in out-of-wedlock births over this time (from 202,000 in 1957 to 1.29 million in 1994), he does not give real attention to the obverse side of this fact: All the decrease in American fertility occurred among married couples, as the marital fertility rate fell 45 percent. The author also passes over another "unintended" consequence of policy change in the 1960s: Just as the population controllers were clamping down on births to (married) Americans, they lost control of another major component of demographic change: immigration. Although the 1950s saw an average of 250,000 immigrants a year enter the U.S., the average grew to 775,000 during the 1980s in the wake of the Immigration Reform Act of 1965.

Indeed, overall population growth remained near or above the 1 percent per annum level, and the U.S. population grew from 180 million in 1960 to an estimated 273 million in 1999, not far below some of the "disastrous" mid-century predictions. The difference was this: Instead of these 93 million new Americans being the children of married couples of native-born (and mostly white) stock, they were more often the children of single-parent, disproportionately black families and foreign-born immigrants from Asia and Latin America. These clearly were not the ends sought by Gamble, Pillsbury, Rockefeller, and Moore.

Allan Carlson is president of the Howard Center.

BORN TO BE WILD

By Norah Vincent

Outlaw Machine: Harley-Davidson and the Search for the American Soul
By Brock Yates
Little, Brown, 274 pages, $24

Ronald Reagan has received credit for many things, but no one, to my knowledge, has ever come out and said that he made motorcycles chic again. Yet if automotive journalist Brock Yates is to be believed—and he makes a compelling case—Reaganomics did indeed resurrect the great American iron horse from the dead. After years of flagging sales (due mostly, says Yates, to injurious competition from Japan, and the American malaise of the 1970s), Harley-Davidson made its bikes into iconic machines for the first time since the '50s. In a stunning public relations coup, the company managed to make seemingly every virile male (and not a few women) from Wall Street to Waltham forgo the faster, sleeker Japanese imports, and choose instead an essentially antique clunker cum status symbol. Reagan's sanguine chauvinism and his tariffs on foreign trade, together with the 1980s bull market, transformed homemade junk into gold.

This is only part of the story, of course. Yates goes all the way back to the beginning, "when William Harley and the brothers Arthur and Walter Davidson rolled their first prototype motorcycle into

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the harsh Milwaukee sunlight in 1903." He traces this primitive machine—barely more than a puttering bicycle—through its leisurely evolution in the 'teens and '20s into what aficionados recognize as the quintessential Harley, the 61E Knucklehead (1936). He revisits the famous picture of debauched biker Eddie Davenport which appeared in *Life* in July 1947, and gave the Harley-Davidson its early mystique and its first wave of commercial popularity. He continues through the raucous '60s and the doldrum '70s when Harley-Davidson played unwitting tool in a tumultuous cultural revolution. He gives us an intimate tour of the rise of motorcycle mania in films like *Easy Rider*. He traces the growing popularity of biker images among the bookish set, when in 1974 Robert Pirsig published his bestseller, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. Finally, he hits his peak in the renaissance '80s, weaving shrewd social commentary together with motorhead argot.

It's the all-American story par excellence—invention, speed, image, and profit—and it's hard to imagine the tale having a better scribe. Declares Yates: "It is a tiresome canard that Americans maintain a love affair with their automobiles. By and large they view their cars as necessary appliances to haul the supine body from pillar to post. To find true love of the automobile, one must travel to Germany, Italy, or Great Britain, where affection levels far exceed those to be found in the United States. But the Harley-Davidson is different. Its owners truly cherish the thing, preening it like a pet horse and espousing mystical theories about it and its quasi-human traits."

Throughout, Yates beguiles with his insiders knowledge—everything from derisive biker acronyms for yuppie copycats (RIOTS: Retired Idiots on Tour; BASTARDs: Bought a Sportster, Therefore a Radical Dude) to Hell's Angels misogynist T-shirt slogans.

Outlaw Machine is an endearingly patriotic book, written with such zest that readers will have a hard time fending off Yates' love-of-country bug. This dedicated tribute to the American soul zooms and spits until the very last parting shot: "But if that rumble, that ungodly roar, that death threat to collectivism and convention dies away, it will be time to turn out the lights."

Norah Vincent, who lives in New York City, is co-author of The Instant Intellectual.

THE LIAR

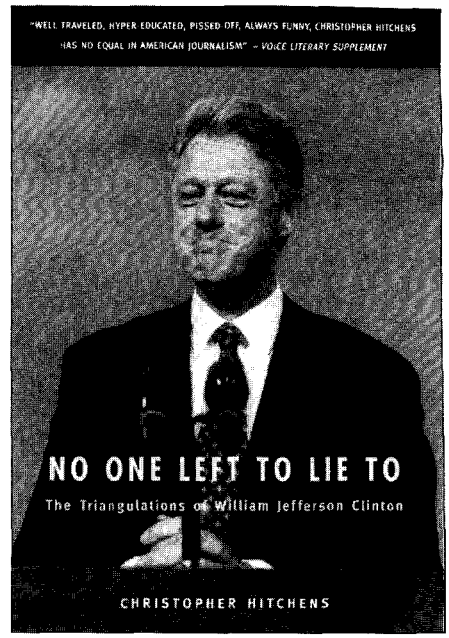
By Jesse Walker

No One Left to Lie to: The Triangulations of William Jefferson Clinton
By Christopher Hitchens
Verso, 160 pages, $19

Just as the most powerful critiques of George Bush usually came from the right, Bill Clinton's most lucid critics have generally hailed from the left. One of the most eloquent is Christopher Hitchens, who has been launching attacks on the chief exec since the start of campaign '92. Now he has given us *No One Left to Lie to*, an excellent essay on the Clinton presidency in the wake of impeachment. For those who have suffered through too many witless, redundant right-wing rants about the real and imagined evils of the Arkansas Traveler, it's a pleasure to read a book that turns its outrage into focused, powerful prose.

Hitchens' book has two closely linked themes. First, you cannot separate Clinton's private life from his public persona; they cross paths far too many times. Start with the first infidelity to reach the public's eyes. Clinton didn't simply sleep with Gennifer Flowers, a transgression that would arguably be no stranger's concern. He slandered her repeatedly, calling her a liar and worse, before finally acknowledging that, yes, they may have slept together once. (This prompts the book's funniest line: "All other considerations to one side, doesn't he know that it's the height of bad manners to make love to somebody only once?") The pattern kept repeating: If you were a woman who'd had sex with the President, you soon learned what would be in store for you if you talked about it.

You might even face an ugly fate if someone *else* slept with Clinton. In January, August, and December 1998, the United States bombed Iraq, then Afghanistan and Sudan, and then Iraq



again, each time at a moment that suspiciously coincided with new developments in domestic scandals. If Clinton indeed engaged in war for no reason other than to draw attention from his personal political problems—and the feds, by the way, have given up trying to prove the attack on Sudan had the lesat military justification—then he is a butcher and a traitor. Hitchens' point is that this would not only outweigh his private dalliances with Monica Lewinsky, but would be intimately connected to them.

The book's second theme is Clinton's triangulation—the art of finding the midpoint between elitist concerns and a populist style, so that one might (for example) push a health-care plan devised by large insurance companies while claiming to do battle with, um, large insurance companies. Clinton didn't just rise to power and govern as a triangulator, suggests Hitchens; he survived his scandals the same way, posing as a victim of the state apparatus even as he wielded that same apparatus against any former lovers (if that's the word) who might prove indiscreet.

Politically, *No One Left to Lie to* reflects Hitchens' libertarian-socialist perspective, which means it sometimes expresses opinions with which many readers—yea, even this reviewer—may disagree. But the book's only serious problem arrives in its final chapter, when it suddenly mutates into an unconvincing apologia for the author's decision to sign an affidavit against Sidney Blumenthal, the Clinton flack.

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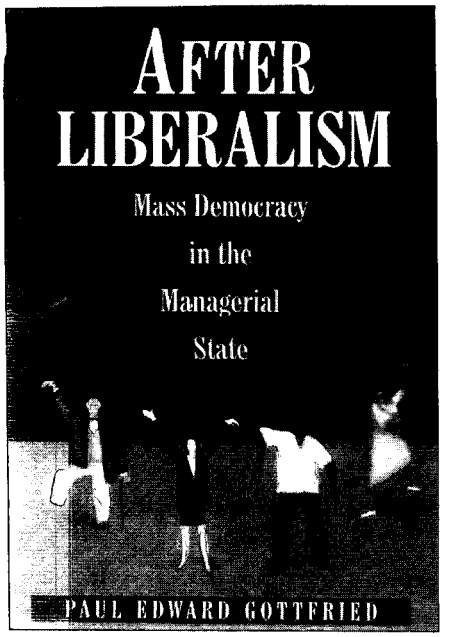

This turns an essay about Clinton and Clintonism into an essay about how the Clinton scandals intersected with the life of Christopher Hitchens.

But it does not diminish the book's powerful critique. Ken Starr may have abused his power, as so many prosecutors do. But that hardly excuses the many ways that Clinton has, in turn, abused his.

Jesse Walker is associate editor of Reason.

WHEN DID LIBERALISM GO BAD?

By John Attarian

After Liberalism: Mass Democracy in the Managerial State
By Paul Edward Gottfried
Princeton University Press, 185 pages, $27.95

Recently I encountered a visiting Martian baffled by the governance of Western countries. The power elite calls itself liberal, which our Martian thinks means tolerant and dedicated to protecting individual liberty against despotism. Yet it uses education to indoctrinate, and penalizes persons manifesting prejudice. Governments claim to practice democracy, which (said the Martian) means the people rule. Yet administrators do government's real work, and the people are passive ciphers. Dissenters appeal to popular discontent about immigration—but remain marginalized. "Can anybody explain what's happening?" cried the Martian. I handed him this book by Elizabethtown College professor Paul Gottfried, concise and lucid enough for one sitting, but learned and sophisticated enough to repay several. Its shrewd insights make it a matchless guide for the perplexed.

Once, Gottfried explains, liberalism was indeed about liberty and self-rule. Classical liberals were inegalitarian and feared democracy fosters socialism. Modern liberals, however, "ignore a patricide, namely, the slaying of nineteenth-century liberalism by twentieth-century liberal social planners," who adopted the "liberal" label to foist social democracy on America. Meanwhile, the rise of the lower classes, urbanization, the democratization of institutions, and other developments made the shift to social democracy possible.

While Gottfried makes a good case for liberalism's discontinuity, both classical and modern liberalism were subverted to their social orders. Promoting industrialization, free trade, and other profound changes, classical liberalism was revolutionary—and was seen as such by contemporary conservatives. Classical liberals like Richard Cobden prefigured today's globalists in pursuing a global utopia, with national and other antagonisms and distinctions obliterated.

Gottfried excels in describing the evolution of the managerial state, which is gradually taking over our national life through "administrative engulfment." Using education to mold society, the managerial state pursues social engineering relentlessly, touting tolerance, multiculturalism, and immigration. Some intellectuals attribute the managerial state's advent to social forces and to group and individual pursuit of power. Although sympathetic, Gottfried argues convincingly that beliefs are driving this, that welfare states seek to "reshape social relations to fit particular worldviews," and that managerial elites act "out of genuine conviction." Indeed, in their fanaticism, intolerance, and imperviousness to reality, many managerial elitists are true believers.

Valuably, Gottfried provides an extended, caustic account of how intellectuals such as Herbert Croly, Horace Kallen, Ronald Dworkin, and Amy Guttman hid their agendas behind references to science, exalted their preferences as virtues and rights, and sold coercive social control as a means of promoting democracy and freedom. They even claimed that liberalism's opponents possessed a pathological "authoritarian personality." These insidious tactics enabled them to attain authoritarian social control masquerading as benevolence, and persecute dissenters, here and elsewhere, in the name of "sensitivity" and protecting rights. Gottfried's account rings true to any close observer of liberalism in action.

While European populist oppositions are gaining, America's are not, Gottfried keenly argues, because Americans are atomized, rootless individuals, "materially driven and fear-obsessed." Theirs is a "stripped-down populism," concerned with crime and collecting entitlements. The regime, although under fire for the perceived gap between its liberal rhetoric and illiberal reality, is powerfully supported by opinion-makers and a "welfariate" of almost everybody, Gottfried notes. Neoconservatives have made their peace with it. Focusing on modernity's spiritual and aesthetic crisis and ignoring the managerial state, the traditionalist Right offers little opposition. "Any serious appraisal of the managerial regime," Gottfried concludes somberly, "must consider first and foremost the extent of its control—and the relative powerlessness of its critics."

My Martian friend closed *After Liberalism* and shook his head sadly. "This book has the disturbing quality of horrible truth. Gottfried cuts through layers of self-serving cant to reveal what's really happening. His erudition and orchestration of themes are outstanding. While he missed some aspects of liberal social engineering—libertine-producing sex education and the use of popular culture as indoctrination, for instance—*After Liberalism* is the most illuminating account I've read of how intellectual and political elites are using institutions to achieve their agenda."

The Martian sighed heavily. "As to where your managerial state is heading–on my last visit, someone named Huxley showed me his new book. He called it *Brave New World*."

John Attarian writes from Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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off The Shelf

A REGULAR REVIEW OF CLASSIC, OVER-LOOKED, NEWLY RELEVANT, OR OTHERWISE DESERVING OLDER BOOKS

OF IRISH CLERKS & BLACK CHEMISTS

By David R. Henderson

Race and Economics
By Thomas Sowell, 1975

Thomas Sowell has been churning out books since the early 1970s. Much of his writing examines the economic and social fortunes of ethnic groups, both in the United States and around the world. Sowell skewers beliefs that many of us have become attached to, typically by presenting data that make these beliefs look naive, which they almost always are. Milton Friedman, who rarely calls anyone brilliant, has applied that adjective to Sowell. My favorite among the many good books Sowell has written in the last quarter-century is one of his first, *Race and Economics*. Published in 1975, this volume asks, and answers, most of the big questions about race and economics in America.

How, for example, have various ethnic groups fared economically and what factors helped them? The Jews who immigrated in the late 1800s from Russia and other Eastern European countries arrived dirt poor, writes Sowell. The Lower East Side of Manhattan, where most of them took up residence, contained one-sixth of New York's population, living on one eighty-second of its land. Toilets had to be shared; a study in 1894 found only 51 private toilets among 4,000 tenements. Yet these people had one of the lowest death rates in the city, partly because of their emphasis on clean food and clean bodies.

Immigrant Jews rarely became common laborers. Generally they found trades in which they prospered, by the standards of that era. An 1892 survey found 60 Jewish millionaires in New York. (A million dollars then, when adjusted for inflation, would be about $15 million now.) One reason Jews took so readily to urban industrial life, Sowell notes, was that European governments had forbidden them from working in occupations that were central to feudalism; so Jews ended up in urban, commercial, and financial occupations.

Throughout the book, Sowell, who is black, highlights the situation of blacks. He points out that it doesn't make sense to compare the economic progress of immigrant Jews with that of blacks freed from slavery. A more relevant comparison, he notes, would be to compare blacks with groups from a peasant folk culture without an intellectual tradition, and from a society in which they were not only at the bottom but also were in a caste position from which no one expected them to rise.

Age differences among various populations is another important economic factor. Income rises substantially as people advance into their middle years. Using census data, Sowell shows that in the late 1960s the median age varied dramatically—from 18 for Mexicans, to 23 for black people, to 36 for Irish and Italians, to 47 for Russian Americans.

Do ethnic groups benefit in the long run by getting involved in politics? Sowell answers with a resounding no. The Irish came to dominate politics in parts of the Northeast—and ended up in the post office and other civil service jobs, failing to create a strong entrepreneurial or managerial class. By contrast, the Japanese, despite being stripped of their property and incarcerated in prison camps during World War II, stayed away from politics and got ahead through hard work. He concludes: "Emphasis on promoting economic advancement has produced far more progress than attempts to redress past wrongs, even where these wrongs have been obvious, massive, and indisputable."

Sowell finds that ethnic groups facing discrimination are served better by unregulated markets than by government intervention. He reasons, as Nobel Prize-winning economist Gary Becker did before him, that the group discriminated against would earn lower wages, per given productivity, than other groups. This would give profit-seeking businesses an incentive to hire them, and this increased demand for their labor would in the long run cause the wage differential to diminish. Sowell notes that if the government limits business profits, as it has done with various utilities, the incentive to hire underpriced, discriminated-against labor declines. He also points out that universities, being nonprofit, may discriminate more than for-profit enterprises. In 1936, only three Negroes with Ph.Ds were employed by all white colleges and universities in the United States, whereas in 1940, private industry employed more than 300 Negro chemists.

Governments often racially discriminate more than private-sector employers, because they lack a profit incentive to hire the ablest. Between 1910 and 1930, Sowell notes, when blacks were making some occupational advances in private industry, the federal government reduced the number of black employees and introduced segregation into its Washington offices. Objective hiring by federal civil service test results was amended during that time to allow the hiring official to choose among the top *three* applicants; a photograph was made mandatory. The military became almost entirely white. The Navy eliminated the remaining one percent of blacks at the end of World War I and accepted no more until 1932, when it began to accept blacks only for kitchen jobs. The Marine Corps had no blacks during the whole of World War II, and the Army had only two black combat officers.

Although Sowell is too much of an empiricist to say so, the book's bottom line is that however long it takes, various ethnic groups advance themselves best by acquiring skills, not political power. Government regulation is much more likely to hurt ethnic groups than to help them.

David R. Henderson is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution and an adjunct scholar with the American Enterprise Institute.

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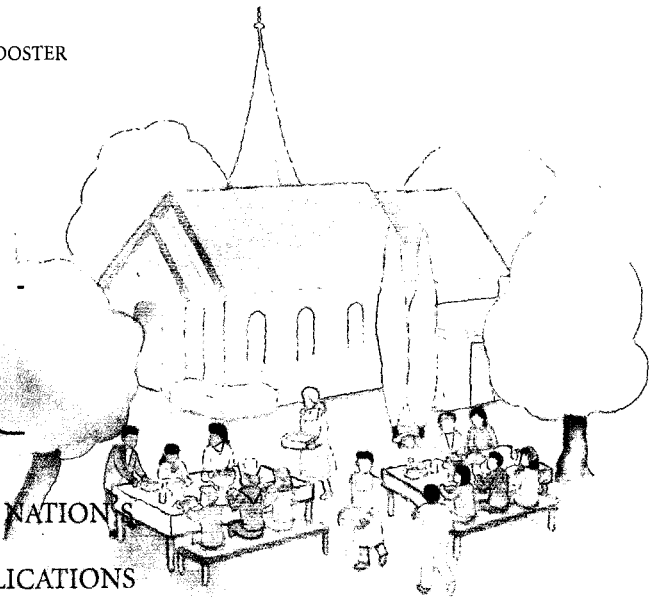
Digest



SUMMARIES OF IMPORTANT NEW RESEARCH FROM THE NATION'S UNIVERSITIES, THINK TANKS, AND INVESTIGATIVE PUBLICATIONS

POLITICS

Americans' Ties Bind

Everett Carll Ladd, *The Ladd Report*. Free Press, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020.

In a celebrated 1995 essay, Harvard political scientist Robert Putnam warned that Americans were far less likely to join groups than in the past. Citing declines in many major organizations—labor unions, the League of Women Voters, PTAs, and bowling leagues—Putnam concluded that Americans had become far less civic-minded, a trend that would inevitably lead to a fractured and balkanized America.

Ladd, professor emeritus at the University of Connecticut, disagrees. A great deal of evidence, he contends, shows Americans are now *more* likely to join associations and aid charities. We are less likely to bowl than in the past—but more likely to join soccer leagues. Women have shifted their allegiance from the League of Women Voters to less political groups, such as the Soroptimists and local businesswomens' associations. And while PTA membership is declining, parents aren't abandoning the schools; they're more likely to create independent, locally controlled parent-teacher organizations (PTOs), which don't have to pay hefty dues to the PTA national headquarters or follow its political lead.

Americans are also increasingly donating time to worthy causes. Polls show steady rises in the percentage of Americans who say they volunteer to help others. In 1977, for instance, 26 percent of Americans surveyed said they donated time to help the poor, the sick, and the elderly. By 1995, the percentage had more than doubled to 54 percent. Charitable donations are also rising, from $349 per person in 1970 to $524 in 1996 (measured in constant 1993 dollars).

American civic-mindedness compares favorably to that of other countries. While only 18 percent of Americans told the World Values Survey that they didn't belong to any groups, 61 percent of the French, 64 percent of Japanese and Mexicans, and 70 percent of Spaniards lacked any group ties. In one set of surveys, 49 percent of Americans said they volunteered in the past 12 months, but only 13 percent of Germans and 19 percent of French had. And Americans said they donated an annual average of $851 to charity; the average German contribution was $120, the average French donation, $96.

One reason for these differences is religion. Americans are more likely to donate time and money to their privately funded churches than people in other countries are to aid state churches. While 51 percent of Americans told the World Values Survey they belonged to a church or religious group, only 17 percent of Spaniards, 9 percent of Norwegians, and 5 percent of Japanese said they did. And while 51 percent of Americans gave money to their churches, only 9 percent of the French voluntarily donated to their state church. Americans, Ladd insists, haven't "given up on the demands of citizenship."

ECONOMICS AND BUSINESS

More Bang for the Surplus Buck

Kevin A. Hassett and R. Glenn Hubbard, *The Magic Mountain: A Guide to Using and Defining a Budget Surplus*. AEI Press, 1150 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Hassett and Hubbard, economists at the American Enterprise Institute, argue Congress should be cautious about how to deal with the federal budget surplus. They explore several ways it can be used:

• *Reduce the federal debt.* Debt reduction could help the economy by lowering interest rates, but it's possible that with a lesser debt, Congress might be tempted to increase spending.

• *Reform Social Security.* Economist Martin Feldstein suggests workers over age 35 receive lump-sum "recognition bonds" from the federal government equal to the amount of Social Security they would receive when they retire. Workers could use these bonds to buy private annuities to provide pensions. But the costs of these bonds could be as much as $11 trillion–ten times more than the most optimistic budget surplus forecast.

• *Cut taxes.* Tax-cutting might well be the best way to use the budget surplus to stimulate the economy. That's because

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the costs of paying taxes (hours spent in record-keeping, funds that aren't available for savings or investment) are up to 40 percent over and above the tax bill. But rather than "targeted" tax cuts for some, Hassett and Hubbard argue it's much more efficient to impose across-the-board tax reductions.

SOCIETY

Hiding the Underclass

Charles Murray, *The Underclass Revisited*. AEI Press, 1150 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

In the 1980s, argues American Enterprise Institute scholar Charles Murray, "the underclass was in our face." Busing ensured that troubled urban youth routinely vandalized suburban classrooms. The homeless clogged the nation's central cities. Public order cracked, with cities appearing to be dominated by vandals, prostitutes, and "knots of menacing teenagers." Rising crime rates caused many city dwellers to feel "afraid and besieged."

One decade later, these trends have all been reversed. Busing has largely been curtailed. More strict vagrancy laws and additional shelters have dramatically reduced the number of homeless on the streets. "Zero-tolerance policing" has ensured that seemingly minor crimes such as graffiti-painting are much rarer. And by sending habitual criminals to jail, cities have ensured these crooks are behind bars instead of committing more crimes.

It's possible, then, that a wealthy America can contain the underclass. But Murray finds two trends disturbing: First, the moral code of the ghetto is now seeping into modern culture. Far too many suburban teenagers learn from obscenity-laden rap albums and violent movies that the key to success in life is to practice "underclass ethics"—lie, cheat, and violently attack anyone who might "disrespect" you. And white illegitimacy rates are slowly rising. Currently, 22 percent of the children of non-Latino whites are illegitimate, ensuring that a substantial number of white teenagers may grow up fatherless. Given that similar illegitimacy rates ensured the destruction of the black family, we may see "accelerated and sustained growth in white crime, labor force dropout, and illegitimacy by the middle of the next decade."

"Broad swaths of American society," Murray writes, "are becoming more civil, more responsible, and less self-indulgent." Yet the existence of the underclass means that a minority of amoral and violent Americans will have to be controlled if the country is to prosper. Given that in America everyone is supposed be self-reliant and independent, he asks: Is it admirable that the U.S. is now dividing into the rulers and the ruled?

A Clock With No Alarm

Jonathan Walters, "Beyond the Welfare Clock," in *Governing* (April 1999), 1100 Connecticut Avenue N.W. #1300, Washington, D.C. 20036.

When Congress passed the welfare reform bill in 1996, the most controversial feature was a five-year lifetime limit on federal welfare benefits. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-N.Y.), called it, "the most brutal act of social policy we have known since Reconstruction."

Three years later, welfare caseloads are dramatically plunging. But the drop, observes *Governing* correspondent Walters, is largely due to tougher work requirements, not to time limits; relatively few people have had their welfare checks end because time has expired. "While time limits had the hard ring of tough love when states adopted them," he writes, "hard-liners are becoming social softies when time runs out on recipients."

Consider Tennessee, which imposed an 18-month time limit in 1997. When the time limit expired, 5,000 recipients were threatened with an end to their checks. But the state exempted 2,800 cases because of disability or other reasons, and granted extensions to another 1,400 recipients who were still looking for work. Only 800 recipients had their checks stopped.

Faced with the tougher cases, some states are trying hard to ensure that as few people as possible are actually cut off from welfare. Arizona's Department of Economic Security, for example, recently asked the state legislature for an additional $3 million to "launch a formal review of cases about to receive full sanction." Tennessee, Delaware, and Montana are also launching additional reviews before welfare checks stop.

Walters predicts a similar weakening of the federal welfare time limit, now currently scheduled to take effect in 2002, particularly if the economy turns sour. One change, for example, would be to count "family-building activities" such as taking children to Scouts or after-school programs as part of the work requirement. "For very dysfunctional adults or problem-plagued families," Walters observes, such "family-building" exercises "may be as much as government can reasonably expect."

The Other New York Success Story

Paul E. O'Connell and Frank Straub, "Why the Jails Didn't Explode," in *City Journal* (Spring 1999), Manhattan Institute, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

New York City's success in slashing its crime rate is well known. A lesser-known but equally important reform has occurred in the city's jails, observe criminologists O'Connell of Iona College and Straub of John Jay College.

Prior to 1994, New York City's 35 jails were violent and anarchic. The inmates at Rikers Island, the city's largest jail, used smuggled razors or knives to commit 176 stabbings or slashings in just two months in 1994. Gang members were allowed to wear beads or "do-rags" (bandannas) to signify who belonged to the Bloods, the Nietas, or the Latin Kings. Except for murders, crime in the jail was not punished; so inmates taunted and maimed guards with impunity.

Mayor Giuliani responded by appointing criminologist Michael Jacobson as jail commissioner in 1995. Along with his deputy, Bernard Kerik (who succeeded Jacobson in 1997), Jacobson began by ensuring that wardens had to know how many inmates were in their prisons and who the chief troublemakers

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were. Those who didn't were docked pay until they started doing their jobs.

Jacobson and Kerik then implemented a computer system known as TEAMS, which tracked 90 "performance indicators," including how many times guards used Mace and how many books were checked out of prison libraries. This constant flow of information enabled officials to determine problems and solve them. In one case, TEAMS data found a rising number of slashings at Rikers due to stolen scalpels. Inventory controls ensured no more scalpels fell into inmates' hands.

The commissioners also cracked down on inmates' committing crime in jail: Arrests for in-jail crimes have risen from six per month to over 100, and convicts now know that burning a mattress or assaulting a guard can result in their sentences being extended. In addition, all inmates caught with weapons must wear a red ID card at all times, ensuring extra searches from guards.

As a result of these changes, inmate violence fell by 90 percent in four years, even as the number of inmates rose by 20 percent. And New York City's jails, notes assistant deputy warden Emmanuel Bailey, are no longer places "where you come to be a better criminal. These days, you might come back a better citizen."

SCIENCE AND ENVIRONMENT

Savage, But Not Noble

Robert Whelan, *Wild in Woods: The Myth of the Noble Eco-savage*. Institute of Economic Affairs Environment Unit, 2 Lord North Street, London SW1P 3LB, England.

In his essay "On the Cannibals" (1580), Montaigne was the first Westerner to describe a primitive land where noble savages lived in harmony with nature. A tribe of Brazilian Indians, Montaigne claimed, had "no occupation but leisure.... Among them you hear no words for treachery, lying, cheating, avarice, envy, backbiting, or forgiveness."

Ever since Montaigne's day, Westerners have tried to discover a happy land where primitive peoples live lightly on the earth and so can offer moral and spiritual lessons to the decadent capitalist West. But no such tribes exist or have ever existed, argues Whalen of the Institute of Economic Affairs. And Westerners who travel to the tropics or the poles seeking spiritual salvation have usually made matters worse.

Whalen offers several examples of American Indians ravaging the earth. Western films, for instance, claim Indians used smoke signals to communicate with other tribes. But when Lewis and Clark first met Indians in the Rocky Mountains, they were appalled by the Indians' setting trees ablaze "as after-dinner entertainment; the huge trees would explode like Roman candles in the night." Indians were also fantastically wasteful. Crow Indian women delighted in dresses made from 700 elk teeth—extracted, two per animal, from hundreds of elk.

In more recent years, Westerners have discovered that primitive peoples caused ecological damage. Anthropologist Allyn MacLean Shearman reports that the Yuqui Indians of Bolivia routinely used slaves to climb trees to bring their masters fruit. From Western influence, the Yuqui decided that slavery was wrong—so they decided to cut down the fruit trees instead, since "only slaves climb trees." The result: "Some species of fruit tree have become almost extinct around Yuqui settlements."

Such barbaric practices are not usually improved by Western do-gooders. In the late 1980s, the rock star Sting assisted the Kayapo Indians of Brazil in their efforts to block construction of a World Bank-funded dam. Thanks to Sting's help, the dam was stopped, and the Kayapo acquired their own 25,000-square mile reservation in the Brazilian rain forest, which they promptly logged "on a massive scale." By 1993, Sting was so disgusted he told an Australian newspaper that Indians "are always trying to deceive you. They see the white man only as a good source of earning money, and then as a friend."

In Canada, efforts by Greenpeace in the early 1980s stopped the Canadian Inuit seal harvest. But the Inuit were not grateful for the help of Western ecologists; they protested that their means of making a living had been taken away. The result of the seal hunt ban, according to a 1989 investigation by the *Sunday Times* of London, was "an epidemic of alcohol-related crimes, stabbings, domestic violence, and rape."

Third World tribes, Whalen concludes, are no better—and often worse—than Americans or Europeans. "It would be helpful if we could drop the stereotype of the 'noble savage,' which must be amongst the oldest and most misleading in literature and anthropology, and just deal with the world and its peoples as they really are."

No Race to the Bottom

Indur M. Goklany, "The Environmental Transition to Air Quality," in *Regulation* (Fall 1998), Cato Institute, 1000 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001.

The Clean Air Amendments of 1970 made air pollution the federal responsibility of the newly created Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), after environmentalists successfully argued that if air pollution control were left to the states, they would engage in a "race to the bottom" to see which state could be the most business-friendly—by allowing the most pollution. Goklany, an Interior Department scientist, finds that the evidence belies environmentalists' claims: The states were making steady progress in cleaning the air before the federal government stepped in.

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Prior to 1970, the worst cases of air pollution were primarily due to three pollutants: particulate matter (smoke), carbon dioxide, and sulfur dioxide. All three pollutants were in decline in the U.S. before the EPA was established. Particulate matter was the first to fall, in the late 1950s, as American homes shifted from wood and coal for heat to cleaner oil, electricity, and natural gas. In the 1960s, states began to increase environmental oversight; the number of state environmental protection offices increased from eight in 1960 to 50 by 1970. Emissions of carbon dioxide peaked in 1965 and sulfur dioxide by 1970. In addition, California regulators ensured that ozone levels in Los Angeles peaked in 1967.

Thus the only national air pollution success stories to take place after the EPA's creation were national ozone reductions from 1975 onwards and control of nitrogen oxide production, which peaked in 1976 (Goklany notes that nitrogen oxide is the most expensive of the major pollutants to control, in part because some of the technology used to reduce carbon dioxide inadvertently increased nitrogen oxide production).

All the evidence shows states have long been engaged in a "race to the top" to see which will be the cleanest. Given this track record, Goklany suggests the best way to fight air pollution is for Washington to set national pollution-fighting goals and then devolve to the states the power to see how these goals are met.

OTHER COUNTRIES

Russia: Sick and Drunk

Nicholas Eberstadt, "Russia: Too Sick to Matter?" in *Policy Review* (June/July 1999), Heritage Foundation, 214 Massachusetts Avenue N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

A decade ago, the Soviet Union was a totalitarian superpower battling the United States for mastery of the world. Today, Russia is an enfeebled democracy barely able to send troops to Kosovo. There are many reasons for Russia's decline, but Eberstadt of the American Enterprise Institute finds a previously unknown culprit: the vodka bottle.

AP Photo/Mikhail Metzel

Russians tell their statistical agencies they consume, on average, about five bottles a week, or over 250 bottles a year. And since these are self-reported statistics, it's likely Russians drink even more. Vodka consumption ensures Russia leads the world in two categories of mortality: cardiovascular disease, and accidents and other "external" causes. Russian mortality rates for cardiovascular disease alone are equal to U.S. death rates in all categories combined. In addition, 35,000 Russians die each year of accidental alcohol poisoning. The comparable number for America–with twice Russia's population–is 300.

As for deaths from accidents, more Russians are able to buy cars–and misuse them—and Russian mobsters also help boost their nation's death rates. But massive vodka consumption is the primary reason so many Russians die from falls, murders, crashes, and suicides. A Russian child born in 1995 had a 1-in-4 chance of dying from an external cause; a comparable British child had a 1-in-30 chance.

About 1.8 million more Russians died in 1992-95 than would have died had mortality rates simply remained at the wretched level of Soviet Communism in 1987, rather than deteriorating further. These "extra" deaths are comparable to the number of Russians killed in the First World War. Russia's rising mortality rate is comparable to what Germany and Japan experienced during the last two years of World War II.

Russia currently has the world's thirteenth largest economy, roughly equal to Singapore's. Eberstadt predicts that if Russian death rates continue to worsen, by 2015 Russia's economy will be the world's twentieth largest, equal to Argentina or Holland. A nation with such a relatively small economy could certainly be "a nuisance, a headache, or (if left unchecked) a predatory menace," but the sick man of Europe and Asia will no longer be a great power. Illnesses and vodka ensure "Russia is going to be in bed for a long, long time."

Good Money in Bad Countries

David Dollar and Lant Pritchett, *Assessing Aid: What Works, What Doesn't, and Why.* World Bank/Oxford University Press, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

Much of the tens of billions spent in foreign aid over the past 50 years has been squandered. Donors have spent $2 billion building roads in Tanzania, but lack

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of maintenance has let them fall into ruin faster than they've been built. Nor have the billions spent assisting such notoriously corrupt countries as Burma, Congo, and Nigeria done anything to fight poverty or make these nations more democratic.

Why has such aid been wasted? World Bank development economists Dollar and Pritchett argue that countries with bad governments can't be improved with foreign aid. "Efforts to 'buy' policy improvements in countries where there has been no movement for reform," they write, "have typically failed."

Three decades ago, when foreign aid was at its most popular, development economists made two faulty assumptions: They believed countries were poor simply because they lacked capital to finance economic growth (the "savings gap") and that this capital was primarily needed to buy imported machinery (the "foreign exchange gap"). Thus economists urged foreign donors to help create heavy industry in poor countries.

If this "two-gap" theory were valid, Dollar and Pritchett calculate, foreign aid would have ensured that Zambia's annual per capita income was now $20,000. Despite Western generosity, however, Zambia's per capita income is only $800.

But low-income countries that have taken the necessary first steps—free trade, private property, an honest civil service—have done much better. Here donors can help make good countries better. On average, well-run Third World countries that received lots of aid (Mali, El Salvador, Honduras, Ghana, Bolivia) had an average annual economic growth rate of 3.7 percent. Well-run low-income countries that didn't receive aid saw an average annual economic growth rate of only 2.2 percent. (Every 1 percent increase in economic growth, Dollar and Pritchett calculate, reduces poverty by 2 percent.)

Donors' advice is as important as their checks. Nearly all developing countries have a national railway system that's old, badly maintained, and overstaffed by underworked bureaucrats. Argentina used technical assistance from overseas donors to break up its national railways and contract out some routes to private firms. The result: Argentina's railways became four times more productive and the government saved $600 million. Foreign advisers used Argentina's example as a case study to help Brazil, Chile, Mexico, and some African nations improve their railways.

Foreign donors achieve more with their aid when they assist nonprofit groups instead of governments. Foreign funds have helped El Salvador dramatically improve its school system by devolving power and budgets to parent-controlled community associations called EDUCOs that can hire and fire teachers and equip and maintain schools. EDUCO schools have done so well that El Salvador's education ministry plans to make all schools community-controlled.

By being selective, Dollar and Pritchett conclude, donors can do more good than simply handing corrupt governments more aid.

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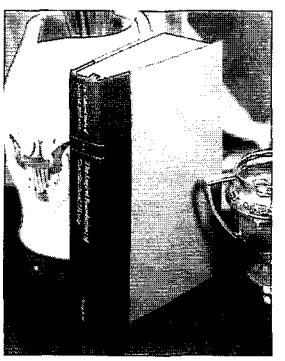

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Introduction by Geoffrey Brennan, Hartmut Kliemt, and Robert D. Tollison

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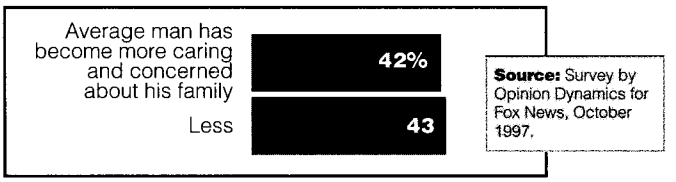
FATHERHOOD TODAY

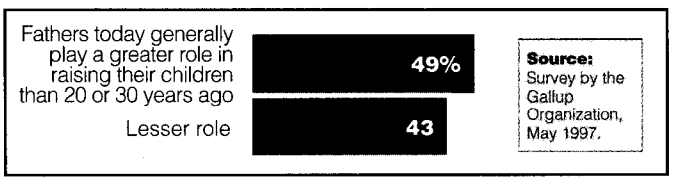
Americans are divided about whether the average man is more caring about his family today than in the past and whether fathers play a greater role in their children's lives than 20 or 30 years ago. A large majority agree being a father is more difficult than it was. About two-thirds think fathers are doing a better job or the same job as their fathers did. Eighty-five percent of fathers give themselves an A or B grade for the job they are doing raising children. A large majority of teens say being a father and raising children is one of the most fulfilling experiences a man can have.

Question: Over the past 25 years, do you think...?



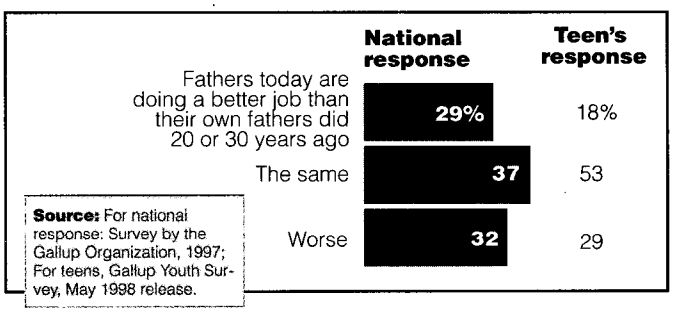
Source: Survey by Opinion Dynamics for Fox News, October 1997.

Question: Do you feel...?



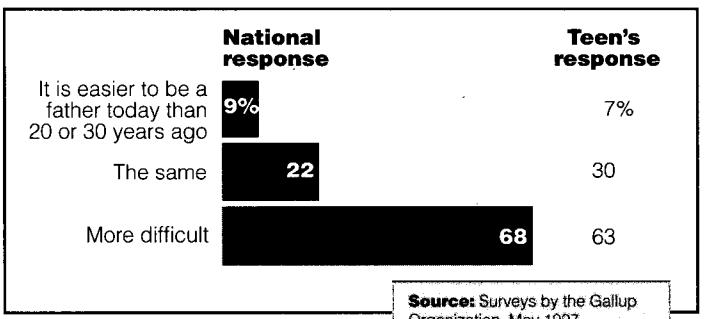
Source: Survey by the Gallup Organization, May 1997.

Question: All in all, do you think that...?



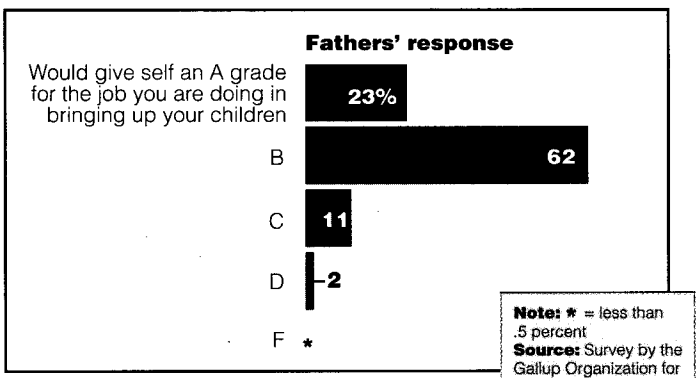
Source: For national response: Survey by the Gallup Organization, 1997; For teens, Gallup Youth Survey, May 1998 release.

Question: Generally speaking, do you think...?



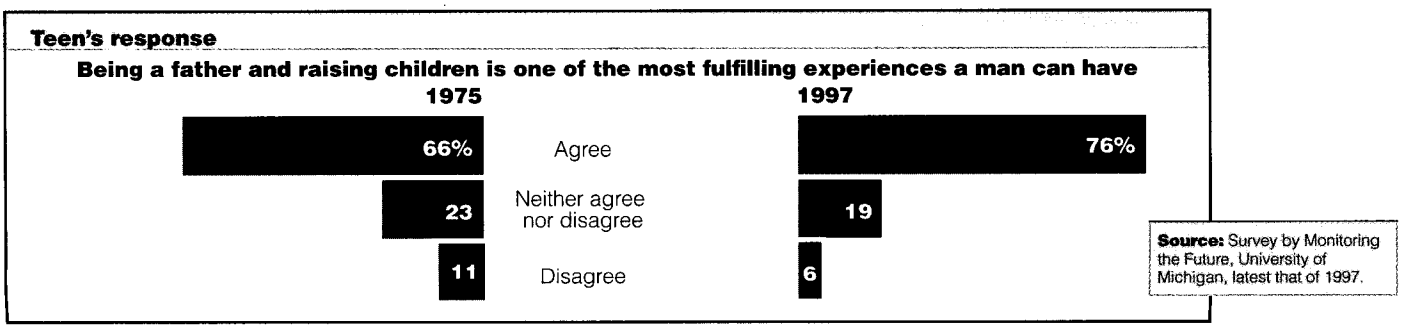
Source: Surveys by the Gallup Organization, May 1997.

Question: Using an A, B, C, D, and F grading scale like they do in school, ...?



Note: * = less than .5 percent
Source: Survey by the Gallup Organization for *USA Today* and CNN, February 1997.

Question: How much do you...?



Source: Survey by Monitoring the Future, University of Michigan, latest that of 1997.

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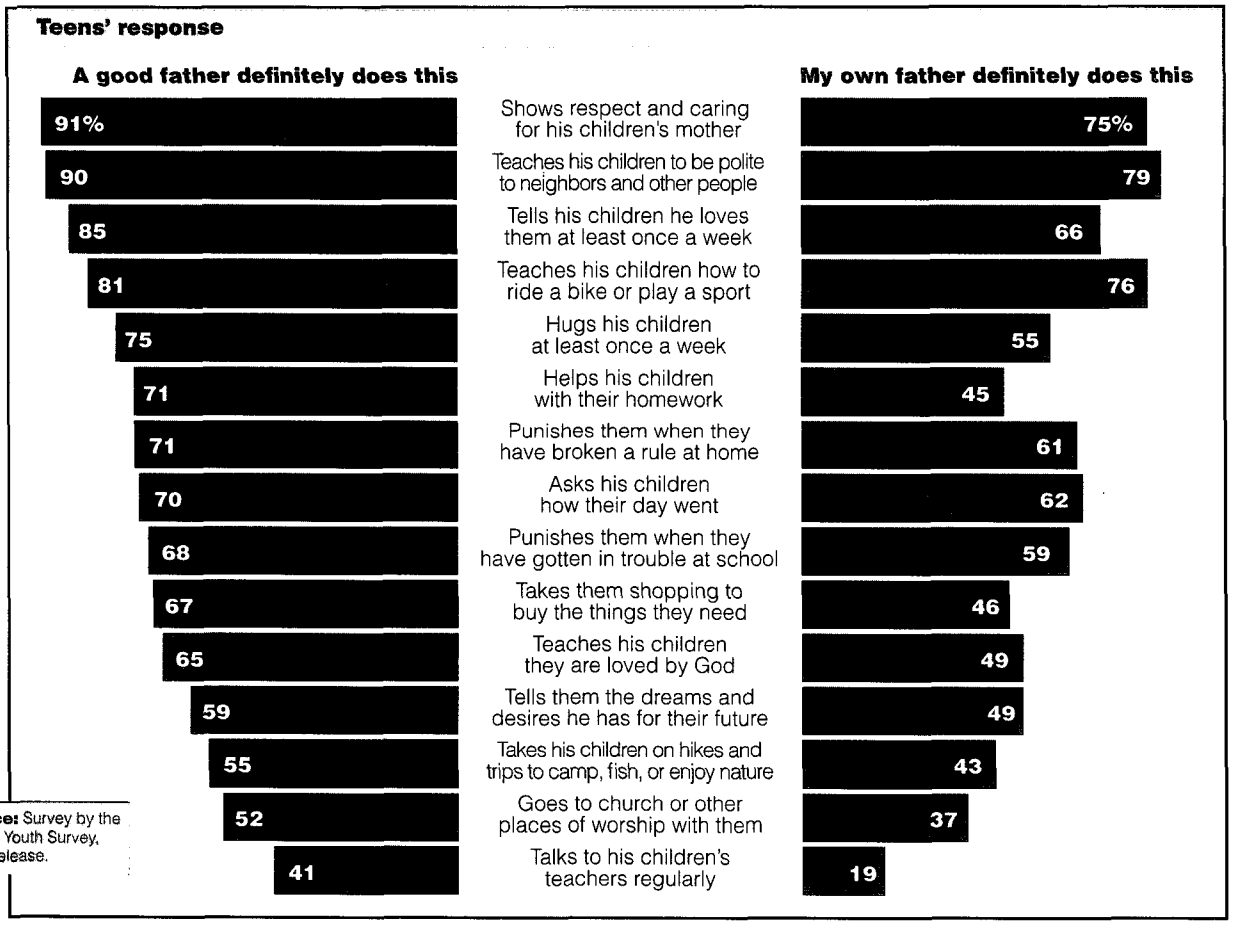
Teens have a long list of things a good father "definitely" does. At the top of the list are showing respect for his children's mother and teaching children to be polite. Telling their children he loves them at least once a week is necessary, too. Large majorities say their father definitely does these things. Fathers in two-parent intact families set rules for their children, particularly about things like how late they stay up, what they eat, the time to do homework, and limits on television viewing.

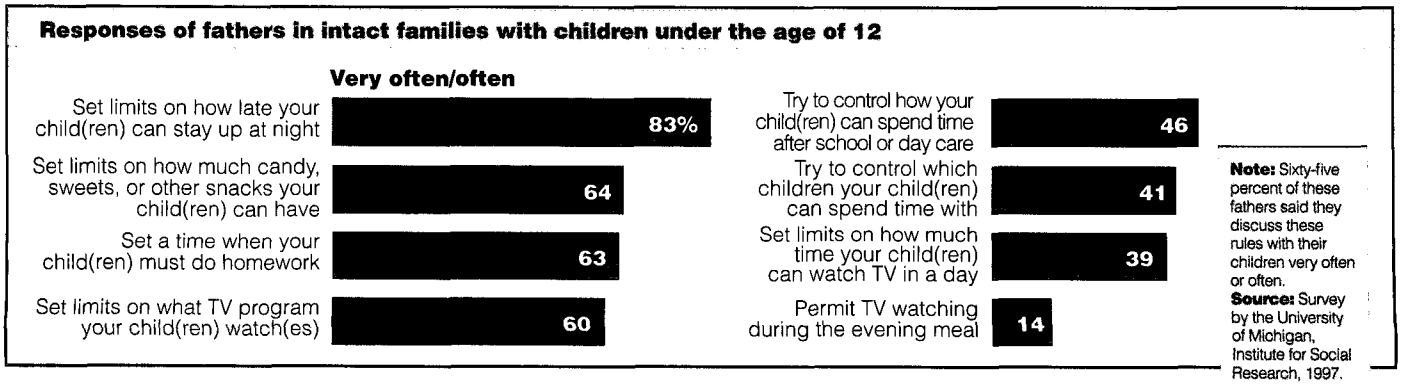
Question: For each statement I read to you about fathers, I'd like you to tell me whether...

Question: I'm going to read to you the same statements. This time, I would like you to tell me, for each statement, whether your father...?



Source: Survey by the Gallup Youth Survey, 1998 release.

Question: How often do you...



Note: Sixty-five percent of these fathers said they discuss these rules with their children very often or often.
Source: Survey by the University of Michigan, Institute for Social Research, 1997.

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THE FAMILY DINNER HOUR

When he announced his run for the presidency, Vice President Gore talked about the "time deficit in family life...dinner tables that sit empty, when working parents do not have the time to share a meal with their children." But recent polling data suggest that large numbers of Americans have dinner together five or more times a week. Three-quarters say eating dinner with their families is very important. In addition, roughly 60 percent say they say grace or give thanks to God at the family meal.

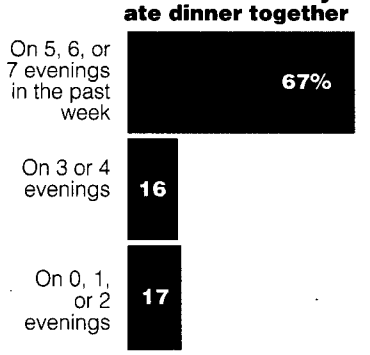
Question: When you were around the age of the children in your house...?

Households with children under 18 years of age

Note: Recent polls of households with teenagers show that around 60 percent say they have family dinners 5, 6, or 7 days a week.
Source: Survey by CBS News/*New York Times*, November 1990.

Question: In the last seven days, how many evenings...?

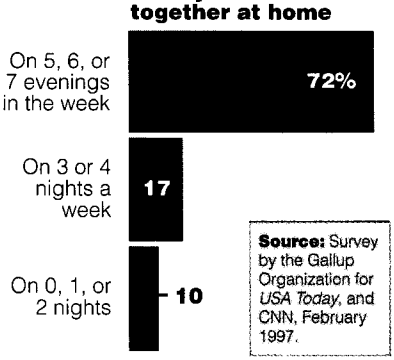
Most of the family ate dinner together



Question: How many nights a week out of seven...?

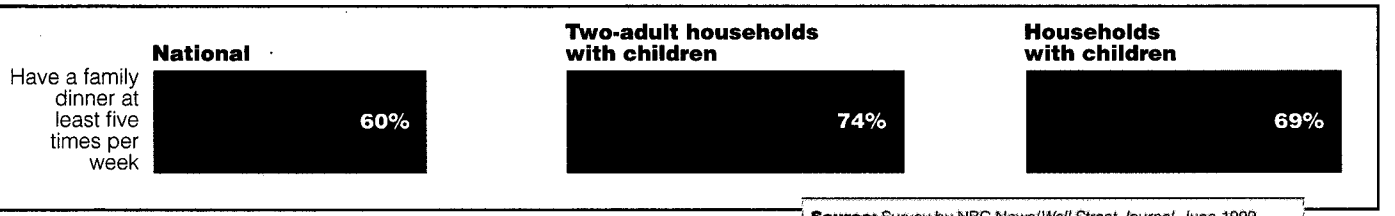
Parents with children under 18 years of age

Family eats dinner together at home



Source: Survey by the Gallup Organization for *USA Today*, and CNN, February 1997.

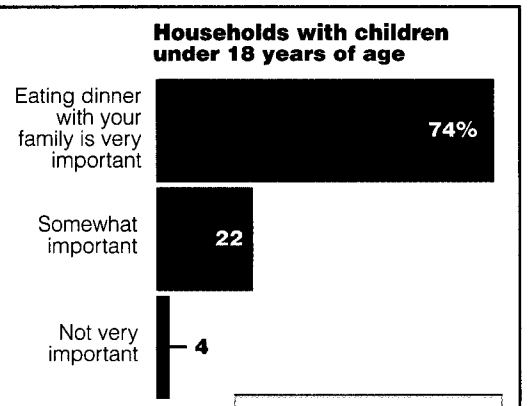
Question: Please tell me whether you ...?



Source: Survey by NBC News/*Wall Street Journal*, June 1999.

Question: How important to you is...?

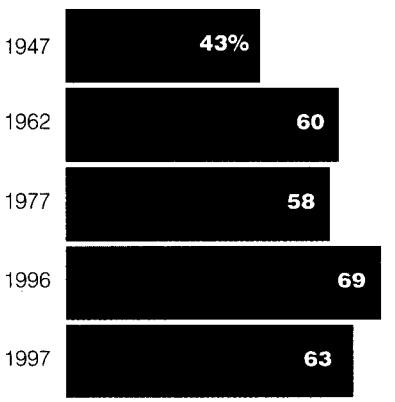
Households with children under 18 years of age



Source: Survey by CBS News/*New York Times*, November 1990.

Question: At your family meals at home, does anyone...?

Someone says grace or gives thanks aloud to God at family meals



Source: For 1947, 1962, 1977, and 1997, surveys by the Gallup Organization; for 1996, Pew Research Center for the People & the Press.

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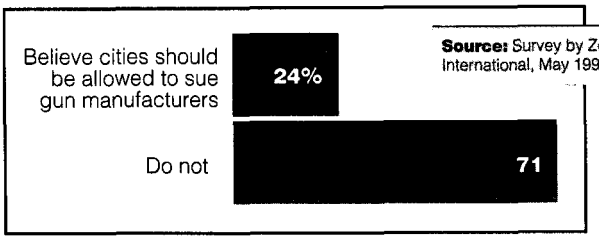
RESPONSIBILITY FOR GUN VIOLENCE

Although Americans support a variety of restrictions on guns, they are opposed to holding gun manufacturers responsible for gun violence. Four questions asked by major pollsters in the wake of the Littleton tragedy use different language to describe local government suits against gun manufacturers. In each case, majorities reject these suits. But people do favor holding parents responsible when a child commits a crime using a parent's gun.

Question: As you may know, several cities have filed lawsuits against gun manufacturers to recover money spent by hospitals and police departments dealing with gun violence. Do you...?

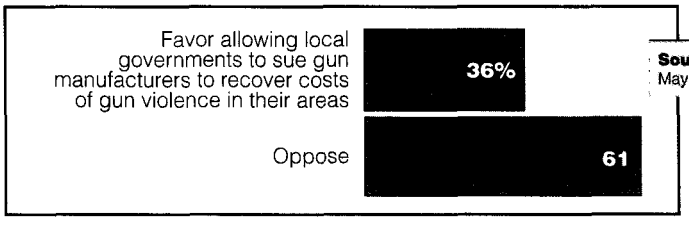
Source: Survey by International Communications Research for the Associated Press, April 16–19, 1999.

Question: Some cities have filed lawsuits against gun manufacturers. They say that gun manufacturers have not done enough to prevent violence and crime that involve the use of guns in their cities. Do you...?



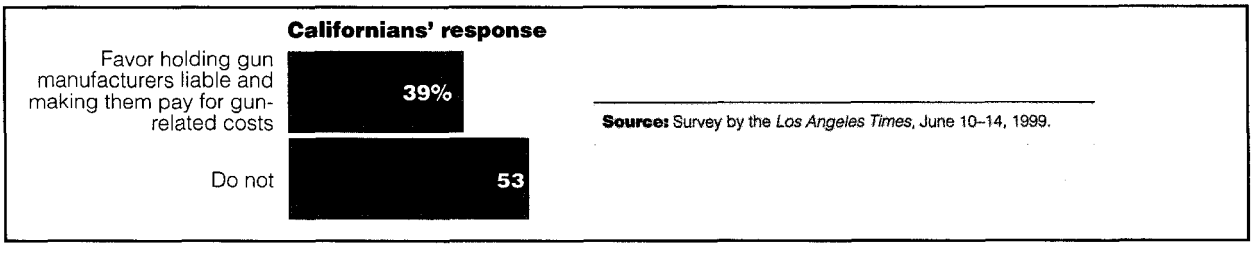
Source: Survey by Zogby International, May 1999.

Question: More generally, would you...?



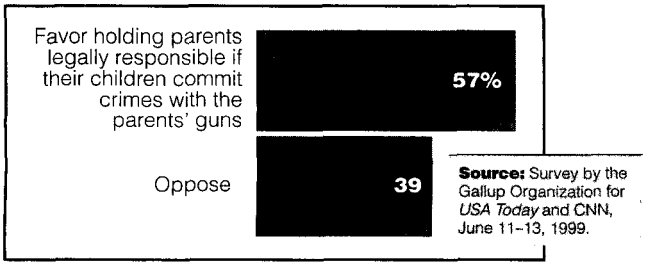
Source: Survey by the Gallup Organization, May 23–24, 1999.

Question: Some cities are suing gun makers for violations of product liability laws in an attempt to hold them liable for the costs to hospitals and police from gun-related violence. Other cities, including Los Angeles and San Francisco, are seeking civil penalties and heavy fines against gun manufacturers for creating a public nuisance and breaking unfair practice laws. Proponents of this sort of litigation say gun manufacturers need to do more to prevent illegal gun sales, such as those to minors and criminals. They also claim gun firms have failed to install safety features that would prevent intentional and accidental shootings. Gun rights advocates, on the other hand, claim that such lawsuits are an attempt to put manufacturers out of business and take guns away from Americans. Where do you stand on this issue...?



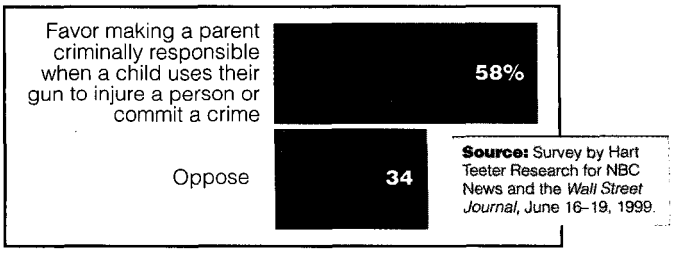
Source: Survey by the *Los Angeles Times*, June 10–14, 1999.

Question: Please tell me whether you ...?



Source: Survey by the Gallup Organization for *USA Today* and CNN, June 11–13, 1999.

Question: I'm going to read you a number of things that the federal government might do to regulate the manufacture and sale of firearms. For each provision, please tell me whether you...?



Source: Survey by Hart Teeter Research for NBC News and the *Wall Street Journal*, June 16–19, 1999.

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the Mail

I am shocked by Pat Conroy's article in the July/August *TAE* ("Better than Georgetown-Oxford-Yale"). Although I have no love for our current President, I do not see any relationship between his behavior (good or bad) and his education at Georgetown or any other institution of higher learning. I might also remind the southern gentleman who had the temerity to write such nonsense that the President is a product of that same southern culture that he finds so superior.

Salvatore A. Pace, M.D.
Trumbull, Connecticut

As he tries to get the word out about the Naval Academy's problems, Admiral Van Orden seems to be experiencing a phenomenon I call the "Pink Box Syndrome" ("Is the Naval Academy Off Course?" July/August). The term originates from an event that occurred more than 20 years ago when the Washington press corps decided to document how well women were fitting into the Brigade of Midshipmen after their first year at Annapolis. When the cameras showed up to cover the women running the famed obstacle course, they were met by an irate admiral who told them to go home and reschedule.

Why? The course had been modified the year before to contain two versions of itself—one for the men, one for the women. The latter included boxes the women could step on to climb onto elevated shelves, a shorter wall to scale, a lower hurdle to jump, etc. On the night before the photo-op, a team of my fellow midshipmen took it upon themselves to point out each of these different obstacles—by spray painting them flourescent pink. Later that week, the obstacles were repainted drab green and the press was invited back.

During my stay at the Naval Academy, James Webb was made a pariah of the institution for penning an honest article on the drawbacks of the newly co-ed Academy. As punishment his book *A Sense of Honor* was banned from the Midshipman Bookstore with the dubious explanation that there was "insufficient room to store it." Every attempt to paint the box pink, i.e., to tell the truth about the effects of allowing women into the service academies, is met with similar reactions: anger, denial, and cover-up.

What used to be an institution designed to prepare midshipmen "mentally, morally, and physically to become professional officers" has become a feel-good training ground that seeks to control midshipmen politically, psychologically and socially so they will spout the latest P.C. psychobabble, which they dare not question for fear of the wrath of the Tailhook Career Destroyers. The result is the production of such spineless officers as Commandant Roughead, who see capitulation as their only way up. The new Naval Academy breeds his type while ignoring and scorning men like James Webb and Admiral Van Orden. It has become a creator of graduates with goals but no souls. God help our military. A Commander in Chief without a soul is an embarrassing travesty—but a fighting force without a soul is an invitation to disaster.

Bob Perry, USNA '81
West Chester, Ohio

David Smith suggests that America's military academies switch to the British model, where academies are one-year finishing schools for persons who've already been graduated from civilian colleges ("The British Approach," July/August). I worry about a further decline in our culture if we wait until our finest young people spend four years cheating, drinking, having sex, and being taught in the farthest-left institutions in our country—our colleges and universities—before going to a military academy. Better to have at least one national institution that takes our finest youth direct from high school and gives them four years of instruction in manners, neatness, discipline, honesty, responsibility, integrity—in other words, civilized character. The nation badly needs their graduates.

Richard Parvin
via Compuserve

As a West Point graduate, Viet Nam veteran (Rangers and Special Forces), and father of an MIT geek (albeit not a "typical" one), I must take issue with Bill Kauffman's statement that West Point's entrance exam physical requirements are "beyond the ability of your typical MIT geek" ("West Point Story," July/August). MIT students in the ROTC program take the same physical fitness exam as students at any other school, and MIT has a more than satisfactory physical education program. In any event, my son certainly has had no trouble keeping up with his West Point friends and contemporaries as they soldier together in Albania and Kosovo. Beat Navy!

Julian M. Olejniczak, USMA '61
Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York

It is suggested throughout the July/August BIRD'S EYE that the young people of America are exclusively to blame for their selfish, decadent ways. In fact, they are simply copying their parents—the baby boomers—as well as older retired Ameri-

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cans. The baby boomer generation has been short-sighted, materialistic, and selfish, which has translated into apathy among their neglected children.

True, the younger generation has problems, but military education is not the complete answer. Young people need the older generations to demonstrate real virtues, so they can see there is a reason to make a future for America instead of thinking only of themselves. Remember that most of these young people are the "latch-key" kids of the 1980s who grew up seeing that they were less important than their parents' jobs.

Deborah Renkey
White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico

I was quite underwhelmed by the July/August *TAE* on service academies. The consistent omission of the Air Force Academy (AFA) was quite an insult. West Point, The Citadel, and VMI are fine institutions but certainly not the only service academies. I can't understand the slight, especially when *including* the AFA in the issue would have enhanced your arguments. AFA admittees exceed the scores of their counterparts at West Point and the Naval Academy and have been doing so for years. The AFA's honor code is identical toWest Point's, yet the AFA attracts more applicants than each of the other three schools. There is a great and good-spirited rivalry among the three major academies, but to leave the AFA almost totally out of your magazine seems to go beyond any plausable attempt at good-natured rivalry; it is quite an oversight.

Warren P. Edris,
USAFA' 71

The editors reply:
There are actually five U.S. service academies: Army, Navy, Air Force, Coast Guard, and Merchant Marine. To avoid stretching our reporting resources too thinly, we decided to concentrate our efforts on the two oldest academies. We believe our reports from these two institutions illustrate the general trends at all the academies. No slight was intended to the other academies.

In the July/August 1999 issue, Dr. William C. Waters finds it ironic that no one complains that food, shelter, and clothing "are unfairly rationed," yet people do worry about rationing of medical care. As evidence of the alleged irony, he notes that medical care is "not as critical as...food or shelter," and then goes on to compare how long one can survive without food to how long one can survive without medical care. But the examples of "unfair rationing" he gives in the previous paragraph involve eating "caviar and lobster every day," living "in Bill Gates' house," and wearing "Ralph Lauren garments to dig in the garden." This is not rationing that is critical for survival. Is he seriously equating these with heart surgery or cancer treatments? Rationing of medical care is of more concern because being unable to afford heart surgery or a caesarean makes the difference between life and death, unlike the frivolous examples of luxurious food, shelter, and clothing he gives.

In fact, the small amount of money needed for food, shelter, and clothing is already rationed by the government via welfare. Reasonable people do not get upset about being deprived of unnecessary luxuries because of their income, and reasonable providers of those luxuries do not feel guilty telling people they can't have an unnecessary luxury because they can't afford it. I would like to believe that Dr. Waters would feel more discomfort in telling me that my wife must die because I can't afford to pay him the cost of saving her life, than he would feel telling me I can't "wear Ralph Lauren garments to dig in the garden" because I can't afford it.

The other major flaw in this sort of free-market treatment of medical care is that the doctor seems to assume medical care is fun; that, if they aren't paying for it themselves, patients will help themselves to as much as possible, as if they were loading up at a smorgasboard.

I agree with most of the policy changes he advocates. It would be better to take at least non-catastrophic health care out of the hands of government and employers and place it in the hands of individuals. But that won't have substantially affect the true difficulty about the choices that are arising: As medical technology creates more and more expensive options for saving or prolonging life. To know that you or a loved one will die because of lack of money is unpleasant, whether the decision is being made by an individual, an employer, or the government.

One free-market reform I didn't see mentioned would probably do more to lower the cost of medical care than any of the author's proposals: Relieve the artificial shortage of doctors by removing the many unnecessary requirements for entering medical school.

Ralph deLaubenfels
Ohio University

The authors of the health care trilogy (July/August) adequately describe the system's problems but fall short on solutions. In "The Grand Disguise: Why Medical Expenses Are out of Control," Dr. Waters does an excellent job of explaining how disconnecting patients from their health care expenses causes prices to rise. He does a fair job of discussing how our income tax code causes the problem. But instead of giving a solution, he says, "If we sit down once again at a clean drawing board,we can create a sound new arrangement for buying medical care." Wrong: Washington central planners caused the problems in the first place.

The title of John Hood's article, "A Longer-term Alternative: Save Medicare with Savings," goes to the heart of the problem: Retirees do not have adequate savings. Hood suggests redirecting some of the Medicare taxes into savings accounts, though he worries whether government should control how people spend these savings. There must be a better way to encourage saving without Washington control—and there is. Most government revenues come from our income taxes; these are front-loaded and thus discourage savings. A consumption tax is back-loaded and pro-savings because people get all their pay and can then save tax-free. Discarding the income tax in favor of a consumption tax does not affect government spending, but it does affect incentives. Without income tax breaks for employer-paid health care, people will more likely choose individually paid health care. A tax system that encourages saving will ensure that people will have less need for government-based retirement programs.

Bert Loftman, M.D.
Atlanta, Georgia

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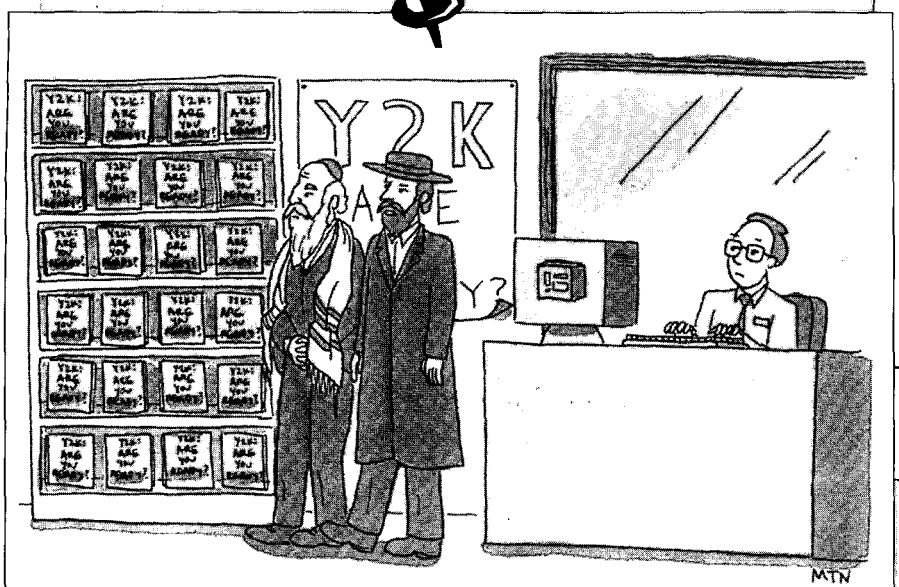
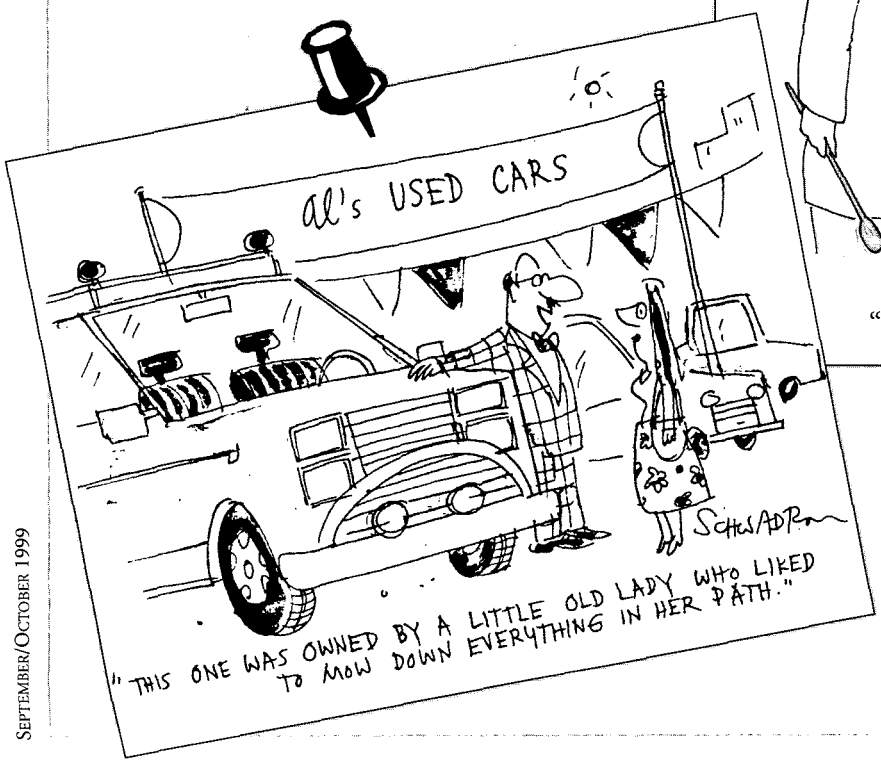


"We didn't have any problems when the year 2000 rolled around."

"You've asked for salt. Is there a problem?"



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IN 1947, WHEN CHUCK YEAGER BECAME THE FIRST MAN TO BREAK THE SOUND BARRIER HE HAD A ROLEX CHRONOMETER ON HIS WRIST.

FIFTY YEARS LATER, STILL WEARING A ROLEX, HE DID IT AGAIN.

At 21, Chuck Yeager led a squadron of fighter pilots in World War II. At 24, he became the first person to fly faster than the speed of sound. And he remains a man on the move. "I don't jump off 15-foot fences anymore," says Yeager, "but I still enjoy flying a high-performance aircraft." And in October 1997 he did just that, breaking the sound barrier in an anniversary flight. "A pilot has to believe in his equipment. That's why I wear a Rolex," says Yeager. "I wore one when I broke the sound barrier in '47 and I still do today."

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